Lucina Reacts!

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Summary: Our loveable blue-haired adorably awesome princess discovers a magical book...of fanfiction. Hilarity (possibly) ensues! Rated T for shenanigans. Fire Emblem belongs to Nintendo. Chapter: Love Across Time, Part 2! "I totally believe you, mother. Totally " AU, OOC, OC, crossover warning, absolute crack. Part of the Greater Reactsverse.

Chapter 1: Lucina Reacts to Fanfiction, Part 1!

Lucina Reacts to Fanfiction, Part 1!

A/N: Welcome, one and all, to the first ever chapter of Lucina Reacts! The reason I did this is I decided, on a whim, to see if anyone did anything like a very small and unknown fic called Weiss Reacts, where the characters of a small, unknown series called RWBY react to fanfiction, for Fire Emblem. Of course, there wasn't any.

This disappointed me. I also happen to have a liking for Lucina- adorable, badass, Marth expy...and I love screwing with the characters I like. *chuckles evilly*

Having never written Fire Emblem before in my life, I decided to throw my hat into the ring. Don't burn me alive please...

So. After spending weeks agonizing on how best to approach introducing fanfic to a world with no computers...I think I did it. Maybe.

Let's do this. I regret nothing. Warning for spoilers, although seeing as the bloody title itself is a spoiler...

DISCLAIMER: Fire Emblem belongs to Nintendo, otherwise Lucina would be the main character of Awakening, not Robin (I love Robin, but Lucina's too awesome~)

All mentioned franchises and characters belong to their respective owners.

I'm going to say this now; there will be a lot of OOC, OCs and AU stuff. I apologise duly for any readers disappointed.

A new dawn rose over Ylisstol, blessing the capital of the Halidom of Ylisse and washing the buildings with the orange light of dawn.

It had been almost a year since the fall of the Fell Dragon Grima at the hands of the Shepherds- most specifically the hands of Robin, their tactician and his vessel to be- and less than half a year since Robin had been found in a field in south Ylisse, devoid of the Mark of Grima and at last, capable of living peacefully.

Lucina stood outside the castle, the Parallel Falchion planted firmly in the ground, looking over the waking town, allowing herself a little smile as a passing thought of the tactician briefly surfaced in her mind. She sighed, taking in the fresh air.

"I still can't believe it." She mused to herself. "I can't believe that it's all over. The Fell Dragon is fallen...Robin is home..." The princess smiled once more.

"This land is at peace. I don't need to be here anymore." Lucina stated. "Perhaps...I should travel the world. Take the chance to see what I could not take advantage of in such troubled times..." She sighed, looking back at the castle.

"I'll just say goodbye to Father, Aunt Lissa...Robin..." She halted briefly, before shaking her head. "...and myself.

That...sadly isn't a rare sentence." Lucina sighed and pulled out the Parallel Falchion from the ground before turning to leave.

The princess nodded assuredly. "This place is at peace. It'll be quiet for a long while."

In any other world, Lucina would be correct. But this was no other world, and Lucina was about to be taken into an entirely different kind of chaos- one that she could never have predicted.

And to be honest, nobody else would have.

Without warning, a green flash filled the sky above and disappeared just as quickly. Lucina's eyes widened, before she quickly around. "What?"

Her eyes scanned the skies frantically for any sign of attack upon Ylisstol- was this some sort of powerful Wind magic? Was Naga turning upon them?

Or, Naga forbid, was Grima...resurfacing?

She shook her head. "No...I can't allow such thoughts to fill my mind. He is dead...and nothing shall change that."

And just as suddenly, a blast of green shot out from the skies, smashing in the grounds outside Ylisstol. A clod of dirt flew up from where the object had landed, descending without further incident.

Lucina sheathed her sword, shaking her head. "No...oh gods no...please, let this just be something normal." Hastily, the princess ran down through the road to the castle, pushing through the gathered anxious citizens looking up into the sky, wondering what had just happened.

"Excuse me!" The princess yelled, pushing past the group. "Pardon me!"

As she passed everyone, Lucina overheard the comments of the citizens.

"What was that?"
"Was it a rock from the sky?"
"No way. That stuff's the stuff of legend! That was CLEARLY a god's wrath!"
"The Fell Dragon is upon us!"
"No, he isn't, dipstick! That Robin guy killed him, remember?!"
"Quit raising such stupid conspiracy theories!"

She shook her head before she managed to push out to the front of the city. Visible to the side of the road was a small crater, steaming, large cracks emanating from the sides. Lucina quickly moved to its side, crouching next to it and examining the inside.

"...that's...unusual." She rubbed her chin. "...the crater...it seems to have a spiral pattern instead of what would be expected of a normal rock falling from the sky...and what is..." She pushed her hand into the crater, pulling out a black, untitled tome. It was cold to the touch, she noted, which was reassuring- if it was warm, she would conclude that this impact was magical in some form.

"A book fell from the sky?" She examined the book closely. "What? That's certainly..."

Suddenly, the book 's black leather cover seemed to engrave a mark into its front. Lucina's eyes widened as she recognized the mark.

"...the...the Mark of...Grima..." She shook her head, unsheathing her sword. "No. This unholy thing MUST be destroyed immediately!"

Roaring, Lucina pulled up the Parallel Falchion and attempted to stab it into the tome.

She felt her blade bounce off of the tome, before she looked at it once more- the tome hadn't even been dented by her assault.

"What? Impossible." She shook her head. "No...I must be logical about this." She picked up the book.

"I must show this to Father and Robin. Perhaps they might know what to do with it..."

Meanwhile, in the throne room of Ylisstol...

Chrom, Exalt of Ylisse, sat in the throne. In front of him was a plain chessboard, with pieces of ivory and glass, and his tactician Robin, sitting directly in front of the board.

Both men were rubbing their chins in contemplation. Chrom nodded, before raising a piece and moving it. He chuckled. *'I've got this now. For once...I'll beat Robin at this...'*

"Your move, Robin."
"Check." The tactician stated calmly, moving his piece into place. Chrom looked in disbelief at the chessboard, before sighing and chuckling.

"You got me again." He shook his head. "Best five out of seven?"
"I've beaten you five times, milord." Robin chuckled. "At least you aren't wagering anything. I'd rob you blind if you were."
"Heh." Chrom chuckled. "You're right there. Remind me never to bet against you."

"Father! Robin!"

"Huh?" Both men looked over at Lucina, running down the length of the room, clutching a tome in her hands.

"Lucina! What's wrong?" Chrom stood up, clutching the hilt of the Exalted Falchion.

"Does it have something to do with the green flash?" Robin inquired calmly. Lucina nodded, before displaying the tome to him.

"This...this tome has the Mark of Grima!"
"Impossible." Chrom shook his head. "The only bearer of such a tome was Validar! And we killed him!"

Robin held a finger up calmly. "Hm...perhaps, Chrom, but...Lucina...did you actually READ the tome first?"

"It has the Mark of Grima on it! Although...you have a point..." The princess looked away, blushing slightly in shame.

The tactician took the tome in his hands and opened it, flipping briefly through the pages, examining it carefully.

"It's empty."
"Huh?" Chrom and Lucina stared at him. Robin nodded calmly.

"Completely and utterly empty." The tactician chuckled. "Very much empty."
"It resembled the tome Validar used..." Lucina looked somewhat ashamed. "...but that doesn't explain why it has the Mark of Grima on it."

Chrom nodded. "Indeed. Robin, go find Miriel. She might have some insight into this book..."

"Wait...and it has something to do with the green flash?" Robin inquired. Lucina, thankfully, managed to regain composure and nodded brusquely.

"And you found it..."
"I found it in a crater at the side of the road into Ylisstol. The crater had-"
"A spiralling pattern into the ground." Miriel stated calmly, adjusting her glasses as she walked into the room. "I examined the crater myself, and I may be able to deliver some propitious insight on the tome. Hand over the book, Robin."

"Uh...okay?" The tactician calmly handed over the book to the sage, who pored over it calmly, muttering to herself, curious.

"Refreshing. A mystery that I cannot simply deduce." Miriel nodded. "From what little I can glean from this cosmically-originated tome, it...seems to have absolutely no link to the Grimleal or the Fell Dragon. Of course, that is all I have identified about the tome, but...if you allow me take it with me, our knowledge about this shall ameliorate quickly. I shall convene with Laurent and-"

"Nyehehehehehh!" Henry popped in, hanging upside down from the ceiling like a bat, wrapping his cape around himself. "This is a pickle, hm?"
"Henry, how did you even get up there?" Robin scratched his head.

"Why, a curse!" Henry chuckled. "Curses can be used for all kinds of things, don't you know?"

Lucina, Chrom, Robin and Miriel all simultaneously looked aside, sighing. "Yes, we know, you've taught us that lesson many times..."

"Hm...this book...I wonder if we can use it to make Risen?" Henry jumped off the ceiling and somersaulted in mid-air, landing on his feet and gazing at it.

"It's empty." Robin calmly stated. "No spells to be found."

Henry sighed dramatically. "Oh, well...perhaps my studies into the wonderful arts of necromancy will just have to continue..."
Chrom grumbled. "Misuse of dark magic isn't funny, Henry."
"But Risen are JUST so cute..." Henry squealed happily, sighing. "Nyehehehehe...but you probably wanted me to help figure out what this tome might contain. It looks boring, seeing as it's empty, but I'll help you."

Miriel sighed, passing him the tome and the Plegian dark mage pored over it, giggling.

Lucina looked over at him. "Have you found out anything about it?"
"Heheheh...it looks as though this tome seems to match its reader's thoughts! Perhaps it contains spells depending on whoever holds it!" Henry concluded, before turning around, crouching and muttering. "Perhaps I could use this for

making hexes of my-"
"No." Robin snatched the book out of his hand. "No hexes, Henry."
"B-but-"
"Yes, thank you, Robin." Miriel cleared her throat. "Perhaps you could hand over the-"
"Let's test out Henry's theory." The tactician stated. "Since we have nothing else to go on, perhaps we should try it. Lucina will read it first. She found it, and if the book has nothing to do with the Grimleal, then I see no threat in her reading it."

Henry pouted, crossing his arms. "You're boring! But fine...I suppose..."

Robin shook his head and passed the book to the princess. "Go on, read it."

"Are you sure you don't want to?"

"Positive."

She nodded. "Well...I suppose I have nothing else to do..." Sighing, she opened the book and stared at the blank page.

As she did so, the pages fell open.

"Gah!" She turned away, closing her eyes, clutching the book with an iron grip as it began trembling. The pages flipped as if driven by a strong gale, words popping into existence onto the blank sheets, before they stopped moving as suddenly as they started, settling back on the first page.

Robin stared at the tome, mouth slightly agape. "What in the name of Naga..."

Lucina opened one eye, looking at the now-filled front page. "What the..."
Henry clapped happily. "What a show!"

Miriel pinched the bridge of her nose. "Excuse me for a moment." Swiftly, the sage grabbed the boy by the ear.

"Ow! G-get off of me!"

"Allow me to vacate the room with this ruffian." Miriel sighed as she dragged Henry out by the ear, ignoring his protests.

Chrom sighed. "Thank the gods." He rubbed his temple, before looking over to his daughter.

"Lucina? What do you see?"

"I see..." Lucina opened both eyes and slowly began to read the tome. "...what in the name of Naga...this is a novel."
"A novel branded with the Mark of Grima?" Chrom tilted his head. "Just when Sumia went to buy herself some books, too..."

"I don't think Mother has read such a...badly written novel." Lucina chuckled softly. "Look at this..." She showed the book to her father.

Chrom squinted, looking at the book closely. "...written by...who is RobiLuciFan1234?"

"That sounds like no name I've ever encountered." Robin mused. "Perhaps it's a complicated pseudonym? It sounds somewhat unprofessional."
"And what is an...a-n? A a-slash-n?" Lucina scratched her head. "This book is turning out to be much less of a worry than before..."

The Exalt laughed, approaching his daughter. "See? Nothing to worry about."

"Wait..." Lucina paused. "Why...why is my name here? And why is my name spelt...Luicna? What?"

"Perhaps it's just a coincidence." Robin said reassuringly.

"No, your name's here too..."

"Seriously?" The tactician moved to Lucina's side, reading the book closely. "Robin and...oh my gods."

"I-it's..." Lucina felt her cheeks grow red. "...what in the name of Naga?"
"What? What's going on?" Chrom approached the pair and read the passage with them. "...this..."

The three had stumbled upon a *very* indecent story involving Robin, Lucina and a very large amount of 'chocolate syrup',

whatever that was. It was...very horribly written, to say the least, with many misspellings and seemed to be written entirely to satisfy the urge of the writer for such indecent happenings.

Whatever the case, it was certainly enough to set off the trio.

"What the..." Lucina shook her head. "N-no! These indecent thoughts in my head..."
Robin gritted his teeth, himself also blushing. "What in the name of the gods is this tome?!"

Chrom glared at him. "You sure you didn't write this?"
"I-I was in here with you the entire time, Chrom! How could I have done it?!"

The princess just dropped the book, shocked.

"W-who...who could write something so...indecent..."
"Whoever this RobiLuciFan1234 is...we'll have to hunt them down." Chrom clenched his fist. "Nobody writes such indecent stories about my daughter and my best friend!"
"Y-yeah!" Robin chimed in.

"R-right." Lucina nodded, drawing her Falchion. "We must f-find the perpetrators and bring them to justice!"

The Exalt nodded resolutely, before turning to his tactician. "And you...if you get ANY ideas from this story...I'll remind you, my daughter is off limits! I have no wish to be a grandfather this early! I have no idea where Morgan gets such ideas that I would be her grandfather, but even so...

You keep your distance, okay?"

"H-hey!" Robin shook his head frantically. "I-I'm not going to do something like that!"
"He won't!" Lucina chimed in, sounding slightly disappointed.

Chrom sighed, grabbing the book from his daughter. "Right. Now that that's settled...

Robin, Lucina, find the rest of the Shepherds. We'll meet in the barracks.

We have to find the writer of this unholy tome and punish him!"

END OF PART 1

A/N: So...Robin, Lucina and Chrom get their first taster of fanfiction. Woo. Shame it had to be a lemon...

Oh, dear, what could this mean! After all, Morgan has to come from somewhere, right? *wink*

Next chapter, Lucina Reacts to Fanfiction, Part 2! Now with more Shepherds, VA jokes courtesy of THE GREAT AND MIGHTY KAMI-I mean, Kyle H-I mean, Frederick, and demolition of the fourth wall!

So, I hope you enjoyed that, leave your thoughts, ideas, criticisms, suggestions, reviews and comments and I hope you have a great day! Until next time!

Chapter 2: Lucina Reacts to Fanfiction, Part 2!

Lucina Reacts to Fanfiction, Part 2!

A/N: Welcome, one and all, to Lucina Reacts! After the incompetently placed cliffhanger of last chapter, we're back with the insanity! It shall continue! The fourth wall will be demolished! Probably! People keep saying it will but I disagree! *shrugs*

Let's get this chapter on the road, shall we?

DISCLAIMER: Fire Emblem belongs to Nintendo, otherwise Gangrel would be manlier.

All mentioned franchises and characters belong to their respective owners.

Gaius fiddled with a lollipop, looking around the Shepherds' barracks, situated just outside Ylisstol.

"So, any of you guys figure out why Chrom called everyone here?" He asked, shrugging.

Sully grumbled. "No idea. But it better be good. I was busy kicking his ass in sparring." She thumbed her way towards Stahl, who sighed in exasperation.

"Y-you always take sparring too seriously!"
"You gotta stop having that casual attitude about things, if we're gonna be the best knights around! Seriously, you can be such a dumbass sometimes..." Sully rubbed her temples.

"Must be something serious if he's told everyone to meet outside Ylisstol." Gaius mused. "It ain't often he calls a full meeting."

"You've got a point there..." Stahl nodded. "Maybe it's something to do with...Grima..."
"What're you talking about? We kicked his ass a year ago!" Sully retorted.

"Probably something to do with that green flash about an hour ago." Cordelia said as she walked in.

"Hey, yeah..." Gaius nodded. "You think it's got to do with that thing that fell out of the sky?" The thief snapped his fingers. "Hey, you think something sweet dropped from the sky?"

Sully rolled her eyes. "Is food all you think about?"

"Is kicking Stahl's ass all *you* think about?" Gaius retorted sarcastically.

Cordelia sighed, chuckling. "You guys haven't changed. Say, you know where Lon'qu is?"

"Haven't seen him for weeks since he went back to Ferox." Sully shrugged. "Why?"
"Oh, I...erm...found something in the mail for him." Cordelia was about to take something out of a pouch she was carrying, before Chrom, Lucina and Robin walked in.

Gaius and Stahl stood up to look at them.

"Chrom! Why'd you call us?"

"Yeah, what's going on?"

Chrom looked around at the barracks. "Where's everyone? Didn't I call for a general meeting?"
"Olivia's...well..." Gaius pointed over to a pair of chairs in the corner, where the dancer was sleeping. "She had a late night. Apparently."

"Basilio and Flavia won't get here for another hour, and everyone else is not far behind." Cordelia stated. "We'll fill them in as soon as you're done briefing us."

"I'll have to make do with you guys..." Chrom sighed. "Look, you guys all heard the rumours, right?"

"What, something fell from the sky?" Gaius shrugged. "Yeah, I heard. Apparently it's some crap to do with Grima or something. That true?"

"E-erm..." Lucina cleared her throat, somewhat embarrassed. "Well..."

Stahl looked confused. "Huh? What's got her all embarrassed?"

Robin grumbled, taking out the Grima-marked tome. "Just read this thing." He threw it over to him, as the knight caught it and read it.

"Huh? Why's this thing got the Mark of Grima on it?" Stahl scratched his head. Lucina shook her head and tried to snatch it back.

"G-give it back!"

Sully laughed. "What, that your diary or something?"

"What...oh gods." Stahl blushed, reading the tome. "What the..."

Sully tilted her head before looking in at the tome herself. "Hey, not you too! What's in...oh crap." She looked surprised. "...what the hell is this?!"

Chrom grabbed the tome and closed it. "Okay, enough embarrassing my daughter."

Lucina sighed in relief, regaining composure. "You have my gratitude, father. Now, we must ride out and find the author of this accursed tome!"

Sully snickered. "What, scared that someone might find it and realise your *true* feelings for Robin?"

"I-It's nothing like that!" Robin interjected. "Trust me!"

The cavalier shrugged, leaning back in her chair and resting her hands behind her head. "Sure. Whatever floats your boat."

"Yes." Chrom sighed, before clenching his fists. "We need to find out where this tome came from and make sure that he pays for it!"

Robin nodded. "Indeed. We've got to find him and make him pay for writing such slanderous things!"

Cordelia snatched the book from Chrom's hand, reading it herself.

"H-hey!" Chrom tried to snatch it back. "D-do you min-"
"This resembles..." Cordelia chuckled. "...this resembles those stories Sumia likes writing about those characters in the stories she loves to read.

If I were to be honest, her writing is worse than this...but the format's unfamiliar to me. What is an A-slash-N? And what kind of name is 'RobiLuciFan1234'?"

The tactician raised a finger. "Actually, we were thinking of asking you guys that."

"Hm...it can't be Sumia." Cordelia rubbed her chin. "...and the writing is far too good to allow Miriel or Laurent to have created the tome-"

Suddenly, the tome began to flip around again, the ink on the page warping and morphing into different letters entirely, before the book settled once more.

Cordelia looked confused, tilting her head. "What in the name of..." She shook her head, reading the tome again. "The words changed!"

"It happened to me too." Lucina commented. "Henry believes that the tome alters itself according to one's thoughts. I-I personally believe that that theory is hogwash..."

"What, because it spawned a story about you and Robin doing the deed?" Sully snickered, causing the princess to glare at her.

"Y-you keep quiet!"

Cordelia pored over the tome with her finger, musing to herself.

"...the author changed too...who's CordeliaFan? Wait...I have fans?" The pegasus rider laughed bemusedly.

"Read it. I assure you you'll want to kill that fan of yours afterwards." Robin remarked calmly.

"T-that tome is nothing but indecent." Lucina muttered. "I think you'll find that soon-"
Cordelia's eyes suddenly widened as she realised just what exactly Lucina was talking about and what the tome contained.

'*N-no! I-I don't need THAT getting out about us! W-what would **he** think?!*"

She dropped the tome, blushing in embarrassment and shaking her head. "W-what the..."

Gaius tilted his head, crouching to pick it up. "What's on it no-"
"D-don't touch that perverted book!" Cordelia warned him with a glare. Gaius recoiled, raising his hands.

"Hey, hey! I'm not touching it!"

"It's not about Chrom, is it?" Stahl asked.

"N-no! I-I got over that a long time ago!" She hurriedly shook her head.

Gaius shrugged. "If it WAS Chrom, we'd know."

The pegasus rider shook her head, hiding her face in shame. "I-I have to...I have to DESTROY this thing!" She grabbed a spear and raised it to stab the tome, but Lucina stayed her spear with her hand.

"Don't bother! I've tried. It won't work. The Falchion does nothing to it, and this weapon is sharper than any mundane spear." The princess sighed.

Cordelia sighed, clenching her hand and threw the spear aside. "...we have to try to find a way of destroying this tome..."

"Well, we've established that weapons can't harm it." Robin rubbed his chin, before taking out a Thoron tome. "Allow me to try using magic on it then."

Cordelia, Lucina and Gaius backed away from the tome as Robin prepared to smite it with the strongest Thunder spell he had on hand- he had other tomes, but he always carried this one with him just in case-before pointing his hand at it.

"Well...here goes nothing..." Robin breathed in, before unleashing a thunderbolt at the tome.

The room was filled with light for a brief second, blinding everyone for a while and causing some consternation- mainly from Sully.

"Dammit!" The cavalier kicked the ground. "That was bright!"

"I-Is it gone?" Cordelia peeked out from her shut eyelids, as did Robin and Chrom.

Not only was the tome still there, but the Thoron did nothing to it, not even leaving a single burn mark where the thunderbolt had hit it.

"Charming." The tactician rolled his eyes, pocketing the tome. "Why couldn't we have armor made of more of these tomes when we fought Priam's army..."

Lucina gritted her teeth, sighing. "This thing won't just be destroyed..."

"Maybe we should just hit it harder!" Sully suggested enthusiastically, brandishing her sword.

"O-Or..."

Everyone looked up in surprise as Olivia wiped her eyes sleepily, having awakened from her nap.

"...i-if it's f-from the sky...t-then...it c-could be from an Outrealm..."

Lucina nodded. "That makes perfect sense. Perhaps we should make for the Outrealm Gate?"

"Already ahead of you."

Gaius jumped as Kellam sighed from behind him, bringing over Old Hubba, the man in charge of the gate and the Einjerhar, spirits of past heroes.

"I went over there just after the flash to ask him. He said to bring him here."
"How long have you been there?" Robin inquired.

"Since Gaius got here."

The thief looked irritated. "Dammit, Kellam, you couldn't have said something? You scared the living daylights out of me!"
"I did. You guys just ignored me as always."

"Ah, yes." The old man gestured for someone to pass him the tome. "I might be able to tell you what secrets this tome contains and who wrote it. If it is indeed from the Outrealms, of course."

Lucina picked up the tome and passed it over to him. Old Hubba opened it, looking closely at the text, giggling.

"Oh my...this is an...*interesting* text..."
"Save the dirty old man act." Sully scolded him. "What's the whole deal with that thing anyway?"

"Ah...well. This might be complicated." The old man sighed, closing the book.

Chrom shrugged. "We can deal with complicated. Explain."

Old Hubba cleared his throat and straightened himself up. "If you insist, milord.

The tome seems to originate from a different world, with traces of some unknown energy around it. The magic permeating it is far more powerful than any magic I have ever seen, both here and the Outrealms, and yet unidentifiable.

As for its author...I cannot say. The tome itself appears to only be a window."

"A window?" Cordelia repeated. "Into where?"

"I cannot say for certain...possibly a magical repository of such stories, somewhere in the Outrealms."

"And does it change itself according to the thoughts of the reader?" Robin inquired hastily.

"It seems to do so, yes. Although whoever was last reading it, judging by this story...must have some very interesting thoughts..." Old Hubba chuckled, causing Cordelia to blush again.

"P-please, carry on!"

"And it also seems that this tome will not give one the same story each time, unless they desire it.

Milord, you have just stumbled upon an infinite library in one book!" Old Hubba stated cheerily. "Of course, it seems to be limited to what I've heard referred to as a 'fan fiction', but still..."

Chrom nodded quickly. "And how do we destroy it?"

"I'm...afraid I cannot tell you that. There seems to be no way of destroying the tome. The magic that holds it together is far stronger than any I have ever seen."

Lucina clenched her fists. "So you're saying that we can't find the person who wrote it and we can't destroy the tome?"

"Yes, but why would you want to destroy such a tome? Surely you would value it as-"
"The tome produced very indecent things!" Cordelia protested. "Why should we value it?"
"Ah, but, my dear, the tome only shows its readers what they want to read." Old Hubba winked at her.

The pegasus rider shook her head, placing her hands on her warming cheeks. "N-no! T-that's impossible! I-I don't want to d-do THAT with...him...!"

"Well, you must've at some point, whoever *he* is." Gaius remarked. "If Severa's anything to go by."

Olivia raised her finger. "C-can I...I-look at the tome?"
"No." Lucina shook her head. "We're disposing of this object. Good sir, can we leave this tome in an Outrealm?"
"Ahah...I'm afraid not." Old Hubba shook his head, chuckling. "I cannot simply be allowing people to use the Gate as a garbage disposal."

"Milord!" Frederick shouted from the door, walking in. "I was informed you called the Shepherds to meet today! I apologise for my lateness- lady Lissa insisted on stopping for tea in Southtown- but I have arrived...wait, what is

happening here?"

"Oh, someone give Frederick the tome!" Sully suggested. "Let's see if it shows him an indecent story with him and his 'beloved' Lord Chrom..."

"Huh?" The knight stared at her. "What are you talking about?"

Gaius grabbed the tome from Old Hubba and passed it to him. "Here. Just read it."

"H-hey! Wait!" Chrom reached over for it, but Sully held him back.

"No, just wait. It'll be funny."
"He's going to kill me." The Exalt sighed, placing his head in his palms. "He is going to kill me for this..."

Frederick reached for the tome. "Erm...what is this?"
"Just a magical tome. Read it."

"Okay..." He sighed, shaking his head and placing his hand on it. "I wonder what-gah!" He recoiled immediately, shaking his head. "What the..."

"F-Frederick!" Lucina cried, moving to check if he'd been wounded. "What happened?"

"Gah..." He clutched his temple, keeping his distance from the tome. "I'm fine. I just...had the sudden urge to don...weirdly shaped glasses and go on tangents about the virtues of manliness..."

"Now that you mention it..." Cordelia rubbed her chin. "I DID have the urge to suddenly pick up a hammer and cry out something about 'white feathers' and punishing sinners when I touched the tome..."

Chrom sighed. "That settles it. We're locking this thing away in the library in the palace, deep inside it, where nobody can touch it. If it does that to you people, Naga knows what will happen when someone like Tharja gets their hands on it...

And nobody tell Henry or, gods forbid, *Morgan* about where it is!"

Frederick nodded quickly. "I concur."

"Wise choice, Chrom." Robin sighed in relief. "At least we won't have to worry about someone stealing the thing."

Lucina nodded. "Hopefully."

Later that night...

Lucina sat outside on the steps towards the palace, watching the moon and the stars, as the streets of Ylisstol crowded with people wishing to party at night. She sighed.

"Still thinking about earlier today?" Robin calmly asked her, walking up to the woman.

"Yes."

"Do you want to talk about it?"

"..." Lucina sighed, looking back at him. "You know...I have a feeling that wasn't the last we saw of that tome of...'fan-fiction'."
"I know." The tactician took a seat next to her. "I have that feeling too."
"You think Gaius might try something?"
"I don't think he would, no." Robin shook his head. "Maybe Anna might break in and try to sell the tome for exorbitant prices..."

Lucina chuckled. "Indeed. Maybe we should make sure nobody told her about it."
"She's bound to hear about it eventually. We'll just have to tell her that it won't catch her anything at the market. That'll...hopefully...turn her away." The tactician concluded.

"Hm...I still don't believe the tome shows people the stories they want to see..." The princess shook her head. "It just doesn't seem right."
Robin turned to her. "Actually, I've been meaning to ask you about that."
"Huh?"

"If Old Hubba is correct...then why did you see a story about you and I, doing...that?"

Lucina felt her cheeks rouge, rubbing her cheek with one hand. "Well...I-I mean, it could be a fluke, right? I-I certainly wanted nothing like that."

"It could be a fluke." Robin mused. "Hm."

"Yes! A fluke! T-that's it!" The princess jumped on the opportunity.

"Hm. We'll see about that." The tactician chuckled.

"Huh?" She stared at him, but Robin shook his head, sighing and shrugging.
"You know, Lucina..." Robin stated. "I like talking to you. You always seem more relaxed around me. I wonder why?"

"Well, so is Father! And Mother! And Aunt Lissa...in fact, most of the Shepherds seem calmer around you." Lucina responded, just a little too hastily.

"Father!" Morgan's voice rang out behind both of them. While Robin turned around to look at her, Lucina silently thanked her for the interruption.

"Yes?" The tactician looked down at his daughter.

"Here." Morgan smiled, handing him the Fanfic Tome. "I think this is yours?"
"Wait...WHERE DID YOU GET THIS?! I locked it away myself!"

"Um...I just found this lying on your desk. I don't know why." Morgan said innocently.

Lucina stared at the tome. "W-who...who broke in and took it?"

"Must be a devious criminal." Morgan mused. "I mean, come on! If they got past everyone in the castle and broke Father's locks...then they MUST be a mastermind!"

Elsewhere in Ylisstol...

Olivia giggled, having managed to break into the library and steal the tome, reading it for a while.

"...t-that tome was...incredible..." She sighed happily.

"I-If only I could repeat t-that with...t-the real Gaius..." She blushed, shaking her head.

"N-no, I-I mustn't say things like that! S-someone might hear..."

Back in the palace...

"Put that thing back in the library!" Robin ordered his daughter. "Do it, now!"

"Why?!" Morgan flailed in surprise. "W-what's wrong?"
"That tome...is incredibly...perverted..." Lucina muttered.

"That tome is dangerous. Very, VERY dangerous." The tactician warned her. "Now put it back in the library, where the presumably broken locks are-"

Suddenly, Sumia rounded the corner, carrying a bag of books. The trio froze.

"Oh, hello, Lucina, Robin." She smiled, waving at them. "Hi, Morgan."
"Hello, Grandma!" Morgan waved at her, smiling.

"Erm...I'm not your grandmother...as I am sure Robin here has yet to marry any of my daughters, but...hey, what's this?" Sumia looked at the tome. "Is it a novel?"

"Mother, NO!" Lucina reached for the tome, but her mother sidestepped her.

"Hm. Do you mind if I read this? This looks interesting..." Sumia rushed off into the palace, leaving a very mortified Robin and Lucina. He clapped his hand on his forehead, sighing.

"Chrom is going to kill me for this."

Morgan shrugged, blushing with shame. "I'm...sorry..."

"Leave half my books to Lucina and all my maps to Chrom, and tell Gaius to stay away from my cake stash. To you, I leave everything else, Morgan."

And just as expected, Sumia's horrified scream could be heard, not five minutes later.

Robin did not have a pleasant night.

END

A/N: Heheheheh. Okay. To clear some things up, this takes place in an AU whereupon the Future Children appeared before their parents became a couple, except for Lucina and Cynthia, obviously. This is important because reasons.

Well, next chapter, Lucina Reacts to Mary Sues! Oh dear lord this'll be bad.

So, I hope you enjoyed that, leave your reviews, comments, criticisms, suggestions, thoughts and ideas and I hope you have a GREAT day! Until next time!

Chapter 3: Lucina Reacts to Mary Sues!

Lucina Reacts to Mary Sues!

A/N: Welcome, one and all, to Lucina Reacts! Now...now we must continue the insanity! More fourth-wall shattering! More! MORE! MOOOOOOREEEE

oh and more robin/lucina tease because why not. And more Morgan. More. Morgan. How do you feel about this?

Heheh. Okay. Well, let's get this chapter done before you people lose interest, yes? I presume you people are here for the insanity and not for my blabbering.

DISCLAIMER: Fire Emblem belongs to Nintendo, otherwise Mustafa would be recruitable and there would be an option to spare the Plegians. You know what I'm talking about.

All mentioned properties and characters belong to their respective owners.

"And are you SURE nobody can break that lock again?" Chrom inquired, pointing out the room in the library where they decided to stock the tome.

Robin slowly looked up at him, his eyes weary with the effort of hunting down stronger locks for the room the Fanfic Tome was kept in, and nodded.

"Yes, Chrom. Can I return to sleep, please? I barely got any sleep last night trying to fix those damned locks."

The Exalt sighed. "Yeah...okay. I'm just concerned. Sumia's been avoiding me since she read the tome, and I have a sneaking suspicion it showed her a very indecent story.

That's why I'm concerned so-"
"For Naga's sake, Chrom, nobody's breaking that lock unless they've listened in!" Robin snapped. "Look, I'm sorry, but I desperately, *desperately* need sleep."

Chrom sighed, rubbing the back of his head. "Sorry, Robin."

"It's no problem..." The tactician exhaled. "I just have to get sleep before I start hallucinating Tharja around every corner again."

"I don't think that's a hallucination." Chrom joked.

Robin just grumbled and looked over behind Chrom, pausing for a second. He sighed.

"Tharja, get out from behind there."

"Damn you."

After some shuffling and grumbling, the Plegian dark mage muttered and walked out from the wall behind Chrom, shooting him a glare and strolled out past Robin.

"...she just gazed at my backside, didn't she?" Robin inquired.

"Yes. Yes she did." Chrom walked over and grabbed his shoulder lightly, chuckling. "Come on. We'll get you to bed. I'll make sure she doesn't crawl in and watch you."

"Thanks."

With that, the pair walked out of the library, leaving it seemingly empty.

"Phew." Morgan pushed out from behind a column, wiping her brow in relief, making sure neither the Exalt nor her father were in earshot. "Thank the gods they only caught Tharja. Father would kill me if he knew I was here..." She looked around curiously, before setting her eyes on the door to the room where the tome was kept.

"Seriously, what's the hubbub about this 'Fanfiction Tome'?" The girl rubbed her chin. "It can't be THAT dangerous. I mean, it only embarrassed its readers, so I don't think it's cursed..." She sighed, before fishing out a pair of lockpicks she'd bought off Gaius in exchange for some sweets from Lissa's stash.

"Okay." Morgan twirled a lockpick with her finger. "Hope this works..." Breathing in, she strolled over to the door and inserted the pick into the lock, turning it slowly...

...and the lock fell apart, without incident. Morgan looked dumbfounded.

"Huh. That was...easy. I'd thought Father would have some sort of magical ward or something here..." Morgan shrugged.

"Eh."

The tactician walked into the chamber, looking around. The chamber was plain, lacking decoration or accessories, with only a small table in the centre where the tome was laid, also chained to the table with a lock.

Morgan mused to herself. "Father must have been really tired last night."

She smirked. "Perfect."

Minutes later...

Morgan pored over the tome's pages, reading a story about herself pranking Owain. She giggled as she did, sighing and shaking her head.

"Wow...I love this thing!" She declared proudly. "I don't know why they want to hide it so much. I mean...it's hilarious to read- wait."

Morgan snapped her fingers. "...this could be useful for Operation Romance Roundup!" She pumped her fist. "Yes! I could use this to get everyone together!"

For it was true, Morgan was indeed a shipper of the highest order. Ever since she'd arrived, the girl had been trying to pair up the couples she thought would be best together- a habit Severa had reprimanded her on repeatedly- but she lacked resources.

But now? She had the best tool a shipper could have, short of some sort of magical love tome.

Morgan rubbed her hands together gleefully. "I can use this for pairing everyone together. Finally, I can try to get Severa to quit denying her crushes! I can get Frederick to stop acting so noble around Lissa! I can..." She paused, noticing Lucina sat at a desk nearby, reading a book. She hadn't seemed to have heard Morgan's spiel at all.

The tactician smirked. Ever since she'd first walked into the camp and met her father and Lucina, she'd concluded that those two were the most adorable couple she'd ever seen and thus her father MUST get together with the princess. It helped that Lucina acted so awkwardly around her father that she couldn't help but pair them together- Morgan recalled a hilarious occasion where she'd tried to explain her way out of saying that the person she cared about most in the world was Robin.

Of course, until now, she lacked a tool to do it with.

'*...Hm. Let's try this tact...if she thinks someone might go after Robin...then she might go after him first!'* Morgan thought, reading the book again, which began to warp under her fingers.

She giggled. "...perrrrrfect." Standing up, she cleared her throat and shut the book, before walking over to Lucina.

"Good morning." Morgan said cheerily.

"Hm?" The princess looked up, smiling at her. "Oh. Morning, Morgan. How are you?"

"I'm fine. More than fine, in fact, I'm ecstatic!" Morgan laughed.

Lucina nodded. "That is good to hear-"
"It's all because of this book I'm reading." Morgan smiled sweetly and placed the book in front of Lucina.

"W-where'd you get that?!"

"I...found it."

"P-Put it back immediately!" Lucina pleaded. "This perverted book cannot be allowed to be read by anyone!"

"Oh come on, Lucina! Just read it with me!" Morgan offered.

The princess clamped her hands on her cheeks and shook her head, blushing at the thought of the fic she had read yesterday. "No! I-I don't want to!"

"I'll tell Robin-"
"Y-you'll tell Robin what?" Lucina inquired plaintively.

Morgan smirked mischievously. "About *it*."

'*Hope this works on her...if Lucina doesn't take the bait, then I don't have anything to-*'
"N-no. Oh gods *no...*" Lucina shook her head, ashamed, before turning to Morgan. "Fine. I'll read it, but don't t-tell Robin!"
'Excellent. She took the bait.' Morgan thought, chuckling. *'Now I can begin making her feel insecure enough to go for him!'*

"Okay, let's turn to the first page!" She turned the cover, shoving it towards Lucina. The princess sighed and shook her head, before reading it.

"The story of...Robin and...Lia?" She tilted her head.

"It's...um...an incredible fanfiction about love! Like what Grandma Sumia writes!"

Lucina nodded slowly, before reading the fic itself. "...well...it certainly looks like she wrote it, but there is a lot of mispellings...and what is an o-c?"

"I have no clue. I think that's what this 'Lia' is." The tactician shrugged.

"...Lia Gabriella Dark'ness Snapdragon Elphin...the daughter of Sephiroth?" Lucina scratched her head. "...is that even a real name?"

"I don't even know." Morgan rubbed her chin.

The princess sighed. "What in the name of...this...person...is this person supposed to be anywhere NEAR a real person? N-No girl has that figure!"
"And apparently a Falchion wielder?" Morgan looked suspicious. "I don't think this 'Sephiroth' person is part of the Ylissean royal family. Do you? Heck, apparently she's part of the Ylissean family, considering she calls descent from the Hero-King himself, the Radiant Hero...and some person called Alm."

"I don't know. I think someone by that name could be in the Tellius myths..." Lucina thought carefully. "Although Miriel and Laurent are more familiar with the old myths than myself, and it's doubtful that I am related to him. Or to this person, for that matter. How can one be descended from the Hero-King and the Radiant Hero?"

"Gods, this spelling's horrible." Morgan cringed. "How does one misspell 'darkness' so easily?"

Lucina tilted her head. "So they woke up in a field, exactly like Robin, without memory?"

"Looks like it." The tactician rolled her eyes.

'*Amateur. Trying to make such a ridiculously idealised love interest for Father and getting in the way of my pairing...I cannot allow this! Lucina will-*'

"Huh? What was that about me?" Lucina inquired.

"Ah!" Morgan jumped, chuckling. "Oh...I must've been thinking aloud again! Dammit..."

"Right." The princess nodded slowly, before going back to reading the tome. "...and how does Robin fall in love with her so easily? I've read some of Mother's stories...but they aren't nearly so idealised. Or quick."

"I know, right?" Morgan laughed. "Maybe someone snatches him up before this weirdo does. Keep reading!"
"Right..." There was a tone of irritation in Lucina's voice as she continued reading. "...what in the name of...why do *I* die?"

"I wouldn't actually know. Maybe whoever wrote this wants you out of the way of her pairing with Father."

"Hm...right..." Lucina sighed, shutting the book. "I don't think I can read this. One, you're not even supposed to have this, and my father and YOUR father will most likely not be pleased, and two, the spelling is incoherent and I can barely read it.

And three, the pairing just rubs me wrong for some reason." She sighed. "I don't know why."

Morgan frowned, but took the book. "Fine, okay."

'*Dammit...I NEARLY got her to admit it. NEARLY. I'll just have to try-*'

Suddenly, a flash of light shone through the library windows for a brief moment, catching both women's eyes. They looked up.

"Not again..." Lucina muttered, picking up her Falchion.

Morgan took out an Elwind tome. "Let's check this out, hm?"

"Please don't tell me it's another tome..." The princess shook her head. "I already have to deal with one of these accursed fanfiction tomes..."

Just outside Ylisstol Palace...

A tall woman in a Plegian coat approached the palace gates, clutching an exceeding long blade and a tome of all colors. At her waist was the Exalted Falchion

All that could be told about her was her impossible beauty, her long silver hair and the sheer impossibility of her existence.

Her name was Lia Gabriella Snapdragon Dark'ness Elphin, daughter of Sephiroth and descendant of Ike, Marth and Alm, Falchion wielder and inheritor to Ragnell, Alondite and all the weapons of the Crusaders, and she had but one goal; to woo, marry and have the children of Robin the tactician.

And she was willing to do that in any way possible-

"Hey. What're you doing? You can't just walk up there without permission!"

Lia turned around to see Sully, lance in hand, approaching her. Great, now she was going to have trouble attempting to woo Robin with this rival in her way.

"The hell you staring at?"

"You." Lia uttered coldly. "You're in my way." She drew both her massive sword and the Falchion at her waist. Sully stood back, assuming a battle stance.

"You look girly...Yen'fay, are you drunk again? Goddammit, I have to tell your sister-"
"I am not Yen'fay." She shook her head. "I am Lia Gabriella Snapdragon Dark'ness Elphin, and I am destined to marry Robin!" The Mary Sue stated, assuming that that was going to move Sully out of the way, as it did in her own universe.

Sully just stared at her as if she was an idiot.

"...what kind of stupid name is that? Are you daft?"

"Very well then, since you asked." She pointed her long sword at her. "This is the Masamu-"
"I don't give a crap whatever that big Amatsu ripoff thing is, missy, get off this property or I'll kick your ass!" Sully growled, before charging at her with the lance.

"As you will." Lia pointed her sword at the sky and summoned a hail of meteors to rain upon her opponent...which did absolutely nothing but clink off the cavalier as if she was throwing balls of paper at her.

"W-what?!"
"Pavise, dumbass!" Sully smacked her swords out of her hands and grabbed her by the collar. "You gonna try that again?"

Lucina and Morgan arrived just in time to witness the assault.

"What's going-oh my." Morgan stared at the Sue.

Lucina was absolutely dumbfounded. "...didn't we just...read about her?"

Sully kept the Sue lifted up in the air with her hand. "What, you know this weirdo?"

"Sadly." Morgan nodded. "Uh, was she looking for Father, by any-"
"Enough of this!" Lia shouted, before pulling out her tome and blasting Sully back with a blast of light. The cavalier collided with the wall behind her, grunting.

"Hmph." Lia scoffed. "I knew it. You're just a weakling. You're even worse than a fly." With that, she strolled off into the castle.

Sully pulled herself up, growling. "I'm gonna get you for that!"

Morgan looked to Lucina. "Let's go after her before she does something stupid."
"Yes." Lucina nodded. "I think that would be a good idea." Sighing, she drew her Falchion and ran after the Sue.

The tactician looked over to Sully, who was pulling her lance up. The cavalier glared at Morgan.

"Well, catch her then! I'm going to kick her ass if I get my hands on her!"

"R-right!" Morgan ran after Lucina.

Lia looked around the halls for Robin's room desperately, hoping to get her husband to defend her.

"Come on...Robin...why couldn't you make this simple?!" She complained, heading up the stairs and rounding a corridor.

"You always slept in our tent! Why are you sleeping in the castle all of a sudden? Probably that foolish Chrom's fault..." Lia muttered. "I'll just have to dispose of-"

"Stop right there." Lucina pointed her Falchion at the Sue, who stopped in her tracks.

"Argh...get out of my way, Maka!"

"Who?" Lucina scratched her head, before shaking her head. "I must not allow you to disturb Robin! You are deluded if you believe he will fall for you so easily. This is not your world. Leave peacefully."

"No, *you're* just trying to keep him all for yourself! I know you, Lucina, you just want him to yourself!"

The princess felt her cheeks rouge slightly, before shaking her head. "I...have no interest in him. He is a friend of mine and thus I must protect-"

"Oh, for Naga's sake, what is this noise?!" Robin kicked down the door on the wall to the side, looking at both Lucina and Lia. "I'm TRYING TO SLEEP!"

"Oh..." Lia blushed. "R-Robin..."

The tactician scratched his head, confused and tired. "Who are you, exactly?"
"I'm your destined lover!" The Sue proclaimed. "I was born for-"
"Oh, not again." Robin sighed exasperatedly, turning to the princess. "Lucina, you handle this, I'm going back to bed." He turned around and slammed the door behind him without a second thought, as Lucina just stared.

"What does *again* mean? Did he do this before?"

Lia growled, glaring at the princess. "You...you corrupted my Robin! I'm going to have to dispose of you! Then that Tharja girl! Then-"
"I am getting tired of this." Lucina sighed and rushed at her, before delivering a punch straight to her face instead of stabbing her.

Lia fell instantly, clutching her nose and whimpering.

"Y-you punched me! T-that's not how duels to the death work! A-and how did you-"

"Ugh." The princess sighed, rubbing her knuckles. "Please, I ask that you vacate the premises. That was my last warning."

Lia nodded, curling up in a ball and clutching her bloodied nose. Just then, Morgan and Sully rounded the corner, seeing Lucina standing over a sobbing Sue.

Sully sighed. "Man, you took care of it before I could!"
"Err...should I get Lissa? And Miriel, while we're at it?" Morgan raised a finger, looking down at her. "Might need to send her home, you know. Somehow."

"Yes." The princess sighed, looking to Robin's door. She'd have to explain this somehow, when he was more rested and accepting of disturbances, of course.

"That would be appropriate."

Half an hour later...

By then, Miriel had dragged off the Mary Sue to try and figure out how to send her back to her home dimension through the Outrealm Gate, leaving Robin, Lucina, Chrom and Morgan to talk.

"So, you picked the locks on the door we told everyone to stay away from..." Robin stated, crossing his arms and looking down at his daughter, who was blushing with shame.

"And then you blackmailed my daughter." Chrom finished for him.

Lucina was facing away, crossing her arms. "I-I still don't want Morgan to say anything..."

Morgan twiddled her fingers, chuckling nervously. "Heheheh...I'm sorry, dad..."

"Your punishment is to clean up the messes Miriel leaves after she's done with her experiments." Robin calmly stated. "That ought to teach you not to touch anything you're not supposed to."

"But what do we do about the tome?" Lucina inquired. "I mean... everyone seems to want at it."

Chrom sighed, rubbing his chin. "Well...I am going to assume that the incident here was unrelated to the tome, and even if it was, this person was apparently no threat to you. I suppose..."
"May I suggest just leaving the tome out in the open?" Robin raised a finger. Lucina whipped around to stare at him.

"W-what?!"

"What good would that do?" Chrom inquired.
"Let people learn the hard way about it. If they want to bring insane stalkers to our world that we can handle, then so be it." The tactician shrugged. "And I'm not spending another night hunting down locks for it, either. Nor do I trust Miriel to make a lock for it. Just leave it open for anyone to look at and realise their mistake."
Chrom sighed, shrugging. "Well...the tome is harmless apart from that effect it has...I suppose there's no threat in leaving it for anyone to read."

Lucina stared at him. "Father! What do you mean by that?"

"I mean we leave it with no guard. After all, Anna could just take the tome and sell it at any time, knowing her." The Exalt chuckled.

"Point taken...fine. I suppose I will tolerate the tome being free for the taking...but I don't trust it." Lucina nodded slowly.

Robin chuckled. "Wouldn't blame you. Hey...about earlier..."
"Hm?"
"You sounded fairly irritated about the intruder wanting to woo me." The tactician commented.

"W-whatever Morgan told you, i-it's a lie! A lie!" Lucina shouted out and stood up, walking off.

Robin scratched his head. "What...Chrom, do you know anything about this?"
"Not a clue. This is why I told you people to keep the tome out of Morgan's hands."
"Huh." Robin nodded. "Point taken."

END

A/N: Well, after enduring three computer shutdowns while I was working on this, I managed to finish this chapter. Woo! I got this one out of the way!

Next chapter, Lucina Reacts to Kink Memes! What havoc have we wrought upon this poor girl...

So, I hope you enjoyed that, leave your thoughts, suggestions, ideas, comments, criticisms and reviews and I hope you have a GREAT day! Until next time!

Chapter 4: Lucina Reacts to Kink Memes!

Lucina Reacts to Kink Memes!

A/N: Welcome, one and all, to Lucina Reacts! The insanity is back, and embarrassed moe Lucina must be showcased! Because she is, to quote someone I know, 'so totally adorbs', and I can't say I can do anything but disagree! Especially when reading very indecent fics!

Now, let's get on with this crappy fic before you people get bored of my voice! Or lack thereof! Or...yeah, I'm running out of jokes and banter here.

DISCLAIMER: Fire Emblem belongs to Nintendo, otherwise Anna would be doing Kallen cosplays in all of the funny Xenologues.

All mentioned franchises and characters belong to their respective owners

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"Careful." Lucina cautioned Morgan, holding her sword in a defensive stance. "You're leaving your left open too much. I haven't capitalised on it yet because I was hoping to tell you about it and give you some pointers, but please keep that in mind."

Morgan frowned, hefting her own sword up. "Ach, Father always tells me the same...I'm sorry."

Lucina gave her a small smile. "Don't apologise. Just do it, trust me. Your swordsmanship will improve immensely."

"I'm handier with a tome than with a sword. That's why I want to reclass into a Dark Mage or something..." Morgan sighed. "Then I can go practise with my magic better!"

Lucina swung her practice sword at Morgan's left flank, as the tactician parried it with her own, before swinging underneath and attempting to thrust her sword into the princess' gut. Lucina, however, managed to pull aside and lock the blade with hers, pushing it away and pointing her own sword at Morgan's head.

"Touché." Morgan admitted, lowering her sword and dropping it on the floor.

"Good attempt, but you're still not guarding right." The princess dropped her sword. "Call it a day?"
"Yeah." Morgan laughed, wiping her brow. "That was good training, Lucina."

"You too." The blunette smiled.

Kellam sighed. "Hey, guys, why is this book blank?" He held up the Fanfiction Tome, as Morgan and Lucina jumped slightly, realising he was there.

"H-how long have you been there?"
"Were you there watching us the entire time?!"

"I...actually didn't notice you guys came in to train until I heard the bit about Morgan's flank or something. I've been here for two hours." Kellam sighed. "And obviously you guys completely missed me..."

"You sure the tome's not ignoring you?" Morgan commented.

"I think." The knight rubbed the back of his head. "I've been trying to read this thing to see if those rumours about it showing a random story every time you open it."
"Those stories are all indecent, Kellam..." Lucina muttered.

"Only if they thought about reading indecent stories~" Morgan shot back, causing the princess to blush.

"Y-you didn't have to tell him that!"

Kellam shrugged. "Well, anyway, this thing's blanked out for me. Say, Morgan, you're good with this magic thing, aren't you?"

"Course." Morgan shrugged. "...it doesn't look like it even noticed you pick it up."

"Not surprised." Kellam remarked. "I mean, I know people ignored me, but a *book* ignoring me..."

"Hey, what's this that just showed up?" Morgan tilted her head. "...that's...not a story."

"Huh?" Lucina crouched next to her, reading the tome. "What the..."

Kellam raised an eyebrow. "What are you guys talking about?"

"T-take a look at this!" Morgan showed him the book's new contents.

Instead of a typical fanfic, what was to be found was a list of entries full of actions and prompts related to the Shepherds, and a small tickbox that some had filled, while others did not. At the head of the page was a label called 'Ylissean Bathhouse'.

"What is this supposed to be?" Lucina tilted her head.

"I...don't know." Morgan rubbed her chin. "Wait...it says this thing's a...kink meme?"

"A kink meme? This sounds indecent already..." Lucina looked aside.

"...and..." Kellam rubbed his chin. "...funny, this thing looks like it's a place where you request stories. It says right here under the 'Ylissean Bathhouse' spiel- send your requests in and people will fill 'em for you."
"Request stories?" Morgan looked at him with shining eyes. He looked confused.

"Uh..."
'Excellent. If I can just figure out where or how to access this 'kink meme'...then I can flood it with stories of anyone I want to! Even...Father and Lucina...' Morgan chuckled, rubbing her hands together with perverse glee.

"A story request repository?" Lucina rubbed her chin, thinking. "That would...actually not be a bad idea to put into place here. It would certainly satisfy Mother."

"It's kinda weird how all the stories are about the Shepherds, though." Kellam noted. "Aaaaand as usual, NOTHING about me. I know. I checked."

"To be fair, only me, Lucina, Robin and Cordelia notice you." Morgan shrugged. "Maybe it's because we're the only sane people in this place."
"I doubt it's because you're sane, Morgan..." The princess remarked.

"M-Me?! Insane? I-I'll have you know that *I* am of sound mind and disposition!"

"Says the girl who had the bright idea of showing Severa the bets everyone made about her and Owain." The knight remarked. "She wouldn't talk to anyone for days."

"In my defence, she would've found out anyway!" Morgan protested. "I mean, what with *Cynthia* and *Nowi* blabbing on about it!"

"Yes, don't remind me." Lucina sighed. "Severa came up to me demanding I summarily execute everyone responsible for the bets, while Owain decided the best way to fix things was to charge around the camp with Gerome harking about 'justice' and how 'the Justice Cabal' had betrayed him, going on about how they would become 'vengeance' and 'the night'..."

Morgan laughed nervously. "Y-yeah."

"Speaking of those two..." Kellam pointed out something on the page. "Hey, you two missed this."

"A...request for a picnic between Owain and Severa?" Lucina tilted her head. "...that doesn't sound too perverted, I suppose." She trailed her finger over the prompt softly. Just as she did so, however, the very words on the page shifted, the kink meme disappearing to be replaced with the story in question.

"That book is just full of surprises." Kellam muttered.

"That was...unexpected..." Lucina stated, blinking in her initial surprise, before reading the story carefully.

Morgan leaned on Lucina's shoulder, looking into the tome. "Is it...obscene?"
"No..." The princess giggled slightly. "It's actually adorable."

"That's the first non-perverted thing apart from that one story about me pranking Owain I've read in that tome." Morgan mused. "See, Lucina? This tome isn't so bad!"

"I suppose." She shrugged. "Should we see if there's anything about me?"

"Curious if anyone requested a story about you and Robin?" Morgan added.

Lucina hurriedly shook her head. "N-no, not at all!"

"I don't know either of you personally and even I can see it." Kellam remarked.

The princess looked to him. "Y-you have it incorrect, I-I would never think of him in that manner! We are friends, good friends!"

"You sure lose your composure when we talk about that~" The tactician teased her.

Lucina cleared her throat, before breathing in deeply. "No...I didn't lose composure, I was just...caught off guard by the statement. We shall go look for stories, yes?"

Morgan shrugged. "Sure, whatever you say. But when you actually man up and accept your feelings, be prepared for me calling you 'Mother'~"

Lucina just blushed and allowed Morgan to look through the tome.

"Now...how do we get this thing to-" As she spoke, the page shifted back into the kink meme, with the story they had just read now drawn in red ink, as opposed to black.

"...hm. Okay. So..." Morgan traced the text, until she located the prompt. Her mouth curled into a knowing grin.

"H-huh?" Lucina looked at her. "What's going on?"
"'Robin and Lucina enjoy a bowl of chocolates.'" Morgan nodded in approval. "Peeeeeerfect."

"I-Isn't there another story we can read?" The princess asked hurriedly. "Something less...romantic?"

"You read Severa's one, therefore you're fine with romance!" Morgan concluded. "Don't be so scared about it~"
"I'm going to get out of here before Lucina inevitably explodes." Kellam stood up with a grunt, dusting off his armor. "I'll, err...see you around, if you actually notice me, that is."

The knight lumbered out of the room as Morgan opened up the story.

Lucina refused to look, covering her eyes with her hands in shame.

Morgan giggled. "This is completely platonic! There's no romance here."
"Really?"

"Yes." The tactician shrugged. "Come on, just read it. It won't kill you!"

"I...suppose..." Lucina, reluctantly, allowed herself to look onto the tome. She sighed.

"Morgan, why did you lie to me?! I-I make a confession! T-to *Robin*!"

The tactician smirked. "Oh come off it, Lucy~ It's just a story! Unless that's what you really think...that would make sense, actually."

She cleared her throat, lowering the pitch of her voice to make herself sound like the princess, swooning and clasping them together.

"Oh, *Robin,* I love you...and no matter what the future holds...we'll cherish every moment!"

"I promise you, Morgan, I-I have no interest in my father's tactician like that! He is a good friend, and that is all h-he is to me!" Lucina crossed her arms. "I am beginning to tire of your insinuations!"
"Ohohohoh, this is it!" Morgan pointed out something in the text.

Lucina looked at the page.

"Oh gods no..."

Not only was it sickeningly romantic, but it was yet another scene between her and Robin that could be-no, definitely was obscene and indecent.

It involved a lot of moaning of Robin's name on her part, and a very, very sappy engagement scene.

Robin casually walked around the castle, musing on various strategies to rein in the Shepherds. As of late, with the war over, everyone felt much more secure.

Which, of course, meant they began to show their true insane colors.

Miriel had taken to conducting ominous experiments in the dead of night, punctuated by her maniacal cackling, while Owain, Cynthia and Morgan had taken to marching around Ylisstol, bringing justice as the Justice Cabal. Say'ri had gained a new obsession with growing sakura trees everywhere she went, one could always find Tiki asleep in some new and absolutely mind-boggling place, and almost every sweet store in Ylisse and Regna Ferox reported their stocks being plundered by an unidentified thief.

Not to say, of course, that dealing with his daughter's insanity, Lissa's incessant pranks and Chrom's increasing irritation with all of the above was any easier.

Robin sighed. He missed the days when life was simpler and everyone got along well in the battlefield, whereupon he didn't have to deal with Lon'qu's harem, which seemed to increase as the days went by- the man was actively begging him for a way to hide his mailbox from the Shepherds who were stuffing it full of love letters- or, god forbid, Henry turning everyone into frogs like that one time where some fool had decided to eat the last Valmese sweet bun during the campaign against Walhart- who, Robin was reminded, was currently planning the 'GLORIOUS CONQUEST' of some place called 'Greece' in the Outrealms or something.

He facepalmed in exasperation.

"I hate my life."

"AAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHH!"

Robin blinked, before looking to the direction of the sparring room.

"That...sounded like Lucina." He shook his head, before sighing and turning around to head to the room.

"What has Morgan done *this* time?"

The grandmaster pushed the door to the room open, to witness a crouched Lucina, covering her ears and shaking her head, blushing, and Morgan, rolled up on the floor and laughing while clutching her belly. The fanfic tome was lying on the floor in front of them, lying open.

"I-I swear, I-I don't I-like your father like that!"

"It's just a story, Lucy~ Only people scared of the truth act like that~"

Robin sighed. "Okay, what happened this time?"

"Lucina read a very interesting fic~"

"I-It was not interesting, it was horrifying!"
"She loved it!"
"I...I have no idea why anyone would want to...*request* such a story..."

He picked up the tome, examining it.

"...oh my." He blushed, looking over at Lucina. "...I...I don't know what to say."
"I swear, Robin, that story does NOT reflect my true feelings!"

"I'm pretty sure it does~"

"If I may, where...or how did you encounter this particular story?" Robin looked over at his daughter.

"We found it on some 'kink meme' thing." Morgan tilted her head. "I wonder what that is?"

"A kink meme?" Robin rubbed his chin, watching the page shift back into the 'kink meme' state.

"A...repository for story requests?"

"Apparently all people want to see are you and Lucina-"
"If you finish that sentence, Morgan, I will bump your punishment up to cleaning up after Minerva AND Miriel." Robin cautioned her harshly.

"S-sorry!"

Lucina sighed in exasperation. "I don't know what to say anymore...I have fought Risen, Outrealmers, the Einherjar, Grimleal and soldiers of all flags, Valmese to Ylissean, but never, ever, will I have the ability to deal with this gods-forsaken tome!

Just when you believe it can't get more embarrassing, it gets worse!"

"It could be worse." Morgan shrugged, smiling cheerily. "It could be about you with Severa-"
"N-no! I don't care what you say, I never said she had adorable hair!" Lucina shook her head vigorously.

Robin and Morgan looked at her, tilting their heads and their eyes wide.

The princess' eyes widened themselves as the realisation of what she just said dawned upon her. "Did I just say-"
"Yep." Robin's response was blunt. Morgan was merely sent into another giggling fit.

Lucina just put her head in her hands.

"I'm doomed."

"Could be worse." Robin quickly flipped through the kink meme's requests. "Half of these requests aren't indecent at all. Just plain...fluffy?"
Morgan looked at him curiously. "Fluffy?"
"A term Sumia uses to refer to her stories when they get to a certain point of sickeningly sweet romances and relationships."

"Ah. Makes sense."

"Wait, wait." He raised a finger. "What's this request? What does this notation mean? What do these denote?"

He pointed a finger, hovering over a single word.

LucinaxRobinxCynthia

END

A/N: Next chapter, Lucina Reacts to Crack Pairings! Woo!

So, I hope you enjoyed that, leave your reviews, ideas, criticisms, suggestions, thoughts and comments, and I hope you have a GREAT day! Until next time!

Chapter 5: Lucina Reacts to Crack Pairings!

Lucina Reacts to Crack Pairings!

A/N: Welcome, one and all, to Lucina Reacts! Hehehehehehe...time for weird things to happen! More embarrassed Lucina! More insane Morgan! More...lack of Kellam! More unamused Robin!

And, of course, our beloved crack pairings! Which means of course insane pairings!

I already feel bad for putting Lucina through this, but all for the sake of antics, shipping, and her denying that Robin/Lucina is a thing! Woo!

Well, let's get this chapter on the road before you get bored of my blabbing!

DISCLAIMER: Fire Emblem belongs to Nintendo, otherwise Tiki would be doing Rin cosplays.

All mentioned franchises and characters belong to their respective properties.

Previously, on Lucina Reacts...

"Hey, guys, why is this book blank?"

"You sure the tome's not ignoring you?"

"What is this supposed to be?"

"A kink meme? This sounds indecent already..."

"M-Me?! Insane? I-I'll have you know that I am of sound mind and disposition!"

"Curious if anyone requested a story about you and Robin?"

"Morgan, why did you lie to me?! I-I make a confession! T-to Robin!"

"I swear, Robin, that story does NOT reflect my true feelings!"

"What's this request? What does this notation mean? What do these denote?"

Robin pored over the fanfic tome. "...Lucina-x-Robin-x-Cynthia? What do these x's mean?"

Morgan looked contemplative. "...you know, I'm not sure."

"Perhaps my mother might know?" Lucina suggested. "I have a sneaking suspicion that this is also as perverted and wrong as most of the things I've seen related to these blasted 'fanfictions', but I would prefer to know rather than assume."

Robin thought carefully. "Hm...that might be a good idea, asking Sumia. I would prefer to ask Cordelia, but as I last saw her writing a letter to someone, I believe your mother might be free."

Minutes later...

'*And with a pleading look in his blue orbs, Ike grasped Soren's hands, uttering once more his vows...*'

Sumia sighed, shaking her head and rubbing her temple. She put down her quill, stuck.

"Hm...how do people do this?" She said to herself. "I can't seem to write better, less cheesy lines..." The pegasus rider leaned back in her chair and stretched, examining the parchment on her desk.

"Maybe I should ask Cordelia for pointers." Sumia mused. "She might know how to do this..." Standing up, Sumia rolled up the parchment and opened a drawer under her desk, filled with scrolls of similar stories, placing the parchment within it.

"Ah, well. Perhaps I might do better writing it later. I feel as if-"

Morgan pushed her way into the room, waving. "Heeeeeey Grandma!"

"Um..." Sumia blinked, looking over at the tactician, who had Robin and Lucina standing behind her. "Hello, erm, Morgan."

"I'm so sorry for disturbing you, Sumia, but-"
"You are familiar with the concept of fanfiction, correct?" Robin asked. The queen nodded, fiddling with her fingers slightly.

"Well...I suppose I am, I guess..." She giggled nervously. "Why? D-did you read my stories? P-please tell me you didn't-"
"No, of course not." Morgan laughed.

"Phew-"
"Cordelia told us about them." Robin added bluntly. Sumia looked at him with wide eyes.

"W-what?!" The pegasus rider blushed, shaking her head. "I-It's not true! I-I DIDN'T write that about Frederick and Chrom, I swear!"

Lucina stared at her mother. "Erm...t-that's not what we're here about, Mother."
"I promise, i-if Frederick wants me to have t-the story retracted, I- wait, what?" Sumia paused, looking at her. "You're...not here about those?"

"Of course not, Mother." Lucina chuckled slightly. "No...we just needed you to look at this." She gestured to Robin, who showed her the page with the relevant notation.

"Hm...yes...I know this notation. Cordelia and I always use this when we write about Brigit and Anton..."
"Brigit and Anton?" Morgan asked, tugging on her father's sleeve.

"A pair of characters from a book series called 'Wizards of Romance'. It's slightly unusual, for a romance series. I had no idea Sumia liked such...ehem, *art*, as she loves to refer to it-"
"That is because it *is* art, Robin." Sumia glared at him. "Even if some scenes are somewhat obscene, the books are art of the highest quality! Now...about this notation, the x's signify a pairing of two or more characters."

Lucina froze. "W-wait! That means they're...requesting...Robin...and my sister...with me?!"

Morgan burst out in laughter. "You mean Cynthia and you courting Robin?"

Sumia chuckled, looking through the tome herself. "My, isn't there a lot of pairings in here with Robin. Robin with Chrom, Robin with...Emmeryn...Robin with Philia- how can one be in love with someone already dead?- and...Robin with Walhart?"

Someone shouted out from the courtyard "GLORIOUS CONQUEST!", followed by a thwack and cursing everyone recognised as Sully.

"...why are all these people insisting that I court these people? Chrom is a good man, but...I could never feel that way about him." Robin had the faintest tint of pink on his cheeks as he said it.

"And more pairings!" The pegasus rider read down the page. "Lucina with Robin-"
"I-I disapprove of that one!" Lucina cried.

"Lucina with...the Hero-King Marth himself? Um...okay...and...one for Emmeryn and Gangrel?"

"That can't possibly end well." Robin remarked. "What is the meaning behind this?"

"Hm...the community I write with refers to these pairings as 'crack' pairings." Sumia stated, placing a finger on her lip and thinking. "You know, I never DID figure out why they called them crack pairings...the word's kinda weird, if you think about it..."

"Maybe because it conveys the fact that these pairings are highly illogical and improbable! Especially myself and Robin." Lucina theorized. Morgan smirked.

"You keep denying it, Lucy~ It seems Severa's rubbing off on you~"

"When this damned world is attempting to insist I have a crush on him, I have to defend myself somehow!"

Sumia gave her a knowing look. "Oh, I see what you're doing, Lucy. Don't worry, you'll be ready when you're ready."

"W-what's that supposed to mean, Mother?"

Suddenly, Cynthia walked into the room, hefting Lucia- the Lucina of this timeline- on her back. The blunette toddler waved her hands in the air, giggling.

"Yay for piggyback rides! Thank you, cousin Cindy!"

Robin looked over at Sumia. "*Cousin* Cindy?"

"I had to explain it somehow." The pegasus rider shrugged. "Lucina here's Cousin Lucy."

"Don't underestimate her..." Lucina muttered. "She may barely be able to walk, but her will is as iron...she forced me to accept that *she* would change her name to Lucia, not me."

"Sis, I don't think you'll ever live down having your own younger self beat you in an argument." Cynthia laughed, letting down Lucia, who stumbled over to her mother, hugging her tightly.

"In my defence, she made *very* convincing arguments!" Lucina shot back.

Robin chuckled good-naturedly, patting Lucina on the back. "It's nice to know that at least both iterations of you will grow up as strong women."

"So, what'cha guys looking at?" Cynthia fixed her ponytails and strolled over to the open Fanfiction Tome. "...LucinaxRobinxCy-" She blushed, dropping the tome.

"W-why does someone want to see me with my own sister and Robin?!"

"I've been dealing with this for longer, Sister. I know how it feels..." Lucina sighed.

Morgan snickered. "Have you guys actually, you know, read the story?"

Robin flicked through it himself, sighing. "Without reading it too far, I know it's indecent."

"How did I know that would be the case?" Lucina shook her head and faceplamed.

"W-what kind of pervert would make such a story?!" Cynthia shouted.

Robin rolled his eyes. "Oh, here we go. The Justice Cabal's about to go on a spiel."

"This is an INJUSTICE! This goes against the laws of all decent beings!" Cynthia looked over to Morgan. "It is written! Myself, Owain and Gerome must avenge this wrongdoing!

The Justice Cabal must convene!"

Robin sighed irritably. "Oh, gods, DON'T give Gerome an excuse to go on about being the 'Dark Knight' or 'the hero Ylisstol deserves, but not the hero it needs'..."

"And gods, don't give Anna an excuse to start trying to swindle everyone out of money for overpriced masks!" Lucina cried. "Gerome already used half his gold to get replacement masks from her!"

Morgan cheered, chuckling. "Yeah! But first, I have to show you this one!" She passed over the tome to the rider, who looked at it.

"...a story...about myself...and Gerome...on a wyvern..." Cynthia clenched her fist, blushing and shaking her head.

"T-this indecency cannot be allowed to continue! JUSTICE CABAL AWAY!"

With that, Cynthia stormed out of the room, raising her fists and yelling. Somewhere in the yard, Owain's yelling could be heard as well, followed by a crashing sound and more cursing from Sully.

Robin looked away, muttering. "And now I'll have to deal with that, too..."

Morgan sighed, cackling. "All part of my master plan to get Gerome and Cynthia together, too...now, I'm going to let up on you so we can go embarrass someone else instead."

Lucina stared at her. "Who else do you plan on-"

"Lon'qu, of course!"

"Morgan." Robin warned her. "That is a *terrible* ide-"
"Too late!" The tactician ran out of the room, laughing.

Lucina looked over to her mother. "Mother, aren't you-"

Sumia was too busy playing with little Lucia to have even noticed the insanity happen in front of her.

The princess sighed.

"Guess it's up to me and Robin to stop the insanity from escalating..." She shook her head. Robin adjusted his coat and briskly walked out to catch up to Morgan, followed closely by the princess.

Lon'qu was silently and swiftly practicing on a large practice dummy with a wooden sword in the style of the Killing Edges of his original homeland. He sighed and muttered to himself between slashes.

"I...still...don't understand...how...I...of all people...could have...a harem!" He shook his head, sheathing his blade. "I can't think straight with this harem business.

I need to speak to Robin about stopping this. I require ample space from these foolish admirers. Don't they know I have eyes for no-"

Morgan suddenly burst into the room. "Lon'qu! Hey!"

The swordmaster blinked, before recoiling from her. "Morgan, do you mind knocking before you burst in on me like that? You are aware of my issues with women, correct? I only tolerate you because I think of you more as an insane matchmaker than a woman, and barely."

"I just had to show you this, dammit!" She slid the tome across to him from what he deemed to be 'ample space' from him. "Go, read it!"

"What in the name of..." Lon'qu picked up the tome, reading the book. "..."

Upon the page was line upon line of requests for stories pairing him with nigh-on every female- and at least one male-in the Shepherds.

"...what is the meaning of this, child?!"

"A lot of people think a lot of people would be cute with you~" Morgan giggled.

"I...whoever these people are must be joking. I must destroy this tome before more of this tomfoolery infects everyone!" He raised his sword over it.

Morgan's eyes widened, raising her hand to stop him. "Er, Lon'qu, I don't think you can-"

With a yell, he stabbed the sword into the tome...only for the sword to splinter and break apart. He blinked.

"W-what..."

"...the tome's indestructible." Morgan sighed, lowering her hand. "You should've listened."
"This is unacceptable." He grumbled. "And completely insane, too. Where's your fathe-"

Robin stepped in, his breathing quick. "Morgan! Y-you-"

"Oh, relax, father, I didn't do anything too stupid! I didn't touch him."

"Robin." Lon'qu showed him the tome. "Explain."

"The tome seemed to have spawned a window into a repository of requests for stories that people wanted to see written about us and-"

"Whoever requested myself to court with this many women must have been drunker than Gregor on pay night." The swordmaster muttered.

Lucina strolled in. "I share your sentiment."
"At least I'm not alone in considering this entire concept insane." He sighed. "So. Do you mind telling me how do you plan on disposing of this blasted tome?"
"It's impossible." Robin stated. "Did nobody tell you? The tome couldn't be destroyed short of someone shoving it into an Outrealm."
"Then do that!" Lon'qu snapped. "Get rid of this damned tome!"

"Old Hubba won't allow it."

He sighed and took the tome, reading it again. "...and these people...they insist on me pairing with Cordelia?"
"Mhm."

'*Dammit...why does that seem so...appealing?'* Lon'qu shook his head. *'No...I mustn't think like that!'*

"Excuse me. I'll be...putting this back in the library. Just..." He stepped past everyone, walking out of the room.

Lucina and Robin shared a look. "What was that all about?"

Morgan merely chuckled. "Peeeeerfect. Now to collect my bet from Gaius."
"Hm?"

"Oh, nothing."

'*Heh. Told him so. Now, to make sure that those two get together...*' Morgan wandered off, giggling.

Robin shuddered.

"I feel worse about what Morgan's planning than if Tharja were behind me right now..."

END

A/N: I...yeah, that was that.

So, next chapter, Lucina Reacts to Yanderes! Woo! Yeah! That means Tharja! Which is awesome!

So, I hope you guys enjoyed that, leave your ideas, criticisms, reviews, thoughts, suggestions and comments and I hope you have a GREAT day! Until next time!

Chapter 6: Lucina Reacts to Yanderes!

Lucina Reacts to Yanderes!

A/N: Welcome, one and all, to Lucina Reacts! Firstly, several things; Kellam OP. Just...Kellam OP. Jesus, it's like his inability to be noticed GIVES him crit powers on people or something, the amount of crits he gets. Secondly, more ranting.

Thirdly, we're going to try a...what we call a reaction to a trope rather than a fanfic. You'll see what I mean.

Secondly...errr, that's it. For now. We'll get back to this eventually. So, err, just enjoy this crappy chapter and let's get this thing on the road!

DISCLAIMER: Fire Emblem belongs to Nintendo, otherwise Miriel would be a Spark and there would be more mad science from her.

All mentioned franchises and characters belong to their respective owners.

"Miriel." Robin calmly intoned, crossing his arms and looking down at her. "Can you...explain...what that *contraption* is meant to be?"

The sage affixed her glasses with her fingers, patting the massive, metallic contraption next to her, a massive bronze column pumping out smoke next to her, with various gears spinning next to it. Somehow, the physically weak mage had managed to load the whole object onto a tiny board with wheels and drag it over to Robin's study for some reason the tactician had yet to fathom.

She chuckled somewhat maniacally. "This, my comrade, is a *steam* engine! With this device, I aim to render transportation by horse, wyvern, griffon or pegasus obsolete."

"So...erm. Explain why it's pumping out a load of smoke. Did you just bring a mounted *furnace* into my room?"

"But of course, Robin!" Miriel giggled, patting her engine again. "The very concept of such an engine is to operate by combusting objects!"
"...Miriel, get that fire hazard out of my office." Robin slapped his forehead with his palm. "What are you using to make that fire anyway?"

"Magic, but I have been conducting studies into the use of coals as fuel." The sage sighed and prepared to lug out the engine behind her.

"How disappointing..." She muttered under her breath. "...perhaps the *other* projects will have to wait..."

"I swear, the strange contraptions that woman comes up with...next thing I know, she'll come up with actual transportation based off of that thing..." Robin sighed, shaking his head and returning to work.

"Right...now, so Chrom wants me to help him figure out what to do about this emissary's message...it would be helpful if I actually knew what in the name of Naga 'Hyrule' was..." He breathed deeply.

"This is going to be a long day..."

Robin completely missed the small head of long, black and lustrous hair just under his windowsill outside, ducking down once more with Miriel's distraction gone.

Tharja sighed dreamily. "Oh, Robin..." She giggled insanely. "If only you'd notice me..."

Libra grunted. "Is there any reason why you asked me to carry you up here?" The priest struggled underneath the- admittedly light- weight of the witch, keeping her up against the windowsill.

"Because, priest, I am attempting to figure out when he rests so I may take him for my own." Tharja stated matter-of-factly. "Did I not tell you that?"
"I still don't understand why you asked me to do this."
"You are the only one I can trust not to tell Robin. You swore on Naga's name not to~" The dark mage giggled. Libra sighed.

"Yes...I suppose I did...now, Tharja, can I put you down now?"

" Just a moment." The witch put a finger up. "I think I've found a weak spot where I can assail him from!"

Indeed, there was a tiny, unlit alcove underneath the bookshelf behind Robin.

One Tharja reckoned could fit an adult woman of slight build.

She cackled, peering over the windowsill once more and lowering herself from the position Libra had hoisted her towards. The priest rubbed his hands, sighing.

"I regret making such an oath."
"It will all be worth it when I have the tactician all to myself." Tharja reminded him.

"I am not sure that would be worth anything to me."

"I never said it would."

Sully sighed, smacking the butt of her lance into the ground and looking up at the pair.

"Hey! Do you two mind getting the hell down from there? You look like a bunch of creepy stalkers!"
Libra looked aside. "At least one of us is."

"And if you tell anyone, I'll put a curse on you." Tharja glared at him, before climbing down from the palace walls.

The priest shook his head as he climbed down, trying to avert the gaze of the irritated cavalier. "Not many times can I be driven to biting, harsh comments, but this is one of them..."

Elsewhere in the palace...

"Mother." Lucina calmly spoke, looking straight at Sumia. "What is a 'yandere'?"
"Huh?" The pegasus knight stared at her from her desk, another story left on it half-finished, a inked quill left on a small pad. "A yandere?"
"I found that term in the Fanfic Tome." Lucina presented the tome to her, pointing to a specific passage in it where Tharja was referred to as one.

"I...don't quite follow. I haven't seen that word before...but I suppose if it's referring to Tharja...then...someone with a creepy obsession for somebody, in Tharja's case that being Robin, might be what the word means."

"For some reason, the tome decided to show this story to me." The princess stated. "It seems to be about Tharja and Robin courting each other, in a setting called a 'high school', whatever that is..."

Sumia giggled. "Are you sure the tome wasn't in fact showing you what you wanted to do with him?"
The princess blushed slightly. "O-of course not, Mother. Don't say such things!"

"I'm just saying, Morgan might have a point."

"W-what did Morgan tell you?!" Lucina grabbed her mother by the shoulders, staring at her with wide eyes. "I beg of you, what did she tell you?!"
Sumia smiled. "Nothing, Lucina. It was a joke."

She sighed, relieved, and relinquished her mother, twiddling her fingers slightly in embarrassment. "Oh..."

"A year and a half spent with the Shepherds and you still don't know how to make jokes." The Queen chuckled. "I'm surprised."

"The concept still escapes me, I'm afraid, along with other social conventions." Lucina sighed disappointedly. "I will try to learn how those work."

"You don't just learn how to make jokes. It comes naturally." Sumia clarified. "That applies to writing, too. I find it a little hard to make jokes, you know."

"I see..." Lucina nodded, rubbing her chin. "Well, on the concept of a 'yandere'...it seems almost humorous and comical."

"One's romantic obsessions can be played for humour, yes." Sumia nodded in agreement. "I once wrote a couple of stories poking fun at Cordy's old love for Chrom...don't tell her I did that, though, she'll kill me.

Oh, and don't tell Frederick, but I also, erm, kinda made some weird stories about him being creepily obsessed with Chrom's naked body..."

"Riiiiiight." Lucina nodded slowly, confused. "I believe that-"

"Ahem." Kellam cleared his throat. "M'lady."

Sumia jumped slightly in her chair. "O-oh! Kellam! W-when did you get here?"
"About ten minutes ago." The knight clarified.

Lucina blinked. "Impossible..."

"Anyway, I was going to ask you where Robin was." Kellam said. "I was going to talk about some, erm, unusual findings..."
"Isn't he in his office?" The princess inquired, to which Kellam shook his head.

"No, but...since you two are close friends, I'll tell you." The knight stated, before clearing his throat. "From several nights of standing in her room without being noticed, I found out something about Tharja."
"Erm...why were you-"
"Robin told me to. Didn't want her sneaking up on him again without him knowing. Anyway, from what I found out, Tharja's been planning on kidnapping Robin for several days and forcing him into a dinner with him."

Lucina stared at him in disbelief. "Please, don't tell me you're serious."
Sumia chuckled. "My, my, Tharja...Lucina, you may need to take action before she takes your man-"

"Mother!"

"She's been staking out his room for days, trying to figure out where blind spots for Robin were. I was going to...oh, I'm an idiot." Kellam suddenly lightly slapped his forehead with his gauntlet.

Lucina and Sumia stared at him. "What?"

"She's already kidnapped him, hasn't she?"

Robin blinked rapidly as the burlap sack was taken off of his head. The room was dark, very dark, with only a pair of candles providing light.

"Ugh...what the..."
"Teehee..." Tharja giggled, sitting across from him in the candlelight, a bowl of noodles topped with a strange red sauce Robin had never encountered before in front of her. "Hello, Robin~"
"Tharja...where am I?"

"Don't let that bother you, my sweet~" The dark mage cackled. "I've taken you here to dine with me."

"That would be nice, but-" Robin moved to get up, but he found his arms and legs bound to the chair he was sitting on. He rolled his eyes.

"Oh, you have got to be kidding me..."

"Here, my dear." She spun a fork in the noodle and sauce, before raising it up towards his mouth. "Have some! I made it myself."
"It's not poisoned, is it?"
"Of course not. I'm a dark mage, not an idiot." Tharja scoffed. "I would never kill you.

I want you all to myself."

"But-" Robin had only time to open his mouth before Tharja plunged the fork into his mouth, giggling.

"Is it delicious, dear?"

"Mmmpfh!"

Tharja sighed dreamily, examining the visage of her beloved closely.

'*This entire set-up was worth the exorbitant amount I had to pay that merchant...however much I despise her money-*

grabbing tactics, I can at least say Anna has good taste in products,' thought the dark mage.

Meanwhile, elsewhere in the castle...

Lucina and Kellam looked around for where Tharja's room was, attempting to locate Robin.

"Kellam, don't you know where her room is?"
"I did, but she put some hex on the thing to make it invisible from the outside!" The knight sighed. "Almost like me..."

"It's times like this when we need Henry." Lucina muttered. "At least he could easily locate where the hex is..."

Morgan stumbled in front of them, waving at them.

"Hey, Lucina! Are you looking for Father too?"
"You knew?" The princess stared at her.

"Of course. It's Tharja! She's bound to kidnap Father. She and you are romantic rivals, after all~"

"I don't understand w-why you people continue to insist I love Robin..." The princess muttered.

"Oh, please." Morgan scoffed. "Sumia can see it, I can see it..."
"I can see it too." Kellam waved.

"Pretty damn hard to ignore the fa-"
"Let's just find your father already!" Lucina cut her off uncharacteristically quickly and rushed off down the corridor, leaving the tactician and the knight behind

Morgan sighed, but shrugged. "Eh. Looks like Nah had a point. I suppose I should just let this romance advance naturally..."

Back in Tharja's room...

"Has it occurred to you that kidnapping, hexing and veiled threats aren't the only way to court someone?" Robin remarked.

Tharja shook her head. "It's the only way I'd get you to notice me."
"You are one of the most physically attractive people in this army-" Robin started, before the dark mage pulled herself into his face.

"R-really?"

"...but creepily stalking people tends to put them off." Robin completed his sentence and pushed Tharja away with his shoulder. "Seriously, I wouldn't mind having dinner with you once a month, but can it be in less...forced...circumstances?"
"Y-you would do that? For me? Nah, but that's only a ploy to get me to let you go..." Tharja giggled evilly, waving her finger accusingly. "My, my, Robin, you are more evil than you think..."

"It was worth a shot." He shrugged. "Besides, I just distracted you."
"From?"

"The back-up plan."

Tharja blinked. "What...plan?"
"I had Kellam install a curse specifically formulated by Henry to alert everyone in this castle to the location of your room in case you kidnapped me." Robin detailed in a rehearsed manner. "All I had to do was bribe him with some bird corpses..."

"Nyahahahahahaaha!" Henry cackled, waving around a bloodied knife as rotting crow zombies flew around the barracks outside Ylisstol, sending a screaming Cynthia and Nah diving under the chairs.

"Fly, my feathered friends! Or, should I say, my feathered *fiends*? Nyahahahahahahaah!"

Cynthia yelled out, her voice trembling.

"T-that was a TERRIBLE P-PUN!"

"Cynthia, I-I think we have w-worse worries than a terrible pun-AAAH!" Nah screamed in disgust as she felt one of the crows' rotted intestines fall into her hair.

"...and he promised to help me out here." Robin chuckled. "Any second now..."

"You..." Tharja glared at him for a second, before staring at him with, if anything, even more lust and hunger.

"You have a real dark, sinister and sneaky side about you, Robin, even without the Fell Dragon..." She licked her lips, staring at him and coming onto him slowly. "I *like* that..."

"Aaaaaaaah crap." Robin mentally facepalmed.

In hindsight, he should have known Tharja would have been even more enamoured with him if he tricked her. She liked the dark side of people; of course proving he HAD one was going to make her fall harder for him.

All their thoughts were interrupted, of course, as Henry's demented laughter filled the room- and the castle.

Outside Tharja's room...

Lucina ran past an insignificant section of wall, followed closely by Kellam and Morgan.

The princess turned back to her companions. "Kellam, you said her room was here, right?"

"Yes." Kellam nodded quickly. "Seriously, why did Chrom let her LIVE here?"
"Nobody else wanted her except Libra, and he's living at the castle too." Morgan reminded him. "He's still trying to get the money to start up his orphanage."

"Ah." The knight nodded. "I feel sorry for him."

"Where's the door, anyway? It was around here, right?" Lucina inquired.

"I forgot..." Kellam sighed. "All I remember is it's in this general area-"

"NYAHAHAHAHAHA! NYAHAHAHAHA! NYAHAHAHAHAHA!" Henry's laugh began blaring out from the wall beside them, causing the three to cover their ears.

"What in blazes?!" Kellam yelled out over the laughter. "When did Henry get in here?!"
"That's too loud to JUST be Henry!" Morgan responded.

"Where is that confounded sound coming from?!" Lucina yelled, elbowing the wall...and accidentally falling into an incredibly dark room, lit by only candles on a table...

...and seeing Tharja giving Robin a kiss on the cheek. Robin's eyes widened as he saw Lucina stumble in.
"L-Lucina?!"

"Tharja..." Lucina sighed. "Get off of him..."
"No! He's mine!" The dark mage hissed at her, before frowning. "I got him fair and square..."
"What the...t-this isn't the normal Tharja!" Lucina stared at her. "What's going on?"
Robin blinked. "I...did NOT see that one coming."

Lucina clenched her fist. "Get off of him..."

"No!" Tharja hugged him tighter. "He's mine!"

A soft slap could be heard as Morgan and Kellam stumbled in with the laugh fading away.

"Lucina! We found Father!"
"Yeah...I th-oh." The knight blinked, seeing Lucina standing over a crumpled Tharja on the floor. The dark mage was rubbing her cheek, frowning and still reduced to her weird mental state induced by Robin's presence.

"Ow...Robin-sempai! She hurt me!" Her voice was suddenly much lighter and more childish than what anyone expected of her, catching everyone by surprise.

Robin blinked. "What."

The princess sighed irritably and drew the Parallel Falchion, slicing open Robin's bonds. "I don't like punching people, but she needed that."

"Thanks, Lucina." Robin smiled at her. "Glad to know you've got my back."

"N-no problem. Always glad to help."
"Huh?" The grandmaster looked at her, standing up and rubbing his wrists. "Did you just stutter?"

Morgan giggled. "Awww, that's adorable..."

"Morgan!" Lucina snapped.

"Excuse me." Libra casually walked in, rubbing his temple. "I'm guessing this is where that Naga-forsaken laughter came from?"

"Robin had it booby-trapped in case Tharja kidnapped him." Kellam explained.

"That...makes sense, actually." The priest sighed, strolling over and picking up Tharja, bundling her over his shoulder as she cried out for 'Robin-sempai'. "I'll make sure she doesn't come back around here."

As the pair left the room, Robin scratched his head.

"...what in the name of Naga does 'sempai' even *mean*?"

"I don't think I want to know." Lucina sighed. "Come on, Robin. I think you might require a drink after that."
"Yeah." He sighed, nodding in agreement. "That sounds nice. And very much needed..."

Meanwhile, with Libra...

Libra sighed and lay Tharja on his plain bed in his quarters. He shook his head.

"I'm guessing you didn't succeed?"

"I..." Tharja shook her head, her voice snapping back to its sultry, deeper tone. She sat upright. "...I nearly got him. I promise, Libra. I'll win him over next time."

The priest chuckled softly. "I suppose you will."

'*A shame, really. I liked you better when you were a bit more open with your affections. Perhaps you do have a 'cuter' side, as Cynthia claims...*', the priest mused.

"I just have to think of a less...easy to thwart plan for next time..." The dark mage muttered, rubbing her hands together.

Needless to say, it was a very awkward next couple of hours for Libra.

END

A/N: Woo! Weirdness! Shenanigans! Stuff!

Next chapter, Lucina Reacts to Rule 63, that rule being 'everything on the internet shall be genderbent'! Wonder what THAT might entail?

So, I hope you enjoyed that chapter, leave your ideas, comments, thoughts, criticisms, suggestions and reviews, and I hope you have a GREAT day! Until next time!

Chapter 7: Morgan Reacts to Rule 63!

Morgan Reacts to Rule 63!

A/N: Welcome, one and all, to Lucina Reacts! Now, for those unfamiliar with the title's subject- unlikely, this is the Internet- I COULD have called it Genderbending Fics, but there's a chapter name character limit, so I have to cut it short to make it fit. Sorry for using such confusing jargon!

Also, genderbent Lucina...is Lucina. Only with shorter hair. That makes sense, considering that she somehow fooled EVERYONE into thinking she was a guy, even though she had *ahem* THE VOICE OF A GROWN WOMAN. Props to you if you get the references.

Well, let's get this chapter on the road!

DISCLAIMER: Fire Emblem belongs to Nintendo, otherwise I'd stop writing 'Rooster Teeth' instead of 'Nintendo' and Kellam would be the most OP character in Awakening.

All mentioned franchises belong to their respective owners.

"So." Libra blinked, looking around at Morgan and Cynthia. "Why am I here again?"

"Because Owain's being boring and doesn't want to play with us!" Cynthia complained, pouting and crossing her arms. "So we can't have a Justice Cabal meeting today."

"And because Lucina's helping Father out by helping him stop Cherche flooding Ylisse with wyverns." Morgan explained. "That's what she told me, at any rate."

"Funnily enough, I recall Cherche was saner than that..." Libra looked aside. "I can't imagine why Lucina wouldn't want to spend time with you too often."

"Was that sarcasm?" Cynthia gasped. "From you?!"
The priest blinked. "Being a servant of Naga does not preclude me indulging in sarcasm every so often.

Having to share quarters with Tharja does not help."
"Yeah, sharing a room with a hot sex witch can be a little tiring." Morgan remarked teasingly, earning herself a sharp glare from Libra.

"What is that supposed to mean?"

"N-nothing!"

"You've read the tome, right, Libra?" Cynthia hastily changed the subject for her friend's sake.

"No, but I've heard rumours."

"Would you like to, since Lucina's not here?"

"I think I would rather pass-"
"Come on!" Morgan pleaded. "For me? Please?"
Libra shook his head. "Most definitely not-"
"For Naga, then!" Cynthia added.

Libra stared at her. "I must ask that you do not use the name of the Goddess in vain. But...if you are so dead-set in me reading this tome...

Well...I suppose I will indulge you." He chuckled, sighing and picking up the tome. "Alright. How does it work?"

"Just hold it and it should generate a-" Morgan's explanation was interrupted by the tome opening in Libra's hands, its pages flying about and ink appearing on all the pages.

"Or that."

He gazed at the book, somewhat surprised, before nodding. "Hm...interesting. Morgan, what is a...'rule sixty-three'?"

"That's a term I've never encountered before..." The tactician looked confused. "Cynthia?"
"Nah, Mother won't know." The pegasus rider shook her head. "Don't think I've ever heard her use that term when talking about her fiction..."

"That doesn't reassure me much more than Tharja promising she has a plan." The priest sighed, but began reading.

"...a...female...Robin?" Libra blinked. "That seems...strangely alluring."

"Dad as a girl?" Morgan tilted her head. "That's...weird."

"No, no, that's not the only unusual thing here." Libra raised a finger. "...why in Naga's good name is Vaike a short, skimpily clothed girl who vaguely resembles Nowi in this story?"
"I think that would be what Lady Sumia refers to as a 'gender-bend'." Frederick raised his finger and walking in, making the three look up at him.

"Vaike? A...girl?" Morgan snickered. "That's actually a hilarious idea!"

"And apparently Miriel is a very slender, maniacal man, and Chrom is now a girl."

Frederick blinked, staring at them in surprise. "What manner of story are you reading that would turn Lord Chrom into that?"

"Apparently, one that involves 'Rule 63'. Whatever that means." Libra stated. "Oh...oh dear Naga...what in the name of..." Blushing, he discarded the book, shaking his head.

"No...what...I don't even..."

Morgan chuckled. "What's the matter, Libra? Shamed?"
"T-this book...L-Lucina was correct!" The priest backed away from the table in shock. "It is indeed incredibly indecent..."

Cynthia looked confused. "W-what did you see?"

"I-I saw myself...as a genuine girl...doing...*things* with male Tharja..."

"Can't be too different from real life." Morgan quickly remarked, before giggling. "Besides, remember the time we had you and Sully go to that crossdressing pageant?"

"Oh, yes." Libra glared at her. "Attending the pageant and being mistaken for a girl for the umpteenth time while having an irritated Sully with a blunt object sitting next to me was enjoyable."

The knight looked at him curiously. "Was it?"

"Of course not!"

"Hey, I wonder what everyone else is doing..." Cynthia rubbed her chin. "This is kind of a slow day..."

Suddenly, Lon'qu burst into the library, looking incredibly irritated. He glared at Morgan.

"Explain."
"Huh?"

"This was your idea, wasn't it?"

"Erm, Lon'qu, I've been in this room the entire day." The tactician looked confused and tilted her head. "What are you talking about?"

"Anna has been rooting people up for another crossdressing pageant." The swordmaster sighed irritably. "Myself and Cordelia assumed you were behind it."
"I like dressing people up, you have a point..." Morgan nodded. "...but I didn't know-"

"Have you thought about looking for Mother?" Cynthia chimed in. "She seems to like crossdressing."
Lon'qu scoffed. "I doubt that the High Queen of Ylisse is-"

Sumia walked past him, parading a heavily blushing Stahl in a frilly pink dress past. She was giggling and cooing at him.

The man blinked.

"I...stand mistaken."

Cynthia folded her arms smugly. "Mhm."

Frederick sighed. "I suppose we'd better stop her before she rounds up Libra and makes a mess of things."

Libra stood up, sighing and shutting the book. "Why is it that the plots from these stories seem to come true in a sense?"

"I don't know, but it's fun!" The pegasus rider cheered.

Lon'qu stared at her. "You must have a different idea of fun than sane people."

"You need to loosen up a little!" Cynthia moved towards him, but Lon'qu moved the same distance away from her.

"D-do you mind? I require AMPLE space! Just because I can SPEAK to you does not make me capable of standing NEAR you!"

"Sure you don't mind Cordelia doing it." Morgan shot at him.

Lon'qu shot a steely glare at her. "What are you insinuating?"

"Just saying, your response to that kink meme request about her was awfully Lucina-like..."

"L-let's just put a stop to Anna before her madness gets out of hand." The swordmaster brusquely ended the argument before walking out.

"It would've been nice to ask just WHAT Anna was doing that needed stopping-" Libra was suddenly interrupted by the sound of Sully's cursing, followed by who sounded like Vaike being thrown into a stone wall, judging by the cracking and the groaning.

"I think it's less for our safety and more for hers we're stopping it." Morgan remarked. "Eh. I'll head out with Lon'qu and Libra. Cynthia, go with Frederick and see if...well, something. I dunno, I just felt like splitting up would be a good idea."

"Apart from me keeping Lord Chrom's daughter out of the antics." Frederick reminded her.

"Normally, I'd disagree with such an aim, but I think I'd prefer NOT being beaten up by Sully."

Cynthia pouted. "Oh...you're no fun!"

Shortly, Morgan and Libra caught up to Lon'qu before he got too far ahead. He shied slightly away from Morgan, grumbling.

Libra cleared his throat. "So, why exactly do we need to stop Anna from putting everyone into drag?"
"Do *you* want to be dragged into drag?" Lon'qu reminded him. "You aren't the biggest fan of it."

"Point taken." The priest nodded.

Morgan shrugged. "Eh, I'm just in so Sully doesn't utterly wreck Anna out of embarrassment."

"And if you say I look like a man *again,* I'll make your face hurt more!" Sully yelled in front of them, holding up a very terrified Vaike by the neck.

"Y-yes, ma'am! I'm sorry! P-put me down!"

"Good." The cavalier nodded before letting him down.

"Man...I gotta stop signing up for Anna's weird plans..." The warrior rubbed his neck before running away.

Morgan gazed upon the spectacle, before turning to Sully. "I'm assuming Anna tried to get Vaike to drag you into the crossdressing thing?"

"Emphasis being *tried*." Sully sighed, rubbing the back of her head. "As soon as I find that little weasel, I'm going to show her a piece of my mind..."

"You think *you* will?" Stahl walked in, now clad in a blonde wig, makeup and a frilly blue dress. "Try me."
Sully snickered at her companion's appearance. "Stahl, you look like an idiot..."

Morgan tapped her chin. "Hm. I dunno...I think he looks kinda cute-"
"S-shut up!" Stahl reprimanded her. "This is embarrassing, dammit!"
"Welcome to my world." Libra mumbled.

"Hey, yeah. You look even more like a girl than Libra does." Sully teased him.

Stahl crossed his arms. "T-this ISN'T funny! I-I can't believe Anna got SUMIA involved in this! What's Chrom doing right now anyway?! Hell, where's Robin?!"

"I dunno. Lucina said she was helping Father out with Cherche, but I think that's unlikely for obvious reasons." Morgan shrugged. "So, erm...you the only one?"
"No." The cavalier sighed, shaking his head in shame. "Anna managed to rope Brady and Kjelle in, too. I'd imagine they were none too pleased to be shoved into drag."
"That little..." Sully clenched her fists. "My *daughter*? I'm going to kick her ass! That weasel!" Growling, she set off to hunt down the merchant, leaving Stahl sighing.

"Well...I'm going to go get this stupid thing off, and where are you guys going?"

"Well, we were kinda going to make sure Anna stops this before Sully murders her with her bare hands." Morgan clarified. "Err...did you see where Anna was?"
"Should just be outside in Ylisstol's market, setting the thing up. I managed to lose Sumia before I got dragged there-"
"Oh *Staaaaahl!* I have a pretty ribbon I think would look GOOD with your wig!" Sumia's surprisingly cheery voice could be heard from down the hall, causing the man's blood to run cold.

"D-dammit, I'm out of here!" He sprinted away, clumsily holding his frilly dress up to keep it out of the way of his feet.

Lon'qu rubbed his temple, sighing in exasperation. "Just when I thought the royal family had some sanity in it. And I thought Basilio acted like a buffoon sometimes..."

"Well, what are we waiting for?" Libra pointed out. "We know where Anna is, let's go!"

Minutes later, in Ylisstol Market...

Anna stood on a soapbox, reading out a scroll to everyone in the square. Behind her was erected a fairly large tent and stage, with the tent guarded by a sign labelled 'For Employees Only'.

"Come, one and all! Come see the Shepherds put out an amazing, one of a kind show for all to see! Featuring some of the best dressed members- dressed in drag, that is! Endorsed by the Lady Sumia herself, too!

All for the nice cheap price of twenty five gold pieces for entry! Come one, come all!"

Libra, Lon'qu and Morgan arrived, looking at her. The swordmaster sighed.

"Perfect." He remarked drily. "Just what the country needs, to think their queen is utterly insane."

"I'm going to put a stop to this..." Libra began to storm towards Anna.

Morgan tapped her chin with her finger, deep in thought. "Twenty five gold pieces is an awful lot to be paying for entry..."

Lon'qu stared at her. "You're more concerned about the cost of entry than the fact that she's shoving people into drag?"

Meanwhile, the priest rocked up to Anna, sighing. She looked down at him, smiling.

"Hey! Just the man I was looking for!"
"Well, actually I was-"
"Hey, Lissa!" The merchant called over as the cleric emerged from the tent, holding a pair of wigs.

"Yes?"
"We found Libra! Get the dresses ready!"

Libra raised a finger. "Well, Anna, I was just going to-"
"Hey, hey, come with me a moment!" Before he could respond, however, Anna grabbed his hand and dragged him into the tent, ignoring his protests.

Lon'qu facepalmed. "I thought he was going there to stop her from shoving everyone into drag, not join in."

"It's Anna we're talking about. She can be preeetty forceful, just like her sisters." Morgan shrugged, before staring at him. "So, Lon'qu..."
"Yes?"
"When are you planning on asking Cordelia out?"
"H-Have you taken leave of your senses?!" The swordmaster yelled. "A-and is that question entirely relevant when we have this to deal with?"

"Oh, quit dodging the question. You're just like Lucina in that aspect." The tactician teased him. "It looks like you're losing composure, too. This subject a little private?"
"I will assure you that her and I merely have a professional relationship." The swordmaster assured Morgan. "I couldn't possibly-"
"I've seen your diary. Yes, I know that *manly man* Lon'qu keeps a nice little diary." Morgan smirked, causing the swordmaster to freeze.

"...how did you-"

"I know you wrote *all* about how her hair's pretty and she behaves in such an adorable manner and-"
Lon'qu glared at her for several moments, silencing her, with killing intent clear in his eyes, before he relented, blushing slightly and rubbing the back of his head.

"...I swear on all the gods in this world that if you tell *anyone*, I will cut you down like a blade of grass."

Morgan smiled. "Your secret's safe with me. Though as to how *secret* it actually is could be debated.

But! I have one conditio-"
Lon'qu didn't even let her finish her sentence. "Name it."
"If I ask you to help me get Father and Lucina together, you're helping me," said Morgan. "And I mean in *any* capacity."
"Done." Lon'qu nodded. "I will hold my promise if you do. You speak of this matter to Cordelia and I will ensure you won't be sneaking around people's rooms again personally.

Is that understood, Morgan?"

"Of course!" Morgan grinned. "Now, erm, Libra's been gone a good while and we should REALLY tell Anna to stop before she gets beaten up."
"Y-yes." Lon'qu nodded hurriedly, eager to change the subject from ANYTHING involving Cordelia. "Of course. That." He moved quickly towards the tent, sighing. "Let's do that, shall we?"

Before he could, however, Libra was shoved out of the tent, and the pair froze.

He was clad in only a white dress with a black corset and had only a little blush on his cheeks, but if Morgan and Lon'qu hadn't known any better, they would've mistaken Libra for a woman.

The priest blushed, rubbing his arm ashamedly. "T-this is...awkward..."
Anna poked her head out, giggling. "You should see Brady! He looks fairly cute too!"

"N-no! D-don't do this! M-Ma's going ta kill me! Lissa, q-quit pushing me outside!" Brady's pleading could be heard behind her before the boy was pushed out, clad in a long, flowing red dress with a wig of blonde ringlets. He grumbled and twiddled his fingers, clearly struggling wearing such clothing. Hanging his head, he shook it in shame.

"...if Ma sees this, I'm toast."

Morgan snickered, covering her mouth. "Oh, poor Brady..."

"Take pity upon my eyes, woman..." Lon'qu hissed under his breath, glaring at Anna.

The tactician sighed and walked towards Anna. "Hey."
Anna turned around, frowning. "Hey, back away! Nobody gets to see the pageant contestants before they're ready unless they pay up! Yes, even you!"

"Actually, we were kinda...err...going to tell you to stop."
"Stop?" Anna looked confused. "Why? I'm making it big! I've gotten several bullions full of gold! Why would I stop?"

"Because Sully's not happy with it. And by not happy, we mean she threw Vaike through a wall."

"Ah..." Anna nodded slowly, "You know, I had a feeling she'd do that. I think *sweetening* the deal might work-"

"I don't think sweetening the deal for Sully will work." Lon'qu remarked drily.

"Ah!" Sully stormed past him, glaring straight at Anna. "Found you!"
"O-oh!" Anna blinked in surprise, cowering slightly as she saw the cavalier's displeased expression. "H-hey, Sully..."

"Firstly, you're a dumbass for letting *VAIKE* try to dress me up like a girl! Secondly, I'm PERFECTLY girly!" Sully yelled. "I don't just WHAT got it into your screwed head that I act like a man or would look good as a man, but-"
"E-erm, i-if you dress up like a man, I-I'll...um...give you a discount?" Anna thought quickly, hoping to do anything to get Sully away from her and preferably NOT beating her up.

"Do you REALLY think getting me a discount will work?" The cavalier's glare intensified. "Just get my daughter out of there and DON'T get me involved in this! Or, better yet, quit this stunt!"

Morgan raised a finger. "Errr...Sully..."
"What?" The cavalier snapped, leering at her. Morgan froze.

"N-nothing..."

The tactician sighed, letting Sully rant at Anna for a while, before the latter agreed to take down the tent.

All the while, Morgan rubbed her chin, contemplating.

"Hey, Lon'qu."
"Hm?"

"I just remembered. In the story I read with Libra earlier, there was a female version of my father. How do you think he'd look in drag?"
Lon'qu gave her a deadpan look. "Is that really an important question?"
"I dunno. It just seems kinda...logical. He seems like the kinda person who'd be the same with different genders, y'know? I dunno." Morgan shrugged. "Just a thought.

Hey, did you see where Frederick and Cynthia ended up going?"
"Not a clue."

If they were to look just past the stage, they would spot Frederick attempting to pull Cynthia away from a memorabilia stall featuring pictures of all the Shepherds clad in drag.

Robin, meanwhile, just stood outside the stage, opposite to Morgan.

He slapped his forehead with his palm.

"...I go to ask Laurent about this 'Hyrule' place and THIS happens while I'm gone? Do I need to be constantly watching these people and babysitting them?"

He shook his head. "...whatever Lucina did, I think I should've joined her. This insanity gets too far.

And I've dealt with the Fell Dragon himself..."

END

A/N: So, next chapter, we'll be featuring a REAL fic, Sleep-Crossed Lovers, courtesy of the awesome writer derpsquid! Woo! Yeah!

I hope you enjoyed that, leave your ideas, reviews, suggestions, criticisms, thoughts and comments and I hope you have a GOOD day! Until next time-

Oh wait stinger.

Meanwhile, just outside Ylisstol...

Two individuals strolled within the crowds walking into the city, looking around. One was a tall, blonde woman, and the other a slightly shorter boy.

"This city looks pretty nice."

"Yep." He nodded. "Reminds me of home."

"Of course it will. It's pretty much IS home." The woman giggled.

"Mother..." He chuckled. "What DID you get us into this time?"

"Blame Miriel. At least we'll have an easy way back if we know where the Outrealm Gate is..."

The boy shrugged, adjusting the sleeves of his Plegian coat, almost exactly in sync with his mother.

"Morgan, do you mind not looking so scruffy?"

"Mother! I'm a grown boy! I don't need this right now! And you know I don't like being called that anymore..."

"Oh, right. You're 'Todd' now, aren't you, son..." The woman chuckled. "Why couldn't you pick a nice name like mine...Reflet?"

***Todd is Male Morgan, Reflet is Female Robin. See if you can guess WHY this is.**

Chapter 8: Special Chapter: Sleep Crossed Lovers!

Lucina Reacts to Sleep Crossed Lovers!

A/N: Welcome, one and all, to Lucina Reacts! Woo! Sorry about the lack of updates. I was just doing a playthrough of Awakening- this time with the female Avatar and with more knowledge of how to play the damn game- and also been playing League of Legends- I love that game to bits- so I'll try to get an update out today! How's that for stuff? Woo!

A huge shout-out to derpsquid for letting me write about his fic- go read that instead, it's far superior to this- and if you're reading this, you're awesome!

So, I'll just get on with this before you guys get bored of me...if you aren't already. :P

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"So, Lucina." Morgan asked sweetly, sitting next to her. "What do you dream about?"

"Uh..." The princess looked at her suspiciously. "Why do you ask?"

"Just curious~"

Lucina nodded. "Morgan...is that a...errr, normal thing to ask? I'm still slightly confused about 'normal' topics of conversation."

"Oh, well, this is one of them!" The tactician smiled happily. "Now, what do you dre-"
"I don't dream about your father, i-if that's what y-you're insinuating." Lucina snapped.

Morgan frowned. "Oh. Never mind. "

Suddenly, Sumia appeared from behind a column in front of them, pouting.

"Aww...and I was going to conveniently come out and give you advice on how to deal with your feelings..."

The princess was taken aback. "M-Mother! D-don't tell me you were in on it too!"

"Dear, I'm just trying to hasten the inevitable~" Sumia reminded her cheerily.

"...great. Now my own mother is siding with you, Morgan."

The tactician shrugged. "What did you expect? She knows what the heart wants."

"My flower fortunes tell me that you and Robin are destined to be together!"
"You just kept plucking petals off until you found a favorable fortune." Lucina remarked.

"It can't be coincidence if my flowers tell me you're going to end up together five times in a row!" The pegasus rider protested.

Morgan shrugged. "It's true. I've seen them."

"Mama always makes right predictions!" Lucia chimed in, stumbling into the room and hugging her mother tightly.
"Cousin Lucina and Uncle Robin will be marriaged soon!"

"I-I...Ihavetodosomething!" Lucina quickly uttered in embarrassment before taking leave of the room, leaving Sumia and Morgan with Lucia. They distinctly saw her cheeks turning red as she left.

The pair cracked up, giggling.

"How long do you think she's going to deny it?" Morgan inquired.

"Oh, give or take two months." Sumia shrugged. "Wanna bet on it?"

"Sure," Morgan shrugged. "I'll add you to the pool."

"There's a pool?"
"Cynthia started it. She says it'll take them five. I bet three. General consensus is that it'll happen eventually."

"Huh." Sumia nodded, fishing out a couple of coins and tossing them to Morgan. "Here you go."

"Excellent."

"Mama...why does Cousin Lucy always get embarrassed when we tell her about Robin?" Lucia inquired, tugging on her mother's leg.

"I don't know. She'll learn one day."

"I don't know why she is all ashamed! Uncle Robin is big and strong and funny!"

"Wait." Morgan held up a finger. "Why is Lucina called Cousin Lucy if her name's with a hard 'C'?"

Sumia shrugged. "Best thing Chrom could think of at the time when Lucina and Lucia here met each other."

"Point."

Meanwhile, in an unknown room in the palace...

Lucina retreated into a random room, seeking refuge from her mother and Morgan. She shook the blush from her face, sighing.

"I swear to Naga, Robin i-is just my friend. That's all he is. Right?" She said to herself, before shaking her head again. "Wait, w-what am I saying? I sound like Severa now! W-why am I so unsure? He's just a...good friend, right?"

"Troubled, Lucina?"
"Aaah!" The princess squeaked in surprise, jumping and looking around, placing her hand on the hilt of the Parallel Falchion, to face her assailant.

Robin looked slightly surprised, blinking.

"Oh. Sorry. Did I intrude?"
"N-no, not at all." Lucina sighed in relief, releasing the hilt of her sword and feeling her cheeks rouge. "I was just...thinking to myself."
"I heard my name being mentioned. Is there something you want to tell me?"

"Not at all." The princess said hastily. "Just...if Sumia tells you anything, it is not true."

"...right." The grandmaster nodded slowly. "Well, Lucina, would you like to help me?"
"Sure." Lucina nodded, glad for the change in subject. "What do you need help in?"

Robin nodded to her, going down to sit at a desk and pulling out several scrolls. With a sweeping gesture, he grabbed one and unrolled it, showing her an unfamiliar diagram of a horned, winged being with a strange sword that seemed almost as if it was alive.

"I've been doing some research on the culture of a fabled land called 'Valoran' somewhere to the east of Ylisse that I found some mention of in ancient Archanean literature from the time of the Hero-King himself." The grandmaster recounted. "This is just a study I'm conducting for my own interest, of course."

"Wait, why aren't you doing this in your office?" Lucina inquired.

"I'm having it redesigned so Tharja can't hide in an alcove like last time." Robin sighed irritably. "I'm not prepared to deal with Henry just for the sake of keeping her away from me.

Cleaning up the birds in the barracks was enough of a nightmare for me..."

Lucina chuckled, patting his back sympathetically. "I can understand. Dealing with Morgan can be equally irritating."
"Try being her father." Robin shot back mirthfully. "I love her, obviously, but sometimes, she can just be a little...insane.

Now come, help me read these scripts."

"O-oh, right." The princess nodded, taking one script and sitting down next to him, reading it closely.

"...what in Naga's name is a yordle?"

Robin shrugged. "Probably something like a manakete." He sighed, rolling up the scroll. "...you know what, I'll take a break."
"Huh? We just started."
"I've been at this since lunchtime." The grandmaster stated. "I'm starting to get a little stir crazy."

"I see. Do you need anything?" Lucina inquired.
"Not at all. Don't worry, if I do, I'll get it myself." Robin reassured her. "Right."

He pulled out the Fanfic Tome, placing it on the table. Lucina looked at it and then to Robin, surprised.

He was equally surprised himself. "...this isn't the tome I brought with me...

...Morgan must have replaced it while I wasn't looking."
Lucina sighed, shaking her head. "Of course Morgan would...so what do we do now?"

"I suppose we just read it." The grandmaster shrugged. "It's better than nothing."

With that, he opened the tome hesitantly, somewhat reluctant to find out what it had in it this time.

"...hm. The title doesn't seem to be anywhere on it, but it doesn't seem like a lewd story." Robin noted. "...with that in mind, I'll read it, but I still have my doubts."
"I...suppose I'll follow your judgement." Lucina shook her head and exhaled. "If it gets lewd, we're going to stop reading, agreed?"
"Agreed." The grandmaster nodded, before beginning to read the tome.

...

"...that..." Robin held his finger up, thinking.

"Huh?"

"...is the most adorable thing I've ever seen." Robin chuckled.

Lucina crossed her arms, glaring at him. "I-I hardly think I would do that!"

"I see. If you ever have such issues, though, do not hesitate to ask for my help." The grandmaster reminded her. "Even if it does earn us teasing from Morgan."

"Thanks." Lucina smiled. "I won't hesitate..." She sighed, blushing and twiddling her fingers. "But...I-I wouldn't ask you to h-hold me..."

"Why?" Robin seemed genuinely oblivious. "What do you mean by that?"
"N-nothing!" The princess said. "I-I'm just saying...I wouldn't burden you like that."
"I wouldn't see it as a burden if it would comfort a...friend." Robin nodded hastily. "L-let's just read the next couple of chapters, yes?"
"Agreed." Lucina flipped the page, before staring at the page. "O-oh dear..."

"...this is...embarrassing." Robin blushed. "Should we stop reading?"
"N-no!" Lucina said with a bit more force than necessary. "I mean...no. It's fine. I can handle this."

"Right..." The grandmaster nodded quickly. "...I see..."

"O-Out of curiosity, do you like anyone?" Lucina inquired. "I mean, I'm asking in a *purely* platonic capacity..."

"I...may have someone in mind...but I would certainly take care to never reveal it so easily."
The princess nodded. "Good. W-wouldn't want to let Morgan know, correct?"

"Yeah..." Robin chuckled nervously. "I can understand."

Lucina and Robin stared at each other for a couple of moments, before shaking their heads.

"Let's read this story to the end, yes?" The princess said hastily.
Robin nodded sharply, as if he had just left a trance. "...Yes. Indeed."

Together, the pair read the next chapter.

"...just to let you know, I don't have...an interest in you like that." Lucina nodded. "Understood?"

"You seem a little nervous and unsure about that...b-but I share the sentiment." Robin responded affirmatively. "...and that is a BRILLIANT use of Kellam's unique...trait."

Anything to change the subject from this.

Lucina jumped on the opportunity with haste. "Right! Of course. Father can have his points of brilliance in tactics."

"Sounds like something I would do." Robin nodded. "Let's finish this story quickly..."

The princess quickly flipped to the next page, reading the chapter with Robin.

As their eyes advanced to the bottom, their cheeks slowly became redder and redder until they read the part where they kissed each other.

"O-oh..." The princess cupped her cheek, shaking her head. "I-I didn't expect that..."
Robin stared at the page in shock. "Yes...neither did I..."

They slowly looked up and stared at each other.

"R-Robin...I-I swear, I wouldn't...I mean, I-I don't l-love you like that..."

"L-Lucina...I promise y-you...I d-didn't contemplate this..."

The princess and the tactician stared at each other, as silence filled the room. The pregnant pause was full of tension.

"...y-you know, I believe I have...duties to attend to in my office. I'm sure the redesigning is complete." Robin cleared his throat, standing up.

"A-and I have training with Kjelle!" Lucina added quickly.

Staring at each other again, the pair nodded and left the tome open as they left the room, furiously blushing.

As Robin left, Morgan looked up at him. She tugged at his sleeve. "Father?"
"Y-yes?"

"Are you alright? Your cheeks look red and you look embarrassed. Is there something wrong?" Morgan tilted her head.
"Is it Lucina?"
"N-no. It's not that." He shook his head hastily. "Just...a matter I need to contemplate..." The grandmaster rushed past his daughter, leaving her there.

Slowly, a smile grew on her face.

"It WAS Lucina. I knew it." She giggled, pumping her fist. "So he DOES like her, even if he can't see she likes him back."

She squeed happily.

"I KNEW Lucina had to be my mother..." She snapped her fingers. "I knew that already...but...

...eh. I just want them to get together already. They're a pretty cute couple." Morgan concluded, before holding a finger up.

"It feels...weird...shipping my parents together. I don't think that's how it works..." She shrugged.

"Eh. Anything goes if it's cute."

Later that night...

"No, Miriel," Robin sighed, sitting in his office as the sage plopped a strange looking brass helmet whirring with cogs, an iridescent crystal inset in the middle. "I don't want to test out your contraptions."

"T-the Dream Inception Helmet isn't just a *device*!" Miriel retorted, offended. "I promise you, if you need to know what others are dreaming about-"
"I'm aware Morgan's been curious as to what others dream about and I can assure you, I want no part of it." The grandmaster remarked exasperatedly. "Please, Miriel...I have work to do."

She frowned, but picked up the helmet and left. "One day, Robin..." she muttered under her breath. "...I will impress you with my long overdue inventions..."

As the door shut behind her, he went back to work, thinking about the events of earlier.

"...that story...surely it can't have a grain of truth in it, right? Lucina can't...no." He shook his head. "...I just...I mean, I see her...w-what am I saying?

...any fool could see I love her." He sighed. "...I'm surprised nobody noticed yet...I just hope, one day, she'll notice me..."

Robin shook his head. "...bah. It's just an idle thought. She doesn't reciprocate anyway." With a slightly forlorn sigh, he went back to work, just as Kellam entered the room.

"Robin?"
"Yes?"
"There's someone here to see you. Or, rather, two someones."

"...sure. Let them in." The grandmaster nodded, and the knight moved to let the newcomers in.

If Robin had had something to drink at that moment, he would have spat it out, as he saw a newcomer with his exact Plegian coat, right down to its condition, step in, along with a younger male who resembled Morgan.

He knew there had to be something off here.

"...who are you?"

The woman smiled. "You must be Robin."

"H-how do you know-"
"I'm, errr...how do we explain this?"

The male raised a finger. "I'm, err, Morgan's alternate universe counterpart, and Mother is *your* alternate universe counterpart.

It's a long story, and we'll explain. Oh, and by the way, I'm Todd, and Mother's name is Reflet."

Reflet nodded. "A pleasure to meet you."

Robin just stared at them in disbelief.

"What."

END

A/N: Whew, I just covered the actual fic without the paralogues- possibly in a future chapter's omake, we might do those- but next chapter, the Tale of Two Robins!

A huge thank you to derpsquid, again, for being awesome and letting us write about his fic! It is really awesome, go read that, it's a genuinely brilliant piece of writing, and go read his sequel to it, Little Morgan the Dream Master, for even more brilliance.

So, I hope you enjoyed that chapter, leave your ideas, reviews, thoughts, suggestions and criticisms and I hope you have a GREAT day! Until next time!

Chapter 9: The Tale of Two Robins, Part 1!

The Tale of Two Robins!

A/N: Welcome, one and all, to Lucina Reacts! Woo! Last chapter was...something, right. Reaction to fanfics, Lucina-sempai moments, and of course, two Robins. Just...two Robins.

Well. This got insane quickly. And hilariously. *laughs evily* This ought to be good...

So...yeaaaaah. Stuff. I dunno. *shrug* Let's get this done before you people get bored of these author's notes! Which I think you are! I dunno! I wish I had telepathy! I need a hug!

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"...what." Robin just stared at Reflet, blinking. He knew it had to be true; Reflet resembled him far too much for anything else to be true- but the idea was ludicrous.

"Yeah, we kinda got shoved out of our world, courtesy of Miriel." Todd shrugged, adjusting his robes. "Mother and I ended up here after wandering the cosmos for...I dunno, a year?"
"That last place we wandered into was nice..." Reflet mused. "I think it was called...Cyrodiil?"

"I'm guessing you two are from an Outrealm, correct?" Robin inquired.

"Indeed. Or rather, *we're* in an Outrealm." Reflet shrugged. "It's all relative."

"Well, seeing as this Outrealm hasn't tried to blow us up yet, we'll stay here." Todd shrugged. "Where's, err, Morgan? Or Linfan? Or whatever she's called here?"

"She's with Severa. I think." Robin nodded slowly, still not quite used to the fact that his alternate self and her son had just walked into his office. "H-hey, wait a minute. Where do you expect to stay? Chrom's not going to-"
"Oh, I'm sure Chrom'll approve of a second person to help out with the reining in of the Shepherds." Reflet waved him off, shrugging. "However, there was ONE thing I wanted to do. I've always wanted to know what happened if I did it."
"And that is-" Robin didn't even finish his sentence before his alternate counterpart pulled his face closer to himself and kissed him.

"Mmmpfh!"

Todd blinked, blushing slightly and rubbing the back of his head nervously. "Um...Mother..."

They had the misfortune of Lucina walking in that very second.

"Robin, I was just-" The princess spoke before freezing, seeing the state Robin was in. She blinked, blushing.

"U-Um...I...Robin..."

Reflet pulled away, sighing in satisfaction and nodding. "Hm...that wasn't quite what I expected."

Robin just stood there, wide-eyed in shock. "...w-what..."

The female grandmaster looked at him curiously, before turning to the door and seeing Lucina, frozen in embarrassment.

"Oh." Reflet chuckled. "It's not what you think."

Todd examined Lucina closely, studying in particular her rouged cheeks, nodding. "...Yep. Definitely in love with Robin."
"I-It's not like that!" Robin and Lucina cried in unison.

"It's pretty obvious." The tactician shrugged casually. "Now, I'm going to go look for Morgan. I'll see you around, Mother.

You can explain to Lucina who we are." Dusting off his robes, Todd walked out of the room, leaving Lucina staring at Reflet.

The princess looked at the female grandmaster, then Robin, and then she was hit with sudden realisation.

"...is she-"
"Me from another universe, yes." Robin nodded quickly.

Reflet waved at her. "Yep. That's me, alright."

"Well, why did you kiss him?!" Lucina snapped. "I-I mean...that was just...unexpected..."
"I was wondering what would happen if I kissed my alternate self." Reflet mused, rubbing her chin. "Hm...nothing blew up, anyway. Huh. I was expecting a paradox."

The male grandmaster blinked. "...you seriously kissed me to figure out if kissing your alternate self was going to cause a paradox?"

Reflet shrugged. "Well, all it caused was a jealous Lucina and a flustered you, so..."

"I-I wasn't jealous." Lucina stated quickly. "I was just...surprised. Yes, surprised."

"Right." Reflet chuckled. "Well...Robin. How'd you like help in reining in the Shepherds? I have my own...quirks...but I AM your alternate self and we do share a lot of things, including intellect.

Surely we could put that to, say, stopping Tharja's insanity, hm?"

Robin thought carefully, looking down and rubbing his chin in contemplation.

"...I suppose, even if we didn't get to the...best...start. Reflet, correct?"

"Yes."

Lucina gazed at her. "And will there be further...tests involving the fact that you two are alternate versions of each other?"

"No. I just wanted to see if kissing him would do anything. I'm fine for now." Reflet shrugged.

Both Robin and the princess sighed in relief. "Thank Naga..."

"Do you want me to give you a kiss, Lucina?" Reflet smirked. The princess backed away, shaking her head and blushing.

"O-Of course not!"

Meanwhile...

Todd wandered around, searching for his counterpart eagerly. From what he'd seen, she'd most likely be blue-haired, adorable-looking, with the Mark of Naga present somewhere on her body, probably on her hand or eye, if he and his mother were correct about Lucina being her mother...

"Oof!" Todd felt someone bump into him, sending him and the newcomer stumbling.

"Must be one of those 'meet cute' things they do in those weird books Sumia always reads." He quipped quickly, dusting himself off and looking at the person who'd bumped into him.

Those robes were exactly the same as his, her hair was blue, she was indeed cute, and on her right hand, the Mark of Naga was imprinted, visible and clear for anyone to see.

Morgan looked across to him, rubbing her back. "Ow...mind where you're-" She froze.

Clearly, she must have had the same conclusion as her counterpart, judging by the look of confusion, her examining of his robes, and the dawning realisation on her face.

Todd nodded slowly. "Yeaaaaah."

"...you're...another me." Morgan tilted her head, before grinning.

"That's awesome! Wanna help me get Father and Lucina together?"

"...yeah, why not." Todd shrugged. "It's preferable to me kissing you to test out if some paradox or something would happen."

"That'd be weird." Morgan cringed, shaking her head.

"That's what Mother did."

"Really?" The tactician tilted her head. "What happened?"
"Nothing. Except your mother is now jealous of mine." Todd sighed.

"...wait until Sumia hears about this." Morgan chuckled. "Oh, the sheer amounts of teasing..."

Todd raised an eyebrow. "Your Sumia's weird too?"
"She likes shoving people into drag, writing weird stories about her husband and his bodyguard and has joined me in my crusade to get Lucina to admit she likes Robin~

That sound like your Sumia?"
"Except for the Lucina part. Where I come from, she shipped Gaius with Mother." Todd chuckled, ruffling his own red hair. "You can tell how that ended."

"So my father's Gaius in another world?" Morgan stared at her counterpart. "That's cool."
"We once met a version of me that was Walhart's son." Todd shuddered. "He...wasn't the best adjusted child we'd ever met." The tactician nodded. "So...yeah. I'll help you.

Between you and me, I personally ship Robin and Lucina, having read all the fanfic.

My mother, though, that's different- I'd never wish her to have married anyone else. I think that's how it works, at least. Outrealms and alternate universes confuse me."

Morgan pumped her fist. "Yes! Another ally to add to my quest!"

She giggled maniacally, and Todd couldn't help but join in.

Meanwhile, outside Robin's window...

Tharja was in a state of sheer bliss, her mouth in a creepy, dark smile, her hands clutching her cheeks tightly. She had literally seen not one, but *two* Robins kiss before her very eyes.

Not to mention the fact that, well, there were *two* Robins.

She giggled to herself insanely, her eyes full of lust.

"Two of them..." She muttered under her breath. "Two of them..."

Libra was unsurprised. If there were two Robins, there was double the people she could lust after. It made sense, after all- Tharja had always made it clear that she would chase after Robin and Robin alone, whether or not he was a man or a woman.

He sighed. "Tharja, what do you expect to do?"
She looked down at him, staring at him like he was an idiot.

"I will...heeheehee...kidnap her." She rubbed her hands together with perverse glee. "And then she'll love me."

The priest frowned. "Have you considered that, as Robin's counterpart from the Outrealms, she's as intelligent as he is and will likely be prepared for your insanity?"

"She hasn't seen the likes of me, priest." Tharja boasted, cackling insanely. "She will be mine...yes, don't worry, she will be mine..."

Libra glanced aside briefly, before sighing and letting the witch down to his position, brushing off his robes. "And how do you propose on doing that?

More to the point, what in Naga's name is my part in your scheme?"

"Not much." The dark mage pulled out several ropes and a burlap sack from her robes, along with a tome Libra recognised as one of Miriel's prototype invisibility tomes based off of Kellam's mysterious invisibility to others.

"Heeheeheeheehee..."

Libra rolled his eyes. "Naga, forgive me..."

"I'm sure you have a lot less to worry about from Naga than from me if this goes wrong." Tharja muttered darkly.

Back in Robin's office...

"Tell you what, to prove my competence, I'll even do your work for you tonight." Reflet offered.

Robin raised an eyebrow, crossing his arms. "What, really?"

"Well, you gave me a kiss, so-"
"Well, actually, you kissed *me*."

"-so I figured that doing your work for you's a good trade." The grandmaster shrugged.

Lucina nodded. "She has a point, Robin. You need a break."

"...I suppose..." He nodded slowly, agreeing with both women. "Fine. I was working on some research into a new magical warning system that would stop Miriel from blowing the Shepherds' barracks sky-high again. Think you can handle that?"

"Of course. Do you mind if I add some notes of my own to your designs?"

"If it still works, I don't see why not." Robin shrugged. "Okay, well...I'll leave you to it. I'll be taking my leave now. Good night."
Nodding to Reflet, the grandmaster left the room with a sweep of his robes, deftly shutting the door behind him. Lucina looked to Reflet, who was giggling.

"Huh?"

"Lucina, tell me." Reflet chuckled. "I know you managed to fool everyone into thinking you were the Hero-King, but you're not fooling anyone like that."

"I...don't quite catch you." The princess looked confused.

"Robin. You love him. It's obvious." Reflet shrugged casually. "I haven't even been in this palace for three hours and I know you do. You don't have to give me that crap about 'not loving him' and 'it's all platonic'."
"F-for all you know-"
"Please, don't give me that spiel about 'we're just friends', I've seen enough anime and-oh, wait, you don't know what that is." The grandmaster stopped herself, breathing in slowly. "I've seen enough stories to know that that spiel is almost never true. That and the look on your face when I was kissing him told me enough.

Basically, get it over with or someone else will. And I don't mean 'they'll confess'. I mean 'they'll lock you into a closet until you either confess or die'. Or do the deed."

Lucina blinked at the frankness and bluntness with which the newcomer had identified her feelings, shocked. "I...I understand." She sighed, rubbing the back of her head.

"I'm just...unsure if he...would reciprocate or not. I'm unsure if Father would approve! I'm-"

"Don't give me that crap." Reflet scoffed dismissively. "Please, Lucina, you travelled through time to kill a dracolich god thing, all to save your father. If you haven't the confidence to admit you love who you love, then we're not going to get anywhere.

Seriously, has Kjelle not taught you anything?"
"Huh? What about Kjelle?"
"...oh right I'm not in my home realm right now." The grandmaster sighed. "Dammit. "

"Reflet...if that is your name...thank you for your counsel." The princess nodded, smiling slightly. "I'm not ready to do it just yet, but I promise, when the time is right...I will."

"That's my girl." Reflet reassured her, before smirking. "I can't promise I won't...tease you...about it, but I'm rooting for you. I'm sure...Sumia? Yes, you look like it...yes, I'm sure Sumia's rooting for you too. Even if she's teasing you like I will."

"...that's...reassuring." Lucina sighed, looking aside. Just as well, she'd expected Reflet to be kind and counselling, yet

mischievous, considering what she'd walked into her doing.

"Hey, what was that earlier?"
"Hm? Anime?"

"No...doing the deed. That is not a term I've had the fortune of listening to."

"Oh, you know, rolling your oats."

Lucina raised an eyebrow. Reflet looked confused.

"Polishing the footstones."

"I don't follow."

"Tapping the midnight still, if you will.

"What-"

"Forging the moaning statue. Bucking the forbidden horse. Donning the velvet hat."

"What are you on about?" The princess looked confused, before Reflet leaned in and whispered into her ear just *what* all the euphemisms meant.

She turned red, backing away from her in shock..

"...n-no! I-I...I...Ihavetodosomething!" Lucina fled the room, leaving Reflet chuckling.

"Ah...I've been saving those." She shook her head, chortling and getting to writing, looking down at Robin's plans.

"Riiight. Now, this contraption...what was this meant for? And this one?"

She completely missed the door opening slightly, the small pitter-patter of heels sounding on the stone floor of the office.

Meanwhile...

Morgan chuckled, reading from a small scroll Todd had laid out on a table.

It had plans for a dress that, frankly, pushed the lines of decency. Even Tharja would be ashamed of wearing such clothing to attract Robin, and Olivia would faint just looking at one part of the dress.

Which made it perfect for Lucina.

Todd chuckled. "This is based off of an anime I watched once in the Outrealms."

"An anime?" Morgan blinked. "What's that?"
"Ah...right. You people don't know what that is. It's essentially a slideshow of moving pictures done in a certain style. I'll have to show you one of those.

I took my name from a man who acted in one of them. He's a brilliant actor, funny too. I've got to get his signature sometime..."

"So...a mixture between a play and a slideshow?" Morgan nodded. "Huh. That's interesting."

"I even had the dress perfectly ready." Todd chuckled. "I got bored and made it myself. Never thought I could actually have someone wear it."

"It seems you're a lot less...pure...than I thought." Morgan chuckled mischievously.

"Eh. Anything for the fans." Todd shrugged.

"The who?"
"Never mind."

"I swear upon the gods, even Robin's female self is-" Lucina muttered to herself as she walked into the room, staring at the tacticians.

"...what are you doing in my room?"

"Eheheh." Todd chuckled. "Don't look at me, this was Morgan's idea. I just wanted to do this the old-fashioned way- by leaping out of the nearest corner and dragging you into a closet."

Morgan grinned. "So, Lucina...I hear you want Father to notice you..."

"...I-I promise you, that is not my intention."
"And I have the perfect way of doing it. That is, if it works." The female tactician grinned. "Oh Suuuuumia~!"

Sumia crept up on her daughter, smiling. She was clutching the skimpiest dress in the history of Ylisse, Valm, and all the nations of the world. Lucina swallowed and blushed as she realised the dress' size was the perfect one for her.

"Heeeeee~eeeeey..."

Morgan looked to Todd. "You may want to leave. This isn't gonna be pretty. I'll meet you with Lucina outside."

"Eh." He shrugged, walking out and leaving Lucina to her fate. Before he did, however, he looked to the princess, sighing.

"I'm sorry, Lucina. But the shipping and the hilarity must ensue."

With that, Todd left the room.

"W-what are you two going to do to me..." The princess gulped, surrounded by her mother and Morgan.

"We're just...going to have you try out a dress!" Morgan innocently claimed.

"Yes! You had me wear a polka-dot dress, I'm just returning the favor! After all, a mother must help her daughter try out clothes!

And besides, this will help you with Robin~" Sumia giggled as she and Morgan advanced slowly upon Lucina, ready to grab her before she escaped.

Lucina whirled around, looking for an escape, but she saw none. She simply stared at the shipping-crazed pair of women, backing herself into a corner as they advanced upon her, giggling insanely.

"Mother! M-Morgan! G-get that dress away from me!

Someone! Robin! Help!"

END OF PART 1

A/N: That's it for Part 1, stay tuned for Part 2 later! I think! Hopefully!

Also...I think I'm going to enjoy writing Sumia and Fem!Robin like this.

So, I hope you enjoyed that, leave your ideas, reviews, comments, thoughts, criticisms and suggestions, and I hope you have a GREAT day! Until next time!

Chapter 10: The Tale of Two Robins, Part 2!

The Tale of Two Robins, Part 2!

A/N: Remember when I said I was going to try to push out two chapters? It's happening. Apart from that, not much else to say apart from I would NOT want to be in Lucina's shoes right now.

I WOULD want to be somewhere conveniently close to her. You know, just for purely...intellectual reasons.

I kid. I much prefer letting Morgan and Sumia, to an extent, be the pranksters. Let's get this chapter on the road!

DISCLAIMER: Fire Emblem belongs to Nintendo. Otherwise Noire would be the main character.

All mentioned characters and properties belong to their respective owners.

Robin sighed, drinking from a mug of hot chocolate and leaning back on a chair in the palace library, reading a book. He was enjoying his temporary break from taking care of the Shepherds – shepherding the Shepherds, like the old saying went- and it was frankly *fun.*

Maybe he would consider letting Reflet take over more often. She was...somewhat weird, true, what with her randomly kissing him, but hey, if he could get a break-

Todd walked in, smiling happily at him. Robin already sensed something off about this- that same smile was used by Morgan when she was in one of her insane schemes. Seeing it on her male counterpart was...not reassuring, to say the least.

"So." Todd leaned onto the table. "Spill it. You, Lucina. What's going on?"

"...what?"

"Sorry, tried to sound like a gangster there." Todd chuckled. "Oh, wait, you people don't know what those are. Dammit! I keep forgetting nobody knows anything in this world!

What I'm trying to say...is when are you going to get with her?"

"...I don't quite catch what you mean." Robin said, just a little too quickly.

"Oh, of course, you're probably going to give me that excuse they give in every fanfic ever- Chrom." Todd shrugged. "It's okay, I don't judge.

"...I-I promise you, I don't like her like that."

"And now you're stuttering. Does Elf like making his characters stutter when they deny something? Jeez, I know how that Weiss lady feels now..." The tactician mused.

"I don't-"

"Robin, you're a tactician. You're clever, too. However, that doesn't stop you from being the easiest person in all of the Outrealms to read. Seriously.

Reading *Vaike's* harder. Now, so, what's the deal? Why won't you admit you like her?"

"...I...really should be telling someone I know better than you." Robin interrupted him.

'*Dammit...'* Todd mentally cursed himself. *'He knows how to avoid the subject. I'll have to try a different tact.'*

"Very well then. So...why are you so hellbent on denying it? I mean, come on. I can read you like a book, you might as well just go out and say it."

"That implies I do have a romantic interest in her, which we haven't established."
"I think we already have." Todd shrugged. "Besides, Morgan told me."

"...Morgan has a tendency to see pairings where there aren't any." Robin shot back quickly.

"I'm sure if Morgan, Sumia, and Kellam see it, and there's a *pool* about it, there's something there." Todd shot back just

as quickly, causing Robin to turn slightly red.

"I...this pool is-"

"Now that we've established you do like her, how would you like to see her in a new dress?"

"I don't quite follow." Robin blinked.

Morgan pushed her way into the room, grinning. Robin gulped, knowing this could not possibly be a good thing.

"Morgan...what is he talking about, putting Lucina in a new dress?"
"Oh, we just had a dress we thought she might like." The tactician smirked. "It's a pretty nice dress. Comes highly recommended by Sumia."
"Sumia's the woman who shoved Stahl into a dress because he looked good in it. I'm not too inclined to trust her-"

Just then, Lucina clambered into the room, blushing heavily and covering her chest with her arms.

Her normally conservative, practical attire was replaced with what amounted to two piece of flame-patterned underwear, one accentuating her –admittedly fairly small- chest and the other one covering her lower area, with white stockings and black boots on her legs.

Robin blushed, simultaneously wanting to look away for Lucina's sake and drawn to her anyway.

"I..." The princess was speechless, trying to protect herself from view with her arms, looking away in shame.

"Lucina..." Robin swallowed, unsuccessfully trying to look away. True, he'd always wanted to see her like this, but...not in such an awkward situation, and certainly not when she was shoved into such clothing not of her own free will.

Morgan and Todd shared a hi-five, before rushing out of the room and locking the door, giggling to themselves all the way. The grandmaster froze, before rushing to the door and banging on it.

"Morgan! MORGAN! Let us out!"

"Not until you two admit you love each other!" Morgan called.

"Morgan's getting tired of the sexual tension." Also, me, Morgan and Sumia have a bet to win." Todd called in.

Robin sighed, before looking back at Lucina, her cheeks still pink with embarrassment, as she looked around.

"T-they called this a...cosplay..." The princess muttered. "They said it was of some girl called...Yoko...

Whoever she was...her clothes are just too...indecent...h-how can anyone walk around like this?! Even *Tharja* would find this impossible to do..."

"..." Robin forced himself to look away with all the will he could muster. He did indeed find her incredibly beautiful, but that wasn't helping his situation.

He needed to get out of here, and having the woman he loved all but naked behind him was not helping his mental faculties.

'*...I'm doomed, aren't I?'* The grandmaster thought. *'Naga...why must you curse me with such a talented daughter? I've been manoeuvred into a trap I can't get out of!'*

Reflet felt the burlap sack leave her head. She looked around, blinking as her eyes adjusted.

The room was in total darkness, save for the table in front of her, lit by candlelight, set with rhubarb pies and Tharja sitting in front of her, steepling her hands and staring hungrily at her.

"Welcome to my room~" The dark mage smiled darkly. "I assume you must be new to our world...Robin, correct?"
"Reflet, actually." The grandmaster corrected her cheerily. She wasn't fazed by this.

"...I hope you're comfortable. I made sure everything would make you feel comfortable." Tharja chuckled insanely, offering her a forkful of pie.

Reflet moved to accept it with her hand, but she found it bound tightly behind her, along with her legs. She sighed and

leaned forwards to bite it, chewing it and nodding.

"Mm. You made this?"

"I actually begged Sumia to make it for me. I'm flattered that you think I made it." Tharja responded. "Heeeheeheee..."

"Huh." Reflet nodded approvingly. "Nicely done. So, do you mind untying one hand so I can, you know, enjoy one of these pies? I quite enjoy Sumia's cooking. She always makes pies for everyone."

"Hm...I suppose." The dark mage moved to untie Reflet's left hand, taking care to tie her right to the back of the chair. The grandmaster pouted.

"I...guess I'll eat like a bit of a fool."

"Heeheeehee...a small price to pay." Tharja claimed, smiling blissfully. "Now...you're all mine. You're all mine, and nobody else can have you."

"I'm not so sure about that." Reflet chuckled. "You see, I happen to have a husband. I mean, I enjoy the occasional frolic in the hay with a pretty girl, but you know."
"Oh, you don't have to worry..." The dark mage smirked. "I'll just have to deal with him at a later date...aaahhhh...the fun we'll have together..."

"I'm not so sure you can...ah...*handle* my brand of fun." Reflet winked at her mischievously.

Tharja tilted her head slightly, before her smile widened. If anything, she looked even *more* insane.

"A feisty girl, you are..."

"Oh, please. You don't scare me. I've been to Cyrodiil, Westeros, Ivalice- you name it." Reflet shrugged as well as she could. "Besides, I can do you something worse."

"And that is?" Tharja raised an eyebrow, curious.

Reflet grinned. She'd been saving *this* one for years, ever since her world's Tharja had tried the same thing.

Propping her free hand up on the table and resting her chin on it, Reflet gave her a mischievous wink.

"Well..."

Robin rubbed his shoulder, sighing as he was repulsed for the umpteenth time in so many minutes from the door. He had already tried to smash it down several times with his shoulder- and once with Lucina helping- but to no avail.

"Dammit..." He grumbled. "Whoever built this castle knew how to make a door..."

"It doesn't help that I'm in this...I chafe to call it clothing." Lucina muttered, shuddering. "This is so indecent..."

"Morgan's going to get a mouthful once we get out of here...and so is Sumia." The grandmaster mused.

"I love my mother, but she can be fairly...embarrassing at times..." The princess sighed, exasperated.

"We both have to deal with them pushing us together." Robin chuckled. "I-I mean, n-not that I'd m-mind, you know?"

"I-It's not what I'm looking for either, b-but...if I'm honest...I won't mind, e-either. Not that I'm i-interested." Lucina laughed nervously, rubbing her arm. "Yeah..."

She shivered, sneezing and wiping her nose. The grandmaster looked at her, concerned.

"You cold?" Robin tilted his head, curious. Lucina nodded slowly, exhaling.

"This costume...probably wasn't meant to be worn in the dead of winter..."

"Here." The grandmaster slung off his Plegian greatcoat, tossing it to her after undoing all the ribbons and buttons.
"Wear my coat."
Lucina looked between him and the coat, shaking her head. "N-no. I can stand the cold. This is your prized coat! I-I can't wear it!"

"Of course you can." Robin shook his head. "You wear it. You need it more."

"I wouldn't want to burden you. You'll be cold." The princess placed the coat aside.

Robin nodded, sighing. "I suppose I'll be cold too." He smiled. "I'm not going to let my...friend...suffer."

"And I won't let you suffer either." Lucina shot back, smiling slightly. "So...I guess we'll share the coat."

"Huh?"
Taking the coat, Lucina draped it over her and Robin's shoulders- surprisingly, the coat surrounded both snugly.

"There. Neither of us will freeze up here."

"...I suppose that's a compromise." Robin said, his cheeks tinged with pink.

"Huh? What's wrong?"
"N-nothing...b-but...y-you're dressed...like that and...we're touching..."

"I-I...I don't mind." The princess shook her head. "I-I mean...w-we're just f-friends...r-right?"

"...o-of course!" Robin nodded just a little too quickly. "Just friends!"

"Indeed..."

Lucina and Robin stared at each other for a moment. They stared into the other's eyes, blushing.

"Um..." Robin rubbed the back of his head.

Lucina twiddled her fingers silently, before both looked away again, shaking their heads.

"...w-we should rest, for now." The grandmaster advised hastily. "Before we try pushing the door open again."

"Y-yes. Of course." Lucina nodded briskly, sitting down against the wall. Robin followed suit, as they leaned against the wall, taking a short rest.

"That dress...really does look alright on you." Robin said after a while, without a trace of perverted lust in his voice. "Even if it is quite indecent."

"I would personally prefer a more...conservative choice." Lucina sighed ashamedly. "I never knew Mother had this in her...

But...thanks. I appreciate it." She smiled weakly.

"At least it's better than your polka dot dress you got her for her birthday." Robin remarked.

Lucina looked offended. "I-In my defence, I wasn't a-aware that such things were not the norm in fashion!"
"I'm pretty sure it would be obvious that a bright, fluorescent dotted dress wasn't going to be anyone's taste, especially considering your mother's tastes." Robin laughed. "But seriously...Lucina. I've got to tell you something...Lucina?"

He looked in her direction, and she had fallen asleep, leaning into his shoulder, her arms wrapped weakly around him.

Robin blushed, looking around frantically, before sighing.

"I suppose...I can live with this." He smiled to himself, before yawning and leaning into her, but not before pushing the Plegian coat around her shoulders and removing it from his.

"There. Now you won't be cold." The grandmaster whispered.

"I...I hope you...I hope you notice me, one day, Lucina.

I love you. I just...want time to admit it."

Minutes later...

"Have they realised we unlocked the door five minutes ago?" Todd looked to Morgan. Both were camped at the corner around from the door to the library.

"I don't think so. Do you think they're making out yet?" Morgan asked curiously. "I don't hear anyone trying to smash the door down anymore."

"...huh. You're right." Todd nodded, slowly standing up. He slowly crept up to the door, placing his ear to it.

"...I don't hear anything." He looked back to his partner-in-crime, shaking his head.

Morgan giggled. "Open it. I want to know what's going on."

Todd slowly pushed the door open, and both tacticians looked around to see Robin and Lucina, asleep in a corner, Lucina draped in Robin's Plegian robes, their heads snuggled into the others, looking as comfortable as physically possible.

Todd squeed happily. "Man...this is adorable..."
Morgan rushed to his side, before giggling. "Oh, Father..." She whipped out a Snapshot Tome, taking as many pictures as she could.

"Ohohohoh...these will be of much use..."

The male tactician frowned. "I don't think they confessed yet, though."

"Dammit." Morgan pouted. "We'll just have to try harder. Only this time, we'll get Henry to give them a love hex and make both of them dress skimpily next time. That ought to work!"

"Good choice. That worked with my mother and father. Only without the love hex." Todd mused.

"Or we'll get Gregor to find one of those weird herbs that makes people act like taguel in heat." Morgan chuckled, leaning on a random brick and falling into a suddenly-opened hidden passageway.

"Gah!"

"Morgan?!" Todd looked behind him to see that Morgan had disappeared, falling into the passageway. He rushed to it, looking down and sliding after her. "Morgan!"

"Ow..." Morgan looked around at where she'd landed, standing up and moving out of Todd's way as he followed. "...wh-oh, wait...I know this room."

"As well you do." Reflet smirked, lighting the candles in the room to reveal it was Libra and Tharja's room. She brandished her untied bindings.

"Tharja tried to kidnap me. So I showed her fun things!"

Tharja herself was huddled in a corner, shaking her head and clutching her legs to herself.
"Never again...n-never...again..."

Todd looked at his mother and then at Tharja's huddled form, dumbfounded.

"Just what were those *fun* things?!"

Reflet merely winked at him mischievously.

"You don't need to know, but at least she'll never mess with me again!"

Morgan grinned.

"I'm beginning to like your mother."
"I'm feeling the opposite here, personally." Todd remarked darkly.

END

A/N: Whew, that's done!

Next chapter, Lucina Reacts to Fanart! Yes, you know it. This'll be fun.

So, I hope you enjoyed that, leave your ideas, suggestions, criticisms, reviews, thoughts and comments and I hope you have a GREAT day! Until next time!

Chapter 11: Lucina Reacts to Fanart!

Lucina Reacts to Fanart!

A/N: Welcome, one and all, to Lucina Reacts! And yes, there will be fanart. Rule 34, you say? Yeah, this chapter will cover that, seeming as fanart and rule 34 go hand in hand. Oh man...poor Lucina. Just...I love making her so embarrassed but sometimes I regret it. And then I picture a blushing Lucina and immediately I regret nothing.

As I'm sure none of you do. You are reading this terrible fic, after all. Eh, let's get it done before I ramble.

DISCLAIMER: Fire Emblem belongs to Nintendo, otherwise there would be an entire comedy DLC map set based on Lucina.

All mentioned characters and franchises belong to their respective owners.

All mentioned fanart only coincidentally resembles existing fanarts.

"Luciiiiinaaaaa..." Morgan slumped over the back of Lucina's chair, as the princess was attempting to read a book. The tactician yawned before placing her arms over Lucina's shoulders. "I'm booooooreeeeed!"

"Hm? Where are Gerome and Owain?" Lucina inquired. "And before you ask, I haven't seen Cynthia all day."

Morgan pouted. "Cherche made Gerome sit down and go shopping for material with her, and Owain's busy being shoved through training by Frederick..."

"That would explain why Frederick's shouting's been filling the training room all morning." Lucina nodded. "And why Sully was in a bad mood and griping about getting no training done..."

"Which is why you MUST read with me!" Morgan declared, whipping out the Fanfiction Tome and grinning. Lucina shook her head hurriedly.

"N-no!"

"Why noooot?!" Morgan pouted again. "I just want to do something fun..."
"...I'm not sure reading t-that tome is...f-fun..." Lucina mumbled.

"Come on! What else do you have to do? What's that you're reading?"

"I'm merely helping Robin do some research on Magvelian history to identify a rare artifact which Laurent located." Lucina stated. "Although, considering Anna gave it to him, I'm inclined to believe it's just a cheap imitation she bought from a brigand in a tavern in Regna Ferox just to swindle him."

"Actually, that was me." Morgan raised her hand, chuckling. "Henry thought it'd be funny to give him an orange rock and call it a 'fire stone', telling him it turned foxes gold and gave them nine tails, just so we could screw with his love of science~"

"...is that a usual thing to do to people for fun?" Lucina raised an eyebrow.

"It's called a prank. You really have to start doing those. Might get you a sense of humour~"

"...I don't know whether to be offended or grateful."

"Grateful~" Morgan stated proudly. "I'm teaching you a valuable social skill!"
"I'm not sure I want to be taught this social skill..." The princess muttered.

"So, will you read the tome with me?" Morgan stared at her, her eyes glittering with excitement. "Pleaaaaase?"

"..." Lucina sighed. If she said no, Morgan would be too persistent to shake off, and if she said yes, she would be doomed to read something incredibly perverted and probably involving her doing indecent things with Robin.

She closed her eyes, defeated. "Fine, Morgan, I'll read this with you." She pulled out a chair for Morgan, who clapped happily.

"Eeeexcellent~" Morgan shoved the book in front of them. "Now-"

Opening it, the tactician and Lucina expected something horribly indecent to appear- probably a graphic depiction, as they had discovered the fans seemed to love, of Lucina and Robin engaging in a questionable act that would normally result in the former running out of the room in embarrassment and veiled jealousy.

What they found, however, was completely different.

Lucina held the book up, looking closely. "Is this...normal behavior?"

"...no...not that I know of." Morgan shook her head slowly.

The entire page was a taken up with a sketch of Lucina, clad in the same clothing as Reflet, sitting on a weapons crate, the Parallel Falchion planted into the ground next to her on the left and a Thoron tome in her outstretched right hand. The quality was high, almost comparable to the likes of Libra's beloved paintings, or the incredibly detailed drawings of rotting corpses Henry loved making.

"This is...amazing. And surprisingly not at all indecent." The princess smiled. "Yes...I suppose I like this."

"...are you sure it's not a drawing of you wearing Father's clothes?" Morgan teased her, chuckling. "You know the implications~"
"I don't, actually." Lucina corrected her, before quickly adding, "And I don't want to find out."

Morgan merely gave her an enigmatic smile. "Mhm."

"These must be fan drawings." The princess noted. "...they are certainly beautiful. I appreciate the fact that however our fans are, they must have put effort into making such beautiful sketches about us."

Lucina calmly turned the page, looking at the next sketch. It was also to a similar standard, depicting Cynthia helping her brush her hair and place a flower in it, giving her a thumbs up. She chuckled briefly.

"Oh, I'm not sure this would be so peaceful, knowing my sister." The princess mused. "Nor would it be so easy for her to do something so calmly..."

"I would know. She's fun!" Morgan cheered.

Past Lucina's room window, the sound of several pairs of wings whooshed past. Cynthia's cries for "JUSTICE!" could be heard, followed by the horrified squeaking of who Lucina identified as Noire.

The tactician pouted. "Cynthia decided to recruit Noire to the Cabal without me?!"

"...is scaring Noire to death supposed to be part of the recruitment process? Or is this another 'prank'?"

"Nah, this is a test to see if someone's brave enough for the Justice Cabal!" Morgan announced. "She MUST be manly enough to join the Justice Cabal!"

"...I won't even ask how that would be relevant. I don't think a girl can be manly..."

The tactician scoffed. "Y-you wouldn't understand!"

"Okay..." Lucina nodded slowly, sighing. Suddenly, she felt her stomach rumble and she looked down, frowning. "...it seems I should not have neglected breakfast."

"Fine, I suppose we'll go down to get food..." Morgan frowned, clearly having fun reading the tome with Lucina. Lucina nodded and stood up, walking out of the room.

Morgan smiled to herself. "Ah...if this is what having fun with Mother's like, I wouldn't mind." Sighing, she followed Lucina out of the room, taking the tome with her and accidentally dropping it on a bench without noticing.

Moments later...

Olivia stumbled past the bench in question, clutching a drawing of Gaius to her chest. The dancer had been long smitten with the thief ever since he'd saved her from a particularly well-aimed arrow during a battle with the Risen.

Indeed, her infatuation with the thief could sometimes reach levels comparable with Tharja- if Olivia lacked self-control.

"...I-I wonder what book i-it was that Cordelia r-read back w-when she w-wanted Chrom to...n-notice her..." Olivia mused

to herself. "I-I have to know..." Sighing to herself, she sat down, before she felt something hard under her that wasn't the bench.

"Oh!" The dancer jumped up, looking behind her. "What was...t-that..."

The Fanfic Tome sat there, laid open to a page with a drawing of Lucina and Cynthia, the latter brushing the former's hair. Olivia blushed, placing a palm on her cheek, remembering how she'd broken into the library to read this particular tome to find a story about her and Gaius.

"...I..." The dancer put a finger to her lips, thinking. "...d-drawings?" She looked curiously at the tome, gazing around shiftily to make sure nobody was looking, before picking it up and reading it, flipping to the next page.

The drawing was of her dancing happily with Inigo, framed with the setting sun behind them, their expressions as happy as could be. Olivia smiled at this, her cheeks warming.

"...t-this...is beautiful..." Olivia giggled. "I-I must show Inigo t-this..."

"Show him what? Is it a dead thing?" Henry inquired innocently, creeping over her shoulder.

"Aaaah!" The dancer jumped, shaking and blushing. "H-Henry!"

"Yep! It's me! In the flesh!" Henry declared. "The blood-filled, very fragile and squishy flesh!"

"U-uh..."

"Now, show me!" The dark mage asked again.

"...u-uh...s-sure..." Olivia reluctantly showed him the tome. Henry examined it, rubbing his chin, before laughing.

"Absolutely beautiful! Just like my pet Edgar!"

"…...Edgar?" Olivia tilted her head at him, before an absolutely demonic cawing noise filled the halls, forcing the dancer to cup her hands over her ears to ignore the noise.

"H-Henry! W-what is that?!"

A Risen raven, its ribs clearly exposed to its front , whipped past Olivia's head, sending her hiding with a horrified squeal. It settled on Henry's shoulder, folding its wings to its side and examining Olivia with a menacing glare.

"A Risen! I learnt how to control them!" Henry chuckled, petting Edgar's head and feeding him a piece of raw pork. The Risen raven chirped happily, nuzzling its master's head. "I love him! I found him in a hole! His guts were all splattered everywhere and the poor thing was choking! It would've been so magnificent, if I didn't think putting a good corpse to waste was a bad idea..." The dark mage frowned. "So...I brought him with me!"

"...y-you...b-brought back a r-raven as a p-pet?" Olivia tilted her head, now curious in addition to being horrified.

"Of course! Isn't he awesome?" Henry laughed, petting Edgar's head before sitting down on the bench. "Now, come on, show me more of that tome!"

"U-uh...s-sure..." Olivia nodded, showing him the tome. Henry giggled and turned the page, as it showed him, again to a very high quality, sleeping in Olivia's lap.

His eyes actually opened in surprise, as he blinked, confused.. "..."

Olivia, on the other hand, blushed profusely. "W-what?"

"...um..." Henry rapidly flipped the page, finding a different sketch of a horribly mangled raven. He smiled. "I LOVE this tome almost as much as I love death!"

"...o-okay...c-could I have it back now?" The dancer inquired plaintively. "I-I was searching f-for something inside the tome...o-or rather I want to..."

"Sure!" The dark mage passed it back to her, looking curiously over her shoulder to see what she would be looking for. Olivia eagerly rushed through the tome, looking for something-

She found it. It was a sketch of Gaius softly hugging her to his chest, holding up a lollipop to offer her. She blushed,

cupping her cheeks and sighing dreamily.

"...is that all you use this tome for?" Henry chuckled. "...huh, guess I know who's the president of the Gaius fanclub!"

"S-shush! Q-quiet!" Olivia cautioned him. "N-nobody needs to know I'm the president!"

"Hehehehe...you should've seen the look on Cordelia's face when I found out she was the president of the Lon'qu fanclub..." Henry chuckled. "She was mortified!"

"H-Henry...d-don't tell anyone..."

"...okay!" The dark mage grinned.

"Really?"
"Of course. I don't betray friends like that!" Henry laughed. "If I REALLY wanted to betray you, I'd place pig guts in your bed! Just like what happened to Nah when she took the last Valmese sweet bun!"

"H-huh-" Olivia tilted her head, before Lucina and Morgan returned around the corner. Morgan looked ill, and Lucina was patting her on the back.

"Ugh...I will never try Sully's cooking again..." Morgan groaned, clutching her stomach. "I feel like a pair of bears is fighting in there..."

"I DID warn you that soup looked suspicious." Lucina sighed, biting her lip with concern. "I don't recall soup ever looking purple." The princess shook her head. "Come on, you can lie in my bed. I'll get something for your stomach."

"...thanks, Mother..." Morgan whispered under her breath, causing Lucina's eyes to widen as she looked at her. "W-what did you say?"
"N-nothing..." The tactician groaned.

The dancer stood up, surprised. "O-Oh! Hello!"

"Hey!" Henry waved at them, his bird cawing.

Lucina tilted her head. "Are you reading the Fanfic Tome?"

"Um...y-yes?" Olivia squeaked out. "I-I promise, I w-wasn't reading anything indecent!"

"Probably looking for indecent Gaius drawings..." Morgan muttered.

"H-how did you know that?!" Olivia screamed.

"Henry and the Justice Cabal are everywhere." Morgan smirked, despite herself.

Lucina shuddered. "I really hope you haven't been watching me..."

The dancer shuddered and went to walk off, before accidentally tripping on Henry's robes.

"Ooh!" The dancer fell towards the floor, dropping the tome, it falling on its side. Lucina hurried to pick it up, flipping it over.

"Hm. Wha-" Lucina froze, her face quickly becoming redder and redder.

Henry tilted his head. "What is that you're looking at? Is it something gruesome?" He walked over to her side, looking into the tome, before himself freezing in shock.

It was an image of Robin and Lucina.

In bed.

Devoid of all clothes.

Doing *things* that only the likes of Sumia and Olivia could ever come up with in their deepest darkest fantasies.

And judging by the image of Lucina's expression, she was enjoying them.

"I...I..." Lucina sputtered, far too embarrassed to be able to speak.

Henry was left speechless.

Morgan peered over Henry's shoulder, before she giggled.

"Oh dear...*Lucina*...I never knew you-"
"IT'S NOT LIKE THAT! A-AND MY CHEST ISN'T THAT SMALL! A-AND I WOULD...I...Ihavetodosomething!" The princess ran off, this time to find her father.

Olivia held up her finger. "Wait, why's she taking the tome?"

Morgan chortled. "Never knew she had...*those* kinds of body image issues..." Then she winced, clutching her belly. "Ow...it still hurts..."

"So...you want us to throw the Tome into the Outrealms?" Chrom inquired, watching his very flustered daughter and a very confused Robin. Lucina nodded quickly.

"Y-yes. Of course! T-this tome HAS to be destroyed or gotten rid of! It's a worse threat than the Risen!" Lucina declared.

"I...I don't understand-" Robin spoke up, before the princess shoved the book- open on the relevant page-and showed it to him. The grandmaster blushed profusely, before nodding quickly.

"L-Lucina's correct. We HAVE to get rid of this thing."

The Exalt sighed. "That may be the case...but the Fortune Teller told us we cannot use the Outrealm Gate for such purposes."

"That will not be needed." Miriel spoke up, adjusting her glasses. "I have ways of discarding the object that I wish to test out. If it is an Outrealm you need, then I can be of service."

Robin sighed in relief. "Miriel, for once, your insane science might be of use..."

"Just hand me the tome." The mage reached out for it, and Lucina gladly handed it to her.

"Excellent." Miriel laughed maniacally, before clearing her throat and adjusting her glasses. "That will be all." With a sweep of her cloak, the mage exited the room. Lucina and Robin shared a sigh of relief.

"Well, that's the end of that." Lucina said, relieved. "Glad to see that that tome will...never pester us again."

"Yeah..." Robin laughed nervously. "...I-I'm...not going to miss that thing after what it just showed us..."

"Y-yeah, I wouldn't b-be interested in doing that with you." Lucina added quickly.

"O-Of course!" Robin nodded just as hastily. "T-that would be...unusual, yes?"

Sumia, who was sitting next to Chrom, giggled. "Oh, you two..."

Chrom looked at her curiously. "Huh?"
"Noooothing!"

An explosion sounded outside the palace, followed by the crazed laughter the four had come to know as Miriel's.

"SUCCESS! IT WORKED! SCIENCE HAS SERVED ME WELL ONCE AGAIN!"

Chrom sighed. "...and yet that tome's disappearance won't stop that."

Robin nodded. "I have a feeling it isn't over yet."

"Huh?" Lucina looked over at him. "What do you mean?"
"...don't you think that was a little too easy?"
"D-don't say that! That tome is gone! Our troubles are over!"

Later that night...

Lucina frowned, noting Todd's footwork. She and the male tactician were sparring in the courtyard as sunset came, using wooden training blades.

"You leave your flank far too exposed." The princess cautioned him. Todd sighed.

"Dammit. I knew I should've reclassed to Hero or something." He grumbled. "I'm better with a tome! I'm Rank A with those!"
"...huh?" Lucina stared at him. "What are you talking about?"

"...Nothing." Todd sighed. "Figures that nobody knows their own game mechanics."

"Anyway, Todd. You need to watch your flank more carefully if you plan on using a sword." Lucina repositioned herself, preparing for a second round. "Are you ready?"
"Yeah." Todd readied himself, shaking his head to refresh himself. "Let's do this!"

They were interrupted, however, by Morgan busting into the courtyard. She looked excited and awed by something she'd found.

"Mother! Todd! I-I found something!" The female tactician rushed in, clutching something in her arms. Lucina put down the sword, moving over to her.

"Morgan, I'm in the middle of teaching Todd how to fight. What do you need to show me?" The princess inquired.

Morgan held up the thing she'd found.

It was a sleek, black rectangle, a strange symbol embossed in silver in the middle. There were hinges to the top, seemingly indicating that the rectangle opened up to reveal something.

"I just found this thing outside the palace! I wonder what it is?" Morgan tilted her head.

Todd merely chuckled. "Oh dear god. Lucina, I feel sorry for you."
"Huh? Why?"

"Lucina," Todd said, a mischievous smirk on his face as he gestured towards the sleek rectangle. "...ever heard of a laptop?"

END

A/N: And yes, Todd knows what a laptop is. He knows who Todd Haberkorn (his English VA) is, he knows what Gurren Lagann is, he's probably been to an Outrealm like Earth. Also, did this to open it up for...more things. *kukukukuku*

The insanity involving Lucina discovering the Internet, however, will have to wait until next time!

So, I hope you enjoyed that, leave your ideas, comments, thoughts, suggestions, criticisms, and reviews, and I hope you have a GREAT day! Until next time!

Chapter 12: Lucina Reacts to the Internet!

Lucina Reacts to the Internet!

A/N: Welcome, one and all, to Lucina Reacts! This'll be the last scheduled chapter this year, as I happen to be going on holiday from the 23rd, barring a Christmas special, which looks unlikely. Well, not much else to say, except poor Lucina. Again.

This was all Morgan's idea. Morgan, I say! MORGAN! Morgan's behind everything. I think. *shrug* Morgan being part of the Illuminati sounded better when I first said it.

DISCLAIMER: Fire Emblem belongs to Nintendo, otherwise there would be a Christmas DLC featuring Lucina in a Santa outfit (*drools*).

All mentioned franchises and characters belong to their respective owners.

"A..laptop?" Lucina tilted her head, looking at the sleek black object Morgan held. "...is that what this is?"

Todd nodded, sheathing his sword. "Mhm."
"Explain. I don't want a repeat of that indecent tome's reign of terror..." The princess shuddered.

"It's...erm...well, it's not indecent. Not inherently." The tactician clarified. "Erm...it's...easier if I show you. I dunno how to explain it. I wonder if it'd even work over here...Morgan, did you find anything else with this?"

"Uh...no." Morgan tilted her head slowly, in a manner similar to Lucina's. "Why?"

"Figures. No charger. Likely has no connection here, either." Todd muttered to himself, sighing. "...very well, I'll show you."

Minutes later...

"Why was it necessary for Todd to show us what this thing is on *my* desk?" Robin looked up at Todd, moving his scrolls and books into a drawer under his desk.

"Because someone's barricaded the library from the inside." Todd sighed.

Reflet casually strolled in. "Apparently Tharja's holding some dark ritual to make Robin love her or something in there. Probably involves goat sacrifices or something. Not my problem- it's never gonna work and anyway I sabotaged it~

So, guys, what're we doing today?"
Todd waved at his mother. "We found a laptop."

"Hooo, sweet." Reflet rubbed her hands gleefully, taking a chair and sitting next to Robin. "I wonder if we'll get connection out here."

Robin grumbled. "Wait a minute, why is everyone in my office again?!"

"I don't know." Lucina sighed. "I really, *really* don't know. I just have a feeling this'll be bad..."

Morgan giggled. "Your definition of bad is 'anything that ships you with Father'."

"T-that's because those are lies and u-untruths!" The princess snapped.

Reflet and Todd merely shared a look, chuckling.

"W-what's that look supposed to mean?!" Lucina and Robin yelled in unison.

"Nothing." Todd brushed it off. "I'm going to go turn this thing on." With a grunt, the tactician opened the laptop's hinge, revealing two halves- one completely blank, and the other covered with an expansive set of keys and several labels at the edge. Todd nodded in approval at them, before pressing a button as the keyboard and screen lit up.

"Hehe, magnificent." Todd laughed as the screen lit up with words Morgan, Lucina and Robin had never seen.

"...how can this contraption be a 'Window'?" Robin tilted his head. "...that makes no sense. This object is completely opaque."

"Trust me, it'd take me years to explain and I don't know the finer parts." Todd sighed, turning back to the screen. A small logo popped up on the screen.

"...okay...so...apparently...this laptop belongs to an...Ushio Okazaki?" Todd nodded slowly. "Hm. And password-locked...that's a shame."

Reflet held up a finger. "Hm. Wait, let me try something." Moving him slowly aside, the grandmaster typed in, from what Lucina's eyes could follow, "A-N-T-I-C-M-A-S-T-E-R-4-2-0" and pressed the key labelled 'Enter'.

Todd looked at her in confusion. "...how'd you know that'd work?"
"Lucky guess. Also because I've always wanted to type that out."

Shortly, the screen was replaced with a series of logos backed with a picture of a girl in a yellow, frilly dress, twirling ribbons around herself- apparently, she was called Mami from the text on the lower right hand corner-which Todd and Reflet seemed to understand perfectly well.

"Right, ladies and gents." Todd clapped his hands eagerly. "Time to introduce you to the Internet."

"...is this that legendary repository of fanfiction the Fortune Teller told of?" Robin inquired.

Reflet shrugged. "Something like that." She smirked.

"Come on, have a try."

The male tactician looked closely at a certain icon. "...it seems whoever this 'Ushio' is, she's an Awakening fan. 'Google Chrom'..."

"What? What's a Google?" Lucina tilted her head. "And why would Chrom have anything to do with it?"
"Reasons." Todd shrugged. "Right. This thing here is called a 'search engine'. Use these keys to, err, write things into this white blank bar and press that enter key. It'll show you whatever you searched for."

Reflet raised a finger. "Like so!" Wriggling her fingers, she searched 'lucina/robin art' and did so, as the page rapidly changed into a wall of text the other three could hardly follow, and three particularly provocative images involving Robin and Lucina.

Lucina glared at Reflet. "W-was that REALLY necessary?!"

"It's just an example!" Reflet giggled. "...what, scared it might be true?"

"I-I am perfectly confident it isn't true!" The princess yelled. "Y-you people have to s-stop jumping t-to conclusions!" She grabbed the laptop from Reflet. "L-Let me use that!"
"Be careful!" The female grandmaster scolded her. "Sheesh, you'd think Lucina would be a BIT less tsundere...guess Elf really IS planning on milking that ship for all it's worth."

Lucina blushed slightly, before typing in her own search terms.

"Right...if this search engine has information on everything, let's see what it says about me." The princess sighed.
"...wait...what's a forum? And...wh-oh dear Naga."

The first result she clicked on was a forum thread about everyone proclaiming who their 'waifu' was.

"...what IS a waifu?" Lucina scratched her head. "Robin?"
"A terrible mangling of the word wife, probably." The grandmaster remarked. "...I wonder why they'd have a whole thread about their wives, though..."

"...and why it'd show up on a search about me." Lucina nodded slowly, before looking over at Todd and Reflet, who were sharing a mischievous look again.

"I'm not going to like this, aren't I?"

Morgan patted her on the back. "Don't be so paranoid, Lucina~ It's probably not even about you and Robin~"

"...s-shut up!" Lucina glared at her. "M-must you do that all the time?!"

"It's the only thing that makes you lose your cool." Todd said, chuckling. "Of course she has to."

The princess sighed, lowering her head in defeat. "...just stop..."

"Okay~" The tactician smiled and let her click on the link.

Lucina sighed in relief, before clicking on the link.

"...what."

Todd read the screen slowly before bursting out in laughter. "Oh dear..."

The entire thread consisted of people fawning over Lucina- and to a lesser extent Cordelia and Tharja- as their supposed 'waifus'. There were even incredibly long arguments consisting of why Lucina was superior to, say, Cordelia as a 'waifu'.

Robin just slapped his forehead with his palm, disbelieving what he saw.

"...is this what the Internet's supposed to be about?!"

Morgan shuddered. "...are they serious?"
"Half of them are." Reflet laughed. "The other half are like me- just messing with them~ I once even said *Sumia* was my waifu. Not that I'd mind marrying her~ She's so na-"
"MOTHER!" Todd yelled, blushing.

The female grandmaster grinned. "Just saying."

Robin and Lucina just looked distinctly disturbed. Morgan, meanwhile, pumped her fist in triumph.

"...I knew Reflet was *that* kind of person!"

"Naga help these people..." Robin muttered, turning his attention from his counterpart to the screen. "...why would they say such things?!"

"Because we're all just a bunch of fictional characters to these guys!" Todd declared cheerily. "Yep! Every single one of us!"

"Don't be absurd." Lucina stated. "I've heard enough silly stories from you! T-that's preposterous!"
"Not preposterous. I AM named after my actor." Todd shrugged.

Robin just stared at him blankly. "...I think this Internet nonsense is completely insane. G-give me that, Lucina.

Besides, there's no way you'd end up with one of those people, right?"
"Y-yeah. Of course!" Lucina responded. "T-that makes complete sense. Y-you won't either, right?"
"I-Indeed."

Morgan and Todd merely shared an amused look.

The princess, ignoring the gesture, passed it over to him as he decided to search for himself. Robin stared at the screen.

"Oh...good grief."

He had managed to stumble upon an argument between two particularly rabid fans over pairing him with Lucina and him with Tharja. The argument involved various contradictory arguments and contradictions which made no sense, as well as clear fallacies which were only made to support their beloved pairings. He facepalmed.

"...is this what our fans spend all their time doing?" Robin complained. "Is this what the Internet is like?!"

"Oh, they talk about stats too. They use those to justify pairing you off with Lucina." Todd shrugged. "If I had my 3DS, I'd show you my playthrough."

"...I'm going to pretend I didn't hear that." Robin stated hastily.

Lucina sighed in defeat. "...so even our fans on this 'Internet' thing ship me with Robin..."

Morgan giggled. "That's because they know it's *destiny*~ Accept your destiny, Lucy~"

She wriggled her fingers at Lucina, chanting "Accept your destiny" over and over. Unsurprisingly, Reflet joined in, cackling madly.

Lucina jumped away from them, shaking her head and blushing.

"N-no! I-It's not like that!"

"...you'll keep saying that and even less people will believe that." Reflet teased her. "Not that anyone believes it anyway. I mean, you're pretty hot for Robin anyway~"

"...I-I won't stand for this!" Lucina declared, before standing up and breathing carefully. "...okay, okay. I need to calm down.

I need some fresh air." The princess stood up and walked out, leaving the other four. Robin sighed in exasperation.

"...well, I'll go try to make sure she doesn't do something like punch a wall in." With that, the grandmaster followed her out, leaving Reflet, Todd and Morgan.

The two tacticians looked to each other before running off out of the room, cackling about something.

Reflet frowned. "...well. Everyone's boring." She sighed, standing up and dusting off her coat. "I'm going to go grab a drink." Shrugging, Reflet walked out of the room, pulling the door behind her.

Moments later, the door was pulled slightly open as Tharja snuck in, looking around and searching around for someone. The dark mage growled as she found nothing, before turning to the table.

She quietly seethed to herself, clutching a dark magic tome in her hand.

"...Reflet..." Tharja muttered under her breath. "...I swear...if you get between me and Robin, it doesn't matter...even if you did...*that*...to me...I WILL end you."

The mage advanced upon the table, before looking over at the laptop. "...wait, what's this?" Taking a seat, she decided to examine the laptop closely, confused.

"...what is this contraption?" She scratched her head. "...is this one of those confounded contraptions Reflet brought with her from the Outrealms?"

She closely examined the screen, before rubbing her chin and tapping a key on the keyboard. A new letter appeared on the screen. Tharja blinked, surprised for a moment, before pressing more keys.

"...is this some sort of magical searching device? It certainly looks...sleeker than that witch's things." The sorceress muttered, referring to Miriel.

"...right, how do I move this thing to make it find what I want?" Tharja muttered, before accidentally pressing the Enter key, changing the screen. She smiled in delight as she found what she desired.

Image upon image of her with Robin doing very indecent things.

The sorceress giggled and sighed happily, clutching her cheeks dreamily. "...oh, this device...I...I want it for myself~

Whatever this Google thing is-" She was interrupted, however, as she heard someone poke the door open. She opened her dark magic tome, preparing for Reflet to appear.

Olivia poked her head in. "...R-Robin?"
The sorceress grumbled. No Reflet, it seemed. She shut her dark magic tome.

"No Robin here." Tharja snapped, glaring at her. "Get out."

"...o-oh..." The dancer looked aside, before gazing at her again. "...what're y-you looking at?"

"None of your business."

"R-really?" Olivia whispered, standing next to Tharja. The dark mage jumped slightly, glaring at her.

"H-How did you get there?"

"I'm q-quicker t-than you think...s-so...c-can I...f-find pictures o-of...Gaius, please?" The dancer inquired.

"...fine."

Minutes later...

Reflet walked in, holding a mug of milk to see Olivia and Tharja, bowing to the laptop repeatedly.

"ALL HAIL THE GOOGLE"

"PRAISE BE ITS NAME AND ITS MULTITUDES OF WONDERFUL IMAGES"

The female grandmaster sighed and shut the door on them.

"...I'm not going to ask."

END

A/N: That was a bit short, but eh. Ran out of stuff to talk about. Next time, Lucina Reacts to Fire Emblem Awakening. As I said, this was the last update of the year!

So, I hope you enjoyed that, leave your reviews, comments, ideas, thoughts, criticisms and suggestions and I hope you have a GREAT day! Until next time! Merry Christmas, everyone!

Chapter 13: Lucina Reacts to Fire Emblem Awakening!

Lucina Reacts to Fire Emblem: Awakening!

A/N: Welcome, one and all, to Lucina Reacts! I apologise for the lack of Christmas specials- I ran out of time over the holidays, so on and so forth- but I DO promise a Valentine's special now. Mhm. Yep. This'll happen. And Sumia is the mastermind.

So, let's get on with this crappy chapter before you get bored of my talking, yes?

DISCLAIMER: Fire Emblem belongs to Nintendo, otherwise...something. I ran out of funny Lucina puns.

All mentioned franchises and characters belong to their respective owners.

"What in the name of Naga are you doing?" Lucina tilted her head, looking at the laptop screen as Todd watched several moving images that seemed vaguely familiar.

Then it hit Lucina.

That was *her* in the images. A very well drawn version of her.

"...Todd, what is that?" The princess asked, a little louder and more forcefully this time.

"Didn't I tell you about videos a chapter ba-oh, wait, no, that was Morgan." Todd sighed. "Basically, it's a bunch of moving images with sound-"
"No, no, no. I meant, why am I in them?"

"...I don't like having to explain this." The tactician sighed. "But...I suppose I will.

In other Outrealms, our story is fictional- a tale like Shanty Pete's."
"That would make sense," Lucina nodded slowly, tapping her chin with her finger. "If Miriel's ramblings are to be taken seriously anyway."

"Huh." Todd looked curiously at Lucina. "I was expecting a more...shocked reaction. More screaming. More confusion and lack of coherence as to how people could trivialize your life."

"Isn't that just like saying we're legends to people in other Outrealms?"

"...that...actually makes sense." The tactician sighed, conceding the point to the princess. "Anyway, these...videos have you in them because in other Outrealms, they make things called video games.

These games are...like stories. Only you control what happens in them. They're usually played on smaller versions of this laptop. And one of these games was about...well, the Shepherds."

Lucina raised an eyebrow. "Wait, they made a game about us?"

"Like I said, you don't exist to these people. In their reality, you're nothing but an- admittedly cool and pretty-looking- imaginary construct to them. Then again, so am I." Todd shrugged.

"Anyway, how the hell are you taking this so lightly? I just, you know, deconstructed the whole world you live in!"
Lucina stared at him. "I lived through the Fell Dragon ravaging the world around me, a war, and also the complete insanity of everyone else around me. It will take more than something that Miriel has already...proven might not be the right word...theorized to shock me."

The tactician then merely gave her his widest, most sinister smirk. Lucina actually shuddered looking at him.

"Oh, and by the way, the people who play this game love pairing you with Robin."

"WHAT?!" Lucina's cheeks immediately turned red. "...W-why?!"

"Well, firstly, you're adorable and hot. Secondly, if Morgan's your daughter, her stats are phenomenal. Thirdly, because why not? Short of Tharja, you and Chrom are about the closest to canon love interests Robin has. That's debatable, granted, given the whole argument that he doesn't HAVE on-"

"Wait, stats? What's a stat?" The princess inquired, interrupting Todd's self-targeted rant. "Is it...like what Robin can see? The skill levels of people and their probability of hitting?"
"...yes. " Todd sighed, muttering. "I swear, Intelligent Systems did a good damn job of taking the fun out of breaking the fourth wall.

Why don't you have a go at playing it?"
"Me? I...I um, I don't think I'd be good at these...video games." Lucina said, somewhat embarrassedly twiddling her fingers.

"No problem. I've finished the game." Todd replied confidently. "I'll help you. You don't even have to pair with Robin, by the way. It's a matter of personal preference-"
"W-well, Todd, I mean...it would make logical sense for me to do so." Lucina cut him off. "He happens to be our tactician and it would be best if someone of my skill protects him from harm. T-that makes strategical sense, after all, c-correct?"

Todd smirked. "Whatever you say, Lucina. Whatever floats your boat."
"I-I swear, I do not have a crush on R-Robin. Our relationship is purely platonic. A-and besides, h-he wouldn't r-return my affections anyway!"
"Oh?" Todd looked to be holding back laughter. "Explain Morgan's blue hair."

"T-that could be my SISTER!"

"Explain why she calls you Mother."

"S-she's teasing me!"

Todd sighed visibly.

'*Damn it. She's more oblivious than her father and Emiya combined, or better at denial than Kyon...very well.*'

"Okay, okay, Lucina." The tactician sighed. "We'll drop this topic, partly because you're not going to budge, but also because I want to get this chapter moving along.

So, are you going to try out the game?" Todd inquired. "Normally, I'd expect to have to somehow find the appropriate console, but somehow, this 'Ushio' girl who this laptop belonged to found-or programmed- a 3DS emulator. And ripped the ROM, too.

I have some serious respect for her..." Todd said, chuckling, before booting up the emulator onto Awakening.

Lucina tilted her head at the screen. "O-okay...how do I move this?"

"You do this, that, and press these arrows to move the cursor once it shows."

"Cursor?"
"The small pointy thing."

Five minutes later...

"I see your Robin resembles our Robin perfectly." Todd noted, chuckling. "I thought you would pick someone that looked more like you."

"S-shut up. I-I have my reasons, Todd. T-this is so I can easily identify Robin!" Lucina said hurriedly. "A-after all, i-if we do not protect him, w-we would be lost, right?"

"...that DOES result in a game over, true point." The tactician conceded her point. "Still, one might wonder if you have ulterior motives."

"I-I swear I do NOT!"

Todd shook his head, sighing. "Anyway, Lucina, on this screen, don't pick Classic mode, please."
"Why not? Is that not how the game is meant to be played?"

"On second thought, go ahead. It's easier to explain."

Minutes later...

"NO! AUNT LISSA!" Lucina screamed as her aunt-to-be fell in battle, surrounded by Risen. Frederick was but one turn away from reaching her, Chrom and Robin were stuck in battle elsewhere on the map, with Robin about to die and Virion had already died, leaving Sully close to death with novulnaries.

Todd clapped softly. "...at least you made it two chapters. I'm surprised."

"I killed Aunt Lissa..." The princess mumbled, shocked. "I'm sorry I failed you..."

"Oh calm down. You're new to the game. You're not exactly a tactical genius like Robin or my mother is." The tactician rolled his eyes. "And besides, you didn't exactly go up to the REAL Lissa and stab her in the back.

And now you see why I wanted you to pick Casual Mode. And, while I was at it, NOT TO PICK HARD MODE."

"...s-sorry..."

"Screw it. I'm restarting the game. And this time, let *me* pick the difficulty and mode so you don't accidentally kill your mother off next time."

...

After restarting the game...

"...okay...this is much easier." Lucina sighed in relief, managing to have a handle on the situation. Thankfully, Lissa was stocked behind Frederick on the opposite end of the map, allowing Chrom and Robin to cut off access to her via killing the Risen from the fort and Virion and Sully to hold off the Risen Chief from their side.

"...I regret not staying to fight in this battle, though. Seriously, what was I thinking, abandoning Father to fight the Risen?"

"We all have that mysterious protector wannabe phase, Lucina. It's okay." Todd patted her on the back. "Now, concentrate. Virion's about to get horribly murdered by that Risen over there."

Sumia poked her head in. "I hear sounds. What's going on here?"
Lucina turned her head, smiling at her mother. "Good morning, Mother. I was just testing out this thing that Todd introduced to me. It's called a-"
"Video game?" Sumia finished for her, nodding. "Yes, I know. Reflet introduced me to them through visual novels." The pegasus rider squeed happily. "I've already gotten into this one called *Fate stay/night*.

I quite like this character called Saber- she reminds me of you, Lucina. And Archer is just..." She sighed dreamily.

"Seriously, already?" Todd stared at Sumia. "...wow."

Sumia took a seat next to Lucina and Todd, watching the screen. "Wow. Is this a game based off our adventures? I see Virion and Sully."
"Yep."

Lucina shushed them both. "I'm trying to concentrate on saving Robin here!"

"Not pairing him up with a girl yet? I see you're trying to save him for yourself." Sumia said teasingly. "I totally understand-
"
"MOTHER!" The princess' cheeks reddened. "I will NOT pair him with me! I-I'll even pair him with YOU to get you to s-stop!"

"What was that about it being 'strategic' and 'necessary', Lucina?" Todd reminded her teasingly.

"Y-you're not helping!"

"...good lord, Lucina. You suck at this game." Todd sighed in exasperation. "...Lucina, didn't I JUST tell you NOT to put Lissa there?!"

"I-In my defense, I'm NEW to this!" The princess yelled back. "A-and anyway, HOW was I supposed to know that my ingame self was SOMEHOW stronger than I was at the time?!"

"Well...we sacrificed Sully and Sumia to do it, but we beat...you." Todd said, blinking. "That sentence did *not* sound right."

"I...still don't grasp the fact that even when they are killed, they don't die. Is that not inaccurate?" Lucina pointed out.

"Try playing a game as hard as this as a newbie and having all your units easily killed." The tactician reminded her. "And then try doing this in real life."

Sumia, meanwhile, was busy scribbling down notes, muttering to herself.

"So if Lucina pairs Stahl and Sully, that leaves Virion for Cherche. Hm...if Sully's out, and if Maribelle and Olivia are already going with Donnel and Gaius, that leaves Chrom all for me~

And if everything goes well...that leaves a perfect slot for Lucina and Robin!"

Todd whispered over to her. "What about Vaike?"
"Eh, he can fend for himself as long as I get Chrom and Lucina and Robin pair-"
Lucina stared at her wide-eyed. "MOTHER! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!"

"I was just considering the best...ahem...statistical pairs for you to pursue."

"You're j-just trying to pair me with Robin..." The princess sighed in exasperation.

"Patience, young Sumia, we haven't gotten to the part where Lucina joins the group yet." Todd chided her. "We're nowhere near there."

"I WILL have my pairings..." The pegasus rider declared, putting on her most creepy expression.

This being Sumia, it wasn't very creepy at all.

...

"...how am I nearly dead again?!" The princess sighed in exasperation as her in-game self was barely saved by a heal from Maribelle while protecting Emmeryn. "Remind me. WHY can't I control myself yet?!"

"You didn't join the Shepherds until later."

"That, in hindsight, was a stupid idea."

Sumia nodded in agreement. "Yeah. What were you thinking?"

"I supposed that...I could protect Father from afar. Keep the timeline unpolluted. Allow my younger self to live her life without me."

"Considering you have almost nowhere to go and you'd probably be dragged back here by Robin or someone else, that wouldn't work too well." Todd said, chuckling.

Lucina sighed, smiling a little. "I suppose it wouldn't."

"Still honestly surprised they didn't catch you out, Lucina." Todd scratched his head. "Seriously, you sound like a deeper-voiced Lightning. Or an angrier Rise."

"...who?" The princess just stared at him.

"...damn you, Elf. Why can't I be in that other fic where people actually GET my references..." The tactician rubbed his temple. "What I mean is that you sounded like a girl, moved like one and...well, no offence, but I'm pretty sure Miriel or something should've noticed."

"My disguise was flawless. I don't know what you're talking about."

"When every person in the world, without looking at the Internet, already knows you're a girl before you get outed, I hardly call it *flawless*."

Lucina looked away slightly, embarrassed. "Aunt Lissa was fooled, at the very least."

Todd scoffed. "She's not exactly the poster child of 'great investigator'."

Lissa poked her head into the door, seemingly dragging a very exhausted looking Frederick with a party hat by the collar, and glared straight at the tactician. "Hey! I heard that!"

Lucina sighed, slapping her forehead with her palm. "Aunt Lissa...what are you doing with Sir Frederick?"

The princess giggled. "Showing him how to have a party! He told me he's never had one before!"

"Lady Sumia..." The once-great knight choked out, half-sobbing. "Help me..."

"Carry on." Sumia responded, smiling cheerily. Frederick's expression quickly changed to horror before Lissa dragged him off again, humming happily.

Lucina looked aside, shuddering slightly. "I don't want to know what that was about..."

"Okay, careful, careful." Todd cautioned Lucina. "Try NOT to kill Tharja. We want her. She's a good unit. Edge up to her with Chrom and Sumia. Whatever you do, don't fire back or she dies and we'll lose half the reason people bought this game."

"What about Libra?"

"We can think about him when we AREN'T about to be blown up by a dark mage."

Sumia quietly muttered "Yes, Libra would make a good match for Tharja and keep Robin free..." before scribbling down more couples.

"Mother, I insist you stop trying to pair me with Robin. I won't do it here and it won't happen in real life." Lucina explained for the umpteenth time.

Sumia pouted. "B-but it's DESTINY! Also, you sound so much like Rin!"

"...what."

"Character from that novel she played. Continue." Todd pointed towards a square on the screen. "Alright, move Kellam and Panne there. They SHOULD be fine- what I'm looking for is to get Nowi to kill those wyvern riders."

"Got it."

"And give that Killer Axe to Vaike or something. Shove a Recover staff to Libra and an Iron Axe, trust me."

"You know, you're as good a strategist as your mother." Lucina stated, doing so.

Todd chuckled. "Not really. I've just finished this game three times. Aaaaand...cue cutscene...wait..."

"...so...this was..." The princess exhaled deeply, watching her aunt Emmeryn 'die'. "..."

"..." Sumia sighed, rubbing Lucina's shoulder comfortingly. "You...couldn't have done anything."

"I know."

"And...at least she isn't...dead..."

"I know, Mother."

Todd merely watched in silence. He reserved his wit for much later- there was almost no way he could make light of the scene, especially as it was so personal to Lucina and Sumia.

...

"...aaaand screw you, Gangrel." Todd said just as in game, Cordelia and Lon'qu landed the final hit on the Mad King. "Sweet. Next chapter, I think, you join the group."

"Finally. Now to subvert Mother's expectations by not pairing myself up with Robin." The princess stretched her fingers.

"Trust me, you will." Sumia said, giggling. "You can't resist him~"

"O-of course I-"

"Then riddle me this, dear daughter~" The pegasus rider said sweetly. "Why did this find itself in my desk drawer yesterday?"

She drew a photograph from a Snapshot tome of Lucina in that skimpy cosplay Sumia and Morgan had shoved her into,

asleep with her head tucked into Robin's shoulder. She was smiling in her sleep, too, as if she enjoyed being in that position.

The princess blushed, shaking her head. "T-that was all your doing, Mother..."

"I only put you in the costume. You slept on his shoulder. I even have an eyewitness to prove it."

Todd raised his hand. "Guilty."

"...j-just let me pay this game!" Lucina snapped, before sighing irritably. "I wonder how Robin puts up with this..."

"Us, or the object of his affections not noticing him?" Todd replied. "You can stop hiding now. He loves you back anyway. Just kiss him or something. Hell, Valentine's day is coming up."

"H-he doesn't and I-I won't kiss him. N-now quiet! Let me play this game!" The princess sighed.

'C-could he really? N-no. That's not probable. I-it's probably just a joke. A-and anyway, I-I'm not ready to s-say it just yet...'

Todd and Sumia merely shared a look.

"In denial?"

"I know my daughter well enough to see she knows we're not lying. She's just...waiting." Sumia chuckled. "I know what that's like."

"Ah. The whole opportune moment thing. I can totally understand." Todd nodded, before looking back at the screen. "Oh hey, we skipped the cutscenes!"

"Just one more chapter and I finally join." Lucina sighed. "Then I won't have to deal with being uncontrollable.

...That sentence should be rarer than it is."

On the ships, Lucina was constantly paired with Robin, despite better choices like Cordelia, Kellam or, heck, *Ricken* being present due to their much higher level.

Todd raised an eyebrow. "Still trying to protect Robin? I must say, you are good at keeping facades up."

"I-I'm a promoted unit, Todd. I can protect Robin better than the others." Lucina shot back.

Morgan's head suddenly popped in. "Um...Lucina..." She sounded worried, which concerned the princess. She looked over to her.

"Yes, Morgan?"

"C-can you deal with...um...Henry? H-he's kinda...bombarding Olivia with Risen crows again...Father's busy with Chrom, a-and I think you could help..."

Lucina stood up. "Henry...I STILL don't understand how Robin deals with this." Sighing, she walked out, leaving the game unattended.

When Lucina was out of earshot, Morgan giggled and walked in.

"She played Fire Emblem, yes?"

"Yep." Todd pointed at the chapter complete screen. "All ready for you to do what you came here for."

Morgan rubbed her hands together gleefully. "Excellent..."

Minutes later...

"Morgan, what are you talking about?" Lucina said as she walked in. "Henry's sick! He's being tended to by Corde-"

She froze.

On the laptop screen was a video of her confessing her love, complete with pink bubbles and so on, followed by a

dialogue box.

*Robin and Lucina have reached support rank **S**.*

Morgan laughed nervously. "Ehehe..."

"MORGAAAAAN!" Lucina's cheeks turned red again as she glared at the female tactician.

"It was meant to be!" The female tactician leaped out of the room just as Lucina followed suit, chasing after her.

Morgan, as she ran, screamed backward at her mother.

"I-I just wanted to see what I looked like in game!"

"I DON'T WANT TO HAVE A RELATIONSHIP WITH ROBIN!"

Sully rolled her eyes as the pair ran past her.

"Beats me why she's still hiding it." The cavalier sighed, setting down her spears to watch them run. "At this point, Anna's two steps from charging tickets to their wedding and I'm two steps from buying everyone drinks for it."

Sumia and Todd followed the pair, giggling all the way.

Minutes later...

Robin walked into the room, grasping several scrolls for diplomatic exchanges Chrom had entrusted to him.

"Why's the laptop here?" He scratched his head. "Wasn't this meant to be kept in the library?"

The grandmaster examined the screen.

"Rank S? What...oh." He blushed.

"...t-thus is probably my daughter's doing, isn't it..."

Lucina's yelling elsewhere in the castle followed by Morgan's chuckling confirmed his suspicions. Robin sighed.

"Time to look into those 'aspirin' confectioneries Miriel claimed calmed headaches...I have a feeling I'm going to need a lot of those."

END

A/N: That's done! Next chapter, EVERYONE Reacts to Fire Emblem Awakening! Yes, we get to see how Robin would play it, Tharja, Cordelia, Virion, etc.

Although mainly Tharja. Because she'd just kill everyone off who wasn't Chrom or Robin and have Robin all to herself.

So, I hope you enjoyed that, leave your ideas, criticisms, reviews, suggestions, comments and thoughts and I hope you have a GREAT day! Until next time!

Chapter 14: Everyone Reacts to Fire Emblem Awakening

Everyone Reacts to Fire Emblem Awakening!

A/N: Welcome, one and all, to Lucina Reacts! This week, to provide a small chapter between the Reflet/Todd Arc and the next one, we're having EVERYONE-okay, that's a lie, we're only having certain characters play, don't sue me-have a go at Awakening! Yes! Even Robin. Huehuehuehuehue. This'll be a bit of a weird chapter in that it'll be a lot less of a connected narrative (aka, how everything usually is) and more partitioned. It'll be a bit weird, so, apologies.

Let's get this show on the road before you get bored of my, erm, font!

DISCLAIMER: Fire Emblem belongs to Nintendo, otherwise the Triangle Attack would've been in Awakening.

All mentioned franchises and characters belong to their respective owners.

Morgan and Todd, after seeing the hilarious response of Lucina to playing Fire Emblem, decided that it was in the best interest of shipping and hilarity to get Robin to play the game and see how they played it.

This was the result. Naga help them all.

Robin

"...and you say this is based off of our lives?" Robin inquired, pointing at the title screen to the game. Morgan nodded eagerly.

"Mhm! Lucina tried it out, too."

"That would explain the yelling yesterday..." The grandmaster muttered. "Although I still don't why Lucina refused to talk to me at all at dinner.

Or why she was muttering something about 'S' rank supports, for that matter."

"So, Father, do you wanna try it out?" Morgan inquired sweetly. "Who knows, you might be good at it."

"I don't know." Robin rubbed the back of his head. "I would presume that being good at strategy in reality does not make for being a good strategist in this video game."

"Oh come on! You can pair up with Lucina here, you know!"

Robin stared at her as she said that. "W-what gives you the idea I would?"

"Nothing~"

"..." He sighed. "Sure, I'll try it. Just...don't talk about that, Morgan."

"Yaaaay!"

...

Half an hour later...

"What the-"
"Not my best work." Robin stretched his fingers. "I must learn better skills."

He had cleared the entire first four missions on Lunatic + difficulty without a single death. Or abusing Frederick, for that matter.

Morgan was in awe. "...Father..."

Robin frowned. "I expected this game to be even harder than it is. Hm."

"...t-that was supposed to be the hardest d-difficulty..."
"Was it?" The grandmaster looked slightly surprised. "Huh. Maybe it was falsely advertised. There were a few bumps in the road, but it wasn't too difficult..."

'*J-just what kind of tactician is my father?!*' Morgan mentally asked herself, shocked.

"Are you planning to show this game to the rest of the Shepherds?"

Morgan raised an eyebrow. She actually hadn't thought of that yet, and neither had Todd.

'*That's...actually not a half-bad idea.*' She smirked mischievously.

"Sure, Father! Let's do that."

Miriel

"How interesting." The sage rubbed her chin and adjusted her glasses as she stared at the screen. "So, this is a fictional version of our lives compiled in a series of moving images, decisions and other minutiae?"

"Yeah." Robin nodded. "I think."

"How fascinating." Miriel nodded in return and taking notes down.

Morgan tilted her head. "Huh? What's that you're writing?"
"I must build a machine that will take me to the Outrealm where this came from." Miriel declared calmly. "Then, from them...I will finally learn secrets beyond what I have found here..."

Robin swore she was saying that in a dreamy tone.

"Think of the possibilities! Think of the science!" The sage said. "There could be whole fields of science I am unaware of! Technology just waiting to be invented! And I at the head of progress!

I could revolutionise Ylisse beyond my steam engine! I could-"

"Miriel," the grandmaster cleared his throat. "Are you actually going to, you know, take your turn? We've been waiting five minutes now."

"...oh." She stared back at the screen, feeling deflated. "I see."

For a first timer, Miriel wasn't bad at it. She just had the terrible habit of fangirling more on the technological aspects of the game than actually *playing* said game.

Sumia

"Heeheeheee..." The falcon knight and current Exalt-consort of Ylisse giggled insanely as she took advantage of the Support System. Just about every character had been paired up in the first generation except Robin and Vaike, and she had a large shipping chart next to her dictating what ships she thought would be nice.

Robin and Morgan exchanged worried looks.

"Um...Sumia..." Morgan raised her finger slowly.

"You sound a little like Tharja." Robin bluntly finished for his daughter.

"So many pairings..." Sumia muttered to herself blissfully. "...so many..."

"...I think Sumia has gone shipping-mad." Robin sighed exasperatedly. "To think this was the same shy girl who could barely work up the guts to confess to Chrom..."

"Oooh, I'll pair Robin and Lucina here! That should work!"

The grandmaster blushed and reached out, trying to stop her. "H-hey! No need for that! You can pair me with someone else! Sumia!"

"B-but you two are so cute together!" Sumia complained, pouting. "Besides, it's destiny!"

Morgan laughed nervously. "I think Sumia needs to be taken away from this game...it's driving her mad with the shipping. And you know me, father."

"Agreed." Robin sighed. "Sumia, I'm sorry, but I don't think this game's right for you."

"N-no! I want to play this! Roooooobiiiiin!" The falcon knight complained as Robin managed to successfully wrench her off of the computer and drag her out of the room.

"Sorry, m'lady, this is necessary!"
"B-but the shipping! THE SHIPPING!"

"...thank Naga for aspirin..." Robin muttered under his breath. "Chrom! Get over here!"

Maribelle

"So the lowborn were so interested in our delightful exploits they just *had* to have our adventures immortalised like this?" The former valkyrie and current magistrate of Themis inquired.

"...I'm not sure that's the exact wording I'd use, but...yeah, sure." Robin said, rubbing the back of his head.

"Intriguing." Maribelle said with a satisfied smile. "I guess I will have to play this 'video game'. I am curious to see how we are portrayed."

Morgan had to suppress a chuckle. "Oh, sweet child of summer."

"Excuse me?"

"A phrase Reflet taught me."

Maribelle mused momentarily on it. "Perhaps that is another expression of surprise from the peasantry I was not familiar with..."

...

"T-this is outrageous!" The valkyrie snapped. "How dare they make me sound like an arrogant cur!"

Robin blinked. "I hardly see a difference between how the script writers wrote your speech and how you normally speak."

"I'll admit, the woman behind my voice has it down to an art. And for that, I am grateful." Maribelle took a deep breath. "But that does not *excuse* my inexcusable portrayal! I sound completely unreasonable!

For their information, I can live with just the *second*-finest tea!"

Morgan sighed irritably. "Maribelle..."

"Yes?"

The tactician produced a drawing. "Have a nice long look."

"What's this?" Maribelle examined it for a long moment before her cheeks turned red.

"H-how indecent! G-get it away from me! I-I would NEVER t-think of doing that with my dear Lissa!"

"Oh, the *lowborn* think otherwise, dear Maribelle~"

Unable to formulate a response to that, she fled from the room squealing as Morgan started giggling.

Robin rubbed his temples. "Dear Naga, Morgan..."

"What?" The tactician stared at her father, shrugging. "It's not like she was going to make any progress. She managed to get Frederick killed on the first mission, for Naga's sake! How is that possible?!"

Cordelia (and Lon'qu)

Robin stared at the screen after the pegasus rider had finished. "Okay, ignore what I said about Stahl being average, *THIS* is silly."

Somehow, Cordelia managed to do the complete opposite of what Stahl did, managing to clear every battle with perfect health on everyone, perfect kills and perfect support links, not to mention maxing out everyone's stats and stat totals, even the SpotPass units.

Cordelia rubbed her chin, frowning. "I still think there's something missing..."

Lon'qu looked at the screen, blinking. "I don't think you missed anything."
"There has to be. I'm SURE of it!"
"Cordelia, you didn't miss anything." Robin sighed. "You did it all."

"Huh." The falcon knight laughed, finally realising he was correct. "I guess I did."

"Yes." The swordmaster nodded. "Yes you did.

"I DID notice something, though." Morgan held up a finger. "Oh, right. I seem to have noticed that you paired yourself with Lon'qu that time-"

"M-merely a quirk to attain perfect stats." Cordelia shut her down quickly. "A-after all, a-as the game mechanics work, Severa b-becomes immensely powerful if he is her father..."

"I agree. That was my idea in the first place." Lon'qu backed her up. "It doesn't mean anything else, M-Morgan.

"Not at all!"

Robin scratched his chin. "Hang on, how are you two sitting that close together? I mean, Cordelia's practically holding your hand."

Lon'qu immediately moved his hand away from hers, his cheeks flushing ever so slightly red. "I have no idea what you're talking about."

Todd poked his head in through the window.

"Gods, Lon'qu. They should've given you Kyon's voice actor, because you're about as good at denying things as he is."

"I am not denying *anything*." The swordmaster gave him a deathly glare, causing him to scamper away.

"Neither am I!" Cordelia added.

Morgan giggled. "You two seem to be agreeing like an old married couple-"

"QUIET!" Cordelia and Lon'qu snapped in unison, only causing the tactician to break out into full laughter.

Gregor

"Ahah!" The sellsword clapped happily. "This remind Gregor of game he play in Outrealm once. Is called...how did they say it...Valkyrie Chronicle? Eh. Is close enough.

Little girl in it sounds like Lucina for some reason. I forget her name."

"You've played video games already?" Morgan raised an eyebrow.

"Gregor has been to many places, Morgan, in and out of Ylisse." Gregor reminded her. "Here, Gregor tell tales of legends. In Outrealm, legends tell tales of Gregor!"

"That explains why you're so good at this." Robin said, clapping lightly. "Who knew you were such a good strategist?"

"Gregor is flattered, but afraid I am not as good tactician as you think..." Gregor sighed. "Once, I command group of mercenaries in country called Skyrim. Did not end well. Sellswords eaten by bad dragon- not like here, where the dragons, they are easy to kill."

Robin frowned. "Oh dear..."

"Of course employers complain, but then dragons ate them too."

"Oh *Naga*."

Gregor sighed, shaking his head.

"Gregor did not get paid that night, so I went to nice bar to make with the sorrow-drowning. Next thing Gregor remembers, I wake up on top of mountain far away from civilization with dead goat on back, no money and no shirt.

To this day, Gregor still not proud of what happened that week so he could get pay." The sellsword shuddered, haunted by the memories.

Tharja (and Libra)

"Heeheehee..." The dark mage rubbed her hands gleefully. "Perfect."

"I'm not sure you're supposed to kill off all the women in the army and replace them with Einherjar, Tharja." Libra pointed out.

Robin just had his palm firmly on his forehead.

"They aren't dead, just crippled." Tharja reminded the monk. "That keeps them out of the way, anyway."

"For what?" Robin inquired, already knowing the answer.

"For you to be all mine, of course" The dark mage responded.

Libra rolled his eyes. "Naga help me."

Morgan scratched her head. "Wait, why aren't you trying to kidnap Robin now? You have the perfect opportunity."

"I'd prefer not to have Lucina punch me in the face again." Tharja drily remarked. "Not to say that you won't be mine eventually, Robin~"

"Right." Robin sighed. "Libra, how do you put up with this?"
"With a lot of prayer and the will of gods."

Tharja squealed happily as she reached S Rank with Robin.

"Perfect!"

"I hope she realises this means her whole army's screwed." Morgan pointed out.

"I don't think she particularly cares." Libra responded drily.

Henry

"NYAHAHAHAHAHAHA!" Henry cackled maniacally as he commanded his units. "Give them all gifts! The gift of *death*! Wahahaahah!"

"Henry, I think you're going a tad power-mad." Robin pointed out.

Morgan looked at her father strangely. "I don't think you needed to add *power* to that..."

"Give them a meal of pain with a side dish of death!" Henry declared happily, cooing to the Risen crow Henry had named Edgar on his shoulder. "Do you agree with me?"
"SCREECH"

"Together, we'll bring them death! Nyehehehehehehehe!"

"How many different laughs does this boy have?" Morgan cried.

"You haven't heard the worst, Morgan." Robin stated, sighing. "Trust me, not by a long shot."

Owain

"Behold!" The warrior declared proudly. "Together, our power is stronger than any foul villain!"

"At least this is tolerable." Robin remarked, sighing.

"Yes! Vanquish these foes!"

Morgan giggled. "You have to admit, Owain's pretty adorable playing this game."

"Thank you, Morgan, but I'm currently demonstrating the power of the blood of heroes to these fools! For great justice!"

"Owain, you don't have to yell before every single fight." Robin reminded him.

"It increases the chance of winning! It gives my fighters skill and power beyond reckoning! It also makes them manlier!"

The grandmaster sighed irritably. "Oh dear Naga, I hope I'm not out of aspirin."

He rummaged around in his coat pocket to find none of the sacred confectionery.

"...I'm doomed."

"Behold!"

Severa

"How is this game beating me so easily?!" The girl complained. "Ugh!"

"...should we tell her she's not doing it right?" Morgan pointed out.

Robin shrugged. "Sure, go ahead. I'm going to go find some aspirin." With that, he walked out, presumably to acquire more of the stuff.

"...COME ON! DO SOMETHING YOU MORONS!"

"Severa." Morgan raised a finger helpfully.

"What do you want?"

"...you're clicking on the same unit over and over."

"..." She stared at the screen. "...hmph."

"Now you're doing it."
"S-shut up. Y-you didn't help me!" Severa snapped. "I-I knew how to do that without you! I-I was just...testing you, is all!"

"Really now~ What's that grin I see then?"
"M-my war snarl! I-I'm going to b-beat some sense into your head if you don't shut up!" Severa muttered, blushing. "Idiot..."

Todd poked his head in again. "Typical tsundere. Surprised they didn't get Rie Kugimiya to voice her."

"Ach!" Severa jumped away from the window. "W-what are you doing, you moron?! Go away!"

"Tsuuuund-OOF!" Todd was taken down by a thrown pillow from Severa.

Noire

"W-what?" Noire flinched as Morgan pointed at the screen to tell her where to move.

"And that's how you do it. You got it, Noire?"
"Y-yes...t-thank you..." The mage gulped as she started moving troops about. "O-okay...here goes...I-I'm going t-to make you a-attack t-that Risen there, o-okay?"

"Good choice, Noire." Morgan reassured her. "Do it!"

After inevitably winning, Noire sighed in relief.

"I-I did it..." The mage smiled. "Y-yes..."
"See?" The tactician grinned. "It's not so bad after-"
"And these INSOLENT fools will KNOW the wrath of Noire!" Noire's alternate personality- Todd had nicknamed it 'Blanc' for some reason, and the name seemed to have stuck with the Justice Cabal- emerged suddenly, laughing maniacally. "It's all over now! BLOOD AND THUNDER!"

"Um-"
"BLOOD FOR THE BLOOD GOD! SKULLS FOR THE SKULL THRONE!" Blanc declared, moving her units with blinding

speed.

"And harriers for the cup..." Morgan remarked drily.

"Yes! YES!" Blanc giggled. "Destroy them! DESTROY-o-oh...um..." Noire blinked. "...s-sorry...d-did I disturb you?"
"...n-not at all!" Morgan laughed nervously.

'*Whoever this girl marries is doomed.'*

Kellam

Hours later...

"Hey, Father, did you play the game again?" Morgan tugged on her father's sleeve.

"No." Robin shook his head. "Why?"

Morgan lifted the laptop, showing him the credits screen. "Well..."

"...what the..." Robin blinked.

Most of the chapters had been won by no heroes, yet finished in less than five turns, with full rank supports for everyone. The time they'd been finished were in less than either Robin or Cordelia could make it.

The only hint as to who completed it so was the gold ranking next to Kellam's name.

"...of all people, *Kellam* is the best player in the Shepherds." Robin blinked. "Well..."
"...Huh, who knew." Morgan nodded slowly. "...I wonder what else he's good at?"

"I really have to look into getting Kellam to help me." Robin mused. "He seems to be far more-"
"Competent than you expected?" Kellam spoke from behind him. Robin didn't jump, already being used to it, but Morgan did.

"Aaaah! Kellam!"

"Sorry about that." The knight shrugged. "Yeah, I beat you and Cordelia by fifteen turns."

"Seriously?"

"Yeah." Kellam chuckled. "It wasn't easy."

"...heh." Robin sighed. "I'll bet it wasn't."

Reflet poked her head in, frowning at the game.

"I'm disappointed it doesn't have an S support for me and Sumia."

Robin stared at her strangely, as did Kellam and Morgan.

"What?"

END

A/N: Now for...kekekeke...the real insanity. Next chapter, Lucina Reacts to Dark Fic!

So, I hope you enjoyed that, leave your ideas, reviews, criticisms, suggestions, thoughts and comments and I hope you have a GREAT day! Until next time!

Chapter 15: Lucina Reacts to Dark Fics!

Lucina Reacts to Dark Fics!

A/N: Welcome, one and all, to Lucina Reacts! Mhm! This stuff'll happen! For those curious, a dark fic is a fic that, well, makes everything unnecessarily grimdark. As you can see, I'm not a particular fan of them. So, prepare for absolute riffing and parody to the next level! I think! Maybe.

Heheh. Let's end the usual author's note rant before this gets out of hand, eh?
DISCLAIMER: Fire Emblem belongs to Nintendo, otherwise Lucina would have a catgirl costume (LUCINYAN~)
All mentioned franchises and characters belong to their respective owners.

Any resemblance to existing fanfictions, fancomics, fan videos or other fan works is coincidental.

"Luciiiiiinaaaaa..." Morgan leaned on the princess for the umpteenth time that week. "I wanna do something with yoooouuuu..."

"Not now, Morgan." Lucina chided her. "I'm trying to...read."

"Lies."

"What are you insinuating?"
"I'm insinuating that if you're holding a chisel and a block of wood, you're not reading." The tactician shot back. "Now, Lucina, tell me the truth, are you carving a doll?"
"Yes."

"And is it a gift?"
"Yes."
"And is it for Father?"
"N-no." Lucina shook her head.
"See?" Morgan laughed. "Todd was right, you're easy to read."

"...I-I swear, it's not for your-"
Morgan held up a finger. "Lucina, I'm going to say this now, the only people in the Shepherds who legitimately believe that you don't love Robin are Lon'qu, Cordelia- who are both even more in denial- Chrom, and Robin himself. Even *Walhart* sees it. *WALHART.*"
"I..." Lucina sighed. "...okay, Morgan, you...win. I...I may, a little bit, possibly have a small infatuation with someone who may or may not be your father."

"See?" The tactician sighed happily. "That wasn't so bad, was it?"

"N-no, I don't just...have a small infatuation with him." Lucina stood up. "I...I LOVE YOU, ROBIN! I c-can't hold it in anymore!

Morgan, where is he?"

"He's outside. He was listening the entire time." The tactician smiled warmly as the door opened, revealing Robin holding a bouquet of flowers.

"...Lucina...I..."
"It's okay, Robin, y-you don't need to say anything." The princess smiled at him. "I love you too."

And then she moved in for the kiss-

Henry grinned, shutting the book in his hands. "A little too lacking in stabbing for me, personally. Did you like it, Lucina?"
"...I..." The princess held up a twitching finger, blushing profusely. Lissa, who was sitting next to her, was too busy snickering.

"Oh my...oh Naga!" The cleric laughed, clutching her belly. "D-did Sumia come up with that?!"

"Surprisingly, no." Henry shook his head. "It was *Reflet's* idea."

"...Reflet...I-I..."

Lissa giggled, shaking her head. "I can't believe she'd do that..."

"Oh, she did." The dark mage chuckled, feeding Edgar a chunk of rotten meat. "Now, I really MUST go! Have a good day!" With that, he walked out as Edgar screeched loudly, leaving a still dumbstruck Lucina and a giggling Lissa.

"Lucina? Are you alright?" Lissa managed to breathe out between laughs.

"...I-I'm going to kill Reflet...tonight. In her sleep." The princess muttered darkly. "Can you teach me how to do hexes, Aunt Lissa?"

"That's hardly a nice way to respond to such a nice story!" The cleric protested, smirking "But seriously, I didn't know you actually *liked* Robin-"
"I-I DON'T!" Lucina snapped. "I just...people keep getting the idea I do..."

"It's alright if you don't wanna talk about it." Lissa said, patting her back comfortingly. "You know, Morgan's only teasing."

"I know." The princess said, smiling a little. "Thanks, Aunt Lissa."

"No problem! Now...do you want to read a fic? I'm really curious as to what those are like." Lissa stated, putting a finger to her chin. "I always hear Sumia and Cordelia talking about it, but I never actually read one of them."

"I thought you were busy teaching Frederick how to party?" Lucina inquired.

"Oh," Lissa frowned slightly. "He said he was busy with Sully, for some reason. Even though I know for a *fact* that Sully's off on her weekly hunt again...

I'm kinda miffed. I really like hanging out with him!"

"Is it because you still have a crush on him, Aunt Lissa?"

"Heehee..." Lissa giggled coyly. "I'll never tell."

"...and yet they hunt me down for it." The princess muttered drily. "Let's find a fic to read."
She pulled up the laptop, opening it up and searching for the fanfiction.

"Can you believe there's apparently more of these things outside of Ylisse?" Lissa said, awestruck. "Reflet told me all about them and apparently Gregor knows about them too. Can you imagine an entire world of these?"

"That would be fairly interesting." Lucina conceded. "Okay...huh? A fanfiction about...wait...huh? Aunt Lissa, you're one of the main characters."
"I am?"

"Yeah, it says so down here. It's marked with your name and Lon'qu's."

"...wait, pairing me with *him*?" Lissa began snickering. "...I mean, he's kinda cute, but I can tell there's someone else on his mind. He's just not my type."

"I'm guessing you're part of the betting pool who wants him and Cordelia to court each other?"

"I'm the one who *started* it, my dear Lucina~"

Lucina sighed irritably. "Why are all my relatives except Father and Aunt Emmeryn insane?"
"I resent that!" Lissa responded, pouting. "I'm hardly insane!"

"So, are we going to read this fic? I can't tell what it's about with these words I've never seen before." The princess scratched her head. "Grimdark? Rated M for Gorn? Huh?"

"...those look fishy..." The cleric rubbed her chin. "...eh, read it anyway. Can't hurt to find out what it is, right?"
"Good point."

With that, they opened the fic, unprepared for the sheer darkness of it all.

Minutes later...

"...what did I just read." Lucina blinked, unnerved and confused.

She had come to expect a standard of comedy and lightness to fanfiction gleaned from what she'd read thus far. Not exactly idealism, after all.

This was on a whole different level.

The first chapter alone was bad. Apart from setting that the fic took place in the bad timeline that would have happened without intervention, it demonstrated the likes of Cordelia being killed off- an arrow to the eye, apparently- followed by what appeared to be Reflet slowly corrupting due to the Fell Dragon's influence, as well as an inordinate amount of weeping and crying. Stahl, ever the stalwart knight, was somehow so driven to tears by Cordelia's death that he refused to leave his tent and even snapped at Sully when she tried to help him.

"...okay, firstly, Stahl does not act like that and secondly...I don't think it's that easy to kill a woman like her." Lissa pointed out. "What is this?"

Lucina looked slightly guiltier than she should have. "It seems fairly...sad..."
"Dark, but it's not exactly darker than what happened to us." The cleric shrugged casually. "Eh. Next chapter?"
"I suppose..."

The second chapter, of course, was no better. This time, it was Sully's turn to die and Virion's turn to grieve- which earned a bigger scoff from Lissa- as well as Reflet slowly becoming more corrupted- and, as Lucina noticed, gaining more and more use of the pronoun 'I' in her narrative.

Lissa yawned, bored. "Is that meant to make me sad? It's kinda breaking my disbelief to think Sully's easy to kill, let alone Virion mourning that long over her..."

Lucina blinked rapidly before staring at her aunt. "...I feel sorry for Virion. How could you not?"

"It's just not a Virion thing to not try and remain cheerful after all of that." Lissa mused. "Believe me, I've known him for three years and even Cherche agrees."

"It's still sad..."

The third chapter was absolutely crushing.

It involved a lot of death, most prominently Lon'qu. Reflet, finally corrupted by Grima, fled soon after Morgan was born, sending Chrom into a suicidal death seeking phase and ending with his own death in battle, while Lissa was forced to take care of Morgan and Lucina, all while constantly crying over the loss of Lon'qu, to the point she could take no duties as the Exalt.

Lissa twitched.

"...what is this?"
"Huh?"
"...I get...that I'm supposed to be sad." The cleric held up a finger. "...and there's that, right? But...I'm pretty sure I wouldn't just stop working like that!"
"You do have a remarkably indomitable cheer, Aunt Lissa..." Lucina nodded slowly. "...still...I feel like I failed Father, letting him die..."

"Forget *that*." Lissa muttered irritably. "I swear this fic is REALLY pushing my buttons..."

The fourth was even worse.

This time, the fic refused to hold down on deaths, actively killing off several more characters. Even more were weeping about it, and some were even outright being tortured.

What was, however, irritating to Lucina was the reaction Sumia had to Reflet running away was to essentially start acting completely out of order and start insulting Reflet, causing various fights between the Shepherds.

She now understood how Lissa felt.

"I don't believe for a second Mother would act like that." Lucina said hastily. "Definitely not simply because she felt like Reflet was evil."

"Exactly!" Lissa declared exasperatedly. "Is this SERIOUSLY made by our fans? It looks more like they just replaced us with characters that have our names and cry ten times more!"

"...I'm starting to understand why you were so irritated about the last couple of chapters."

"Seriously, there is no way we'd just break down like that if one of us got killed." The cleric stated. "I mean, seriously."

"...let's just finish this fic." Lucina shook her head, looking at the screen. "...we can only hope it gets better."
"It better do! I'm personally going to find this person and shove frogs down their backs of it doesn't!"

With that, the two women read the fifth and final chapter, hoping futilely it would get better.

...

"...It seems we were being too optimistic." Lucina stated drily, exhaling deeply.

"Mhm..." Lissa rolled her eyes.

The fifth and final chapter was...overly melodramatic, to say the least. It involved a lot of weeping, torture of at least one character, overly dramatic sacrifices and generally everything the fic would need to, in theory, evoke sympathy.

What it evoked was completely different.

"Lucina, you ever had that feeling..." Lissa tried to find the words, tapping her chin with her finger. "...you ever had that feeling where something's so dark you just don't care what's going on in it anymore?"

"I believe I am now." The princess stated calmly. "...why, again, should I care about how everyone survives if nearly everyone is either constantly weeping, cursing the other out or dying?"

"Why are we so out of character here?!" Lissa complained. "I'm kinda disappointed now...I mean, the first fanfic I ever read and this is what I find..."

"Who knew our fans were so eager to make everything darker?" The cleric inquired half-honestly, half-sarcastically. "Come on, we've already got it dark enough! Can't we get something like a land of kittens or something where people don't act like idiots or do stupid things?!"

Lucina shook her head sadly. "I guess I understand what some of the tags mean now, at least.

Oh, wait, there's a space to leave a review?"

"...let me, Lucina." Lissa stretched her fingers.

"Huh?"
"I'm going to let the guy who wrote this have a piece of my mind!"

With that, the cleric stretched her fingers upon the keyboard, preparing to type up a hasty reply...before realising one thing.

"Errr...Lucina? Could you...um...write this message out for me? I...I've been meaning to get Reflet or Todd to teach me how to type, but..."

"...seriously?" Lucina stared at her as her aunt twiddled her fingers sheepishly.

"Um...okay then..."

"Thanks...d-don't tell anyone, okay?"

From: **Lissa of Ylisse**

This is appalling. Seriously, we don't act like this and why would Sumia yell at people? She's Sumia.

Also, why did you need to torture everyone? That's- no, I'm done. I'm done.

I am disappointed in you, fan of mine.

Signed, Lissa

PS: Lucina wrote this, by the way. Or is it typed? I dunno.

Lucina shut off the terribly written dark fic, shaking her head. "Well...at least that's over."
"Mhm." Lissa stretched her arms, yawning. "Well, I'm going to go get something nice to eat! So, uh...you wanna come?"
"Eh. Why not?"

END

A/N: A bit short and quite badly written. It's just a thing for me to get out my frustrations at terribly written dark fic- I don't mind dark fic that's well written, but when it's badly written and contrived, that's when I'm motivated to parody it.

So, next time, as you've all requested, Lucina Reacts to Super Smash Bros! I hope you enjoyed that, leave your ideas, comments, reviews, suggestions, criticisms and thoughts and I hope you have a GREAT day! Until next time!

Chapter 16: Morgan Reacts to Super Smash Bros!

Morgan Reacts to Super Smash Bros!

A/N: Welcome, one and all, to Lucina Reacts! Ladies and gentlemen, I bring you the honor of writing about our distinguished cast playing this beloved-

Oh who am I kidding, it'll be Morgan, Todd, Lucina and Robin screwing around on the game and failing horribly. Because lol. Also because I like Owain and Severa, I should probably get them in here somewhere. Maybe.

DISCLAIMER: Fire Emblem and Super Smash Bros belong to Nintendo, otherwise Dark Fliers and Dark Knights would use Dark Magic tomes (this really screwed me up first playthrough).

All mentioned franchises and characters belong to their respective owners.

Morgan tilted her head as she leaned on Todd's shoulder.

"Tooooodd...whatcha do-"
"I SWEAR I WASN'T DOING ANYTHING NOIRE I-" Todd jumped and looked around, before realising it was just Morgan- a shocked Morgan, at that.

"Oh...eheh, sorry."

"Noire? Huh? Why'd you think I was Noire?"

"She kinda walked in here and had one of her moods." Todd said, sighing. "She scared the living daylights out of me and made me jump when she started screaming about blood and thunder."

"Hehehe..." Morgan sighed. "Yeah, she tends to do that. What're you doing, anyway?"
"Oh, looking up fanart." Todd responded casually. "D'you know they pair Palucina nowadays?"
"Palucina? Can't say I've heard about that pairing before. What is it?"

Todd moved the laptop to show Morgan an image of a green-haired woman with an intricate stave and a white toga making out with the Exalt-in-waiting.

"Lucina with the goddess Palutena. It's a thing in Super Smash Bros."

"Is that a video game?"

"You bet. A really fun one, too." Todd said, chuckling. "I doubt we'll be able to play that here, though."

"Well, you said you could only play Awakening on that 3DS thing, so..." The female tactician shrugged. "Look for it."

Seconds later...

"Okay, who the hell is this Ushio girl?!" Todd stared in shock at the laptop as, true to form, it also had a Wii U emulator, replete with Super Smash Bros ROM. "Seriously! She has got to be some sort of master programmer and hacker to figure out this nonsense..."

"Told you..." Morgan said confidently.

"Wait, how are we going to control this?" Todd blinked, looking over the laptop and finding a set of buttons near the screen, with strange icons, one looking resembling the stylized 'i' in the Wii logo.

"...oh, please don't tell me you can do this." The male tactician blinked, half in shock, before pressing the button.

A small compartment opened up next to the trackpad, and in a flash of blue, four Wii U controllers appeared, ready for use.

Morgan stared at the controllers. "Is that...USUALLY what laptops do?"
"No...no it isn't." Todd shook his head slowly. "It's not a thing that usually happens.

...this thing, whatever it actually is, is unique and *awesome*."

"Four controllers?" Morgan lifted one, scanning it carefully. "Do you think we should play this with Mother and Father?"

"Robin and Lucina?" Todd rubbed his chin. "Hm...nah. Get them later."
"B-but the shipping!" Morgan protested.

"...you have a point." Todd conceded. "Let's do it."
"YAAAAY!"

"So, that is what that game's about, fighting? And does it involve pairing people up?" Lucina inquired, fiddling with her controller at the character select screen.

"Is that...me?" Robin pointed at the screen where he was, in pride of place next to the Radiant Hero Ike and the Hero-King Marth.

"Yep. The devs really wanted you in the game." Todd claimed, chuckling. "I personally prefer Ike, though.

And no, Lucina, although the fans like pairing, the game contains no romance whatsoever. It's all about how various characters from various series beating each other up."

"Thank Naga." Lucina and Robin uttered in unison, sighing in relief, before Lucina held up a finger.

"Wait, various *series*? Like books, right?"

"Video games." Todd clarified.

"Oh. So….somewhat similar to what the Einherjar do, correct? Warriors from all over time and space coming together to fight?" The princess waited for an answer, as the male tactician grumbled, giving her a nod and looking aside.

"As usual, Nintendo, you made my job LESS fun. Why can't I have been in that RWBY fic Elf wrote…"

"Well, I've told you how to use the controllers. I'll pick a nice and simple stage." Todd said as he picked Ike.

Morgan picked Kirby, squeeing as she did.

"Oh, Naga...that pink blob is ADORABLE."

"That would be Kirby. Otherwise known as the local slayer of eldritch abominations and the guy who beats up gods because they steal his strawberry shortcake."

"YAY! So he's adorable AND awesome!"

Lucina and Robin picked, of course, Lucina and Robin.

"Hm. This would be unusual, if playing Awakening hadn't already made me accustomed to playing myself in a game." Lucina mused.

"You know, you might as well play Marth." Todd commented. "They have the exact same moveset."
"I doubt it. Surely the creators cannot be so lazy."

"They were." The tactician said, sighing. "Seriously, I mean, they could've given you lances, Aether and so on, but *nooo*, she had to be exactly like Marth. And they didn't put Chrom in because he was apparently too similar to Ike! I mean, what kinda logic is-"
"Todd, the game?" Robin reminded him helpfully.

"Oh, right." He cleared his throat. "So, shall we get playing? We'll be on Battlefield today."
Morgan shrugged. "Okay, sure, let's go!"

And so, the first brawl of the day began!

"Okay...hm? I can counter?" Lucina scratched her head. "That's odd. I thought only Warriors could counter."

"They had to give you that move. Marth's moveset came from before they had Skills in Fire Emblem." Todd explained.

"What are you talking about? We've always been able to use Sol and Luna." Robin stared at him.

"...never mind, continue!"

"SMASH THEM, MY ADORABLE PINK BLOB!" Morgan laughed maniacally as Kirby swung his hammer around, smashing Lucina off the stage. "SMASH THEM-"
Then Kirby was knocked out by a Thoron from Robin. Morgan stared at the screen in shock.

"WHAT"
"Huh. So charging up tomes gives me different levels of Thunder magic." The grandmaster noted. "I'll remember that."

Todd's Ike attempted to counter Robin's Arcfire, only to be met with a Dancing Blade, courtesy of Lucina, causing him to sail off the stage.

"Thanks." Robin nodded to the princess.

"Are you SERIOUS?!" Todd yelled in disbelief as Robin nailed him in midair with another Arcfire. He was then sent flying by a Final Cutter courtesy of Morgan's Kirby finishing them off.

"DAMMIT MORGAN"
"S-sorry!" The female tactician frowned, fumbling the controller in panic. Robin calmly took the opportunity to heal off of her with Nosferatu before sending her flying with an Arcthunder.

...

"Dammit!" Todd stared in shock at Robin as the victory screen showed Robin's ingame-self giving a victory quote. "How did you win so easily?! This was your FIRST TIME!"

"Huh. Was that supposed to be difficult?" Robin scratched his head. "Hm."

"It was hard for me..." Lucina said, sighing.

"I don't think you were that bad at the game."

"I killed myself several times."

"To be fair, the sheer chaos of the fight could justify that, Lucina." The grandmaster reassured her. "Just be slightly more careful next time."

Todd shook his head. "Alright, we'll try that again. Lucina, Robin, you'll be together and Morgan and I will be on the other- that'll make it fairer.

And to make sure Morgan doesn't accidentally *kill* me again…."He glared over at his counterpart, who only gave an awkward laugh.

"Sorry…."

"And now, we're playing for keeps! Final Destination!" Todd declared. Robin merely gave a noncommittal shrug. "That was just a w-warm up!"

"Sure, okay. Let's do that." The grandmaster shrugged, unaware of why Todd seemed to desire beating him. "Lucina, you ready?"

"Of course."

Todd whispered over to Morgan.

"Take out your father first. H-he's surprisingly good at this….n-not that I can't stop him, or anything."

"Got it."

The male tactician selected Meta Knight, while the others picked the same characters as the last time.

With that in mind, the second brawl of the day began!

Todd mentally patted himself on the back.*'With however many recovery options I have, at least I won't get stupidly owned like I did last time-'*

Then Robin nailed Meta Knight in the middle of his recovery with a Thoron, before jumping in mid-air and finishing him off with a strike from the Levin Sword.

Todd stared at the screen, dumbfounded.

"...WHAT?!"

"Behind you, Lucina!" The grandmaster warned.

"Huh?" Lucina countered immediately and was rewarded by smashing Kirby back. She nodded towards Robin.

"T-thanks."

"You handle one side, I'll handle the other. You can take Morgan, right?"

"Understood." The princess smiled.

"Time to tip the scales!"

"I say when it ends!"

"DAMN YOUR STUPID FINAL SMASH LUCINA ARGGHHGHHGHG"

Minutes later…

Lucina and Robin shared the victory screen. The real Lucina and Robin grinned at each other, having beaten Todd and Morgan solidly.

"Excellent." The grandmaster congratulated his companion. "You got used to that far faster than I thought you would."
"I-It was nothing, really. You did most of the work. I just helped you."
"No, really-"

Morgan smirked mischievously. "Just kiss already."

Lucina glared at her. "N-no! W-what do you mean?!"
Robin sighed. "Morgan, was that appropriate?"

Suddenly, a very out-of-breath looking Maribelle all but crashed into the doorframe, breathing heavily and propping herself up on the frame.

"Robin…" She breathed out. "Y-you have to...help….H-Henry's l-let loose Risen crows into the infirmary again!"

"Naga help me, of course Henry did something again." Robin sighed and stood up. "Lucina, do you mind helping me?"
Lucina was already up, gripping her Falchion tightly. She nodded towards him.

"No problem. I doubt it'll be easy to deal with the crows alone."

With that, the grandmaster and princess walked out, following Maribelle back to the infirmary.

When they were out of earshot, Todd sighed in relief.

"Dammit, I must be losing my touch." The male tactician muttered. "How did a *newbie* beat me so easily?!"

"Hey, hang on, what's this?" Morgan pointed at the 'GROUP' option on the Smash menu.

"Oh, that's just the online option where you can fight other people not on this computer." Todd clarified. "I doubt we have con- actually, scratch that, should we check?"

"Sure! That'd be interesting!"

…

"Wow." Todd blinked. "This thing has to have ridiculously good connection. I'm somehow capable of looking through this 'Ushio's friend list."

"Who's 'KyoSaku'?" Morgan looked curiously at all the names. "And….huh? What kind of silly name is 'Jaune'?"

"The same kind of silly name 'Vaike' and 'Wood' is." Todd remarked quietly. "And...okay, this 'YangChan' person is looking for a battle, too.

Should we duel them? They think we're Ushio, so there's no issue."

"Yeah!"

Seconds later….

"Strange choice of names. 'ROSE' and 'SCHNEE'?" Todd looked curiously at the other two players in the match, them having picked Little Mac and Marth respectively.

"Funny, I could've sworn I know those names…"

"Wait, wait, wait!" Morgan raised a finger. "Shall we make them think we're Robin and Lucina?"
"They won't believe it, they'll think we're Ushio and some other person." Todd shook his head, before shrugging. "Eh, do it. It'll be funny."

They locked in Robin and Lucina, of course, starting the match. Of course, they picked Final Destination as their chosen battlefield.

….

"Whoever this 'SCHNEE' person is, they're terrible!" Morgan remarked as she easily knocked out their Marth with her Lucina's Shieldbreaker.

Meanwhile, Todd's Robin managed to recover with a desperate Elwind before barely sidestepping a lunge from ROSE's Little Mac.

Todd quickly typed a message in.

"NICE JOB DEAR"

"Huh? What's that for?" Morgan looked over.

"It's exactly what I think Robin would say to Lucina!"
"Oh, right!" The female tactician giggled. "Yeah, let's go!"

She quickly typed one in response, "THANK YOU LOVE".

Then Morgan's Lucina whirled around and knocked out Marth with a charged smash.

"HUG ME SEMPAI" Todd typed in, chuckling, cuing Morgan to respond "I LOVE YOU", herself giggling all the way.

"There's no way we can lose this." Todd remarked. "We have this in the-"

"HOW DID THEY BEAT US?"

Little Mac and Marth stood victorious at the results screen, as Todd looked dumbfounded, before quickly recovering.

"...we'll beat them in WarioWare!"

"What's that?"

"Just follow my lead!"

With that, Todd started a new game, and just as soon as the stage began, they were shunted onto a minigame.

"Morgan, help me chisel this thing!"

"Huh? I thought we were beating them up!"

"Trust me!"

"Okay…" Morgan's Lucina began slashing at the block, revealing it to be a statue as the stage reverted to normal.

Just then, Lucina began sparkling as she gained an invulnerability buff and Todd's Robin turned metal.

He smirked.

"Let's do this.

…..

At last, they finally managed to have a victory, beating 'ROSE' and 'SCHNEE' easily. Todd sighed.

"At least I'm not terrible at this game….thank Naga."

"Yeah." Morgan chuckled. "I mean, how did that 'SCHNEE' person fail to counter me half the time?"

"You know-"
"What was that about 'NICE JOB DEAR' and 'I LOVE YOU'?" Lucina suddenly leaned in, glaring at Morgan and Todd. They jumped.

"U-UH! Lucina!" Todd laughed nervously. "W-we didn't expect you back so early!"
"Oh, we resolved the problem by turning Henry over to Sully." Robin said, crossing his arms and strolling in front of them.

"Now, about you saying we'd say that sort of thing about each other…"

Morgan gulped.

"I-it was just a joke, Father!"

"I think we should punish them." Lucina said, giving Morgan a genuinely *evil* smile.

"Indeed, Lucina." The grandmaster nodded, glaring at Todd. "I believe we should. And your mother would agree, would she not?"
"...s-sorry?"

That day, Morgan and Todd were made to clean up the mess in the infirmary that Henry's undead crows had left, under the strict supervision of Cordelia, the known perfectionist.

They were there until dinnertime, whereupon they practically slumped onto the dinner table.

Nobody, however, had noticed Cynthia by the entrance as Lucina and Robin frogmarched the two mischievous tacticians out of the room.

When they were out of earshot, she rubbed her chin.

"...a tournament where warriors from all over time and space must fight…" The pegasus rider contemplated, nodding slowly before grinning. "...that sounds like the GREATEST IDEA EVER!

But I'll need time to set it up….hm….maybe Anna can help…she WOULD if we convinced her we could charge for entry…"

END

A/N: Next chapter, we're taking a break from reacting to things to focus on…*Drumroll*...THE JUSTICE CABAL! Which in this case means Owain, Cynthia, both Morgans and Gerome. And yes I'm perfectly aware Female Morgan never joined it but bah.

So, I hope you enjoyed that, leave your ideas, comments, reviews, suggestions, thoughts and criticisms and I hope you have a GREAT day! Until next time!

Chapter 17: The Justice Cabal!

The Justice Cabal!

A/N: Welcome, one and all, to Lucina Reacts! We promised to do this and so we shall! The Justice Cabal shall ride again! Shipping will happen! Things will be done!

Shenanigans. Will. Be. Perpetrated.

DISCLAIMER: Fire Emblem belongs to Nintendo, otherwise Cynthia would be a Kamen Rider.

All mentioned characters and franchises belong to their respective owners.

Today was a fairly normal, average day in Ylisstol. The market was bustling with shoppers and entertainers- and Anna trying to scrape a profit by selling overpriced garbage- and for once in the Exalt's palace, there were neither Henry attempting to summon Risen crows, nor Morgan pulling another silly scheme to push her parents-to-be together so she could be born faster.

No, something far worse was happening. Far worse than anything Robin, Lucina or Chrom could ever comprehend.

The Justice Cabal was meeting.

Their meeting place and headquarters was an imposing lair, their logo bearing pride-of-place above the tall entrance, made of smooth metal and resilient stone- a veritably impenetrable fortress that even the ancient Magvelian prince Eprahim would struggle to take. It was on a mountain, overlooking Ylisstol, where the Justice Cabal could survey their protectorate and protect it from any and all evil threats who would obstruct justice!

...that is, if Owain and Cynthia had their way. The reality was rather different.

Its true appearance was a rundown shack made from spare wood and re-appropriated pieces of armor bolted on to the side of the Shepherd's barracks just outside Ylisstol, with the awkwardly painted logo of the Justice Cabal- a circle with a crossed spear, sword and lance above an open tome- nailed lopsided above the door that barely hid the entrance. Outside, Cynthia's pegasus reared up, tied to a small worn pole with an equally worn rope, scaring off a scavenger who assumed the shack was abandoned.

Cynthia still regretted not taking the job Maribelle offered her as a temporary tea holder. Maybe they would have had the money to make the headquarters better- what with Sumia being forbidden to spend any more money on it after Chrom realised just *who* was meeting in it ("Sumia, don't encourage *Morgan*!").

Anyway, the Justice Cabal was meeting.

Inside the 'Cabal Headquarters'...

"Order! Order!" Cynthia demanded, banging her spear to catch everyone's attention. Her normal armor was replaced with a blue set of armor and a red chestplate, with a blue helm and red visor over her eyes, as well as a gold crescent piece above the visor.

"ORDER!" Owain, himself with dyed white hair and a long, red longcoat over a black cuirass replacing his usual khaki tunic, banged the desk with his fist. "The Masque has spoken! The meeting of the Cabal has begun!"

Morgan waved at them, apologising. "Sorry! I was...uh...dragging our new recruit in here."

"Daaamn." Todd looked around the room, whistling. "So *this* is the infamous Hall of Justice."

"Mhm!" Cynthia saluted proudly. "This is the Hall of Justice, where all protectors of good assemble and defeat evildoers!"

"So...you're dressed as Rider Gaim, Owain's dressed as Archer, and Morgan as...Sayaka?"

"Who?" Morgan scratched her head, moving her white cape and adjusting her short, blue chestpiece which exposed her midriff.

"...No, incorrect, dear Todd! I am the Masque, my white-haired companion is Swallowtail, and my blue-haired sister here is The Siren."

"And I..." Gerome spoke from the shadows, hiding himself with a cape that resembled wyvern wings, adjusting his mask. "...I am vengeance. I am the night.

I. Am. *Nightwing.*"

Todd suppressed a snicker. "Gerome, I think you have the wrong superhero there."

"I know not what you speak of."

"Nice costume, though." The tactician gave him a thumbs up, grinning. Gerome merely glared at him.

"What costume."

"...oh, right."

Severa, who was sitting on a dilapidated stool in the corner, sighed irritably.

"Can you idiots just get on with the stupid meeting already?"

"My thoughts exactly!" Cynthia concluded. "Now, fellow Cabalists, we have met today to talk about matters of *JUSTICE*!"

"And other things, but mainly shipping and justice." Morgan added, taking her seat next to Cynthia.

"And what's with all the stupid names?" Severa snapped. "Seriously, you people look completely daft."

"Heroes of Justice must bear the burden of heroes. That includes never being in the public eye!" Cynthia declared.

Todd rolled his eyes. "Kinda impossible when one of you is the *Exalt-presumptive* of Ylisse, another one's the cousin of said Exalt-presumptive, and the last one is the daughter of the guy who *saved Ylisse*."

"Nonsense!" Owain shut him down.

Suddenly, however-

"I AM DISPLEASED WITH THIS DITHERING!" Noire roared, standing up and startling Severa. "CONTINUE WITH THIS MEETING OR I WILL FEED YOUR CORPSES TO THE BLOOD GOD!"

Owain wiped a single tear from his eye, sniffling.

"...a truly beautiful performance, Noire..."

Severa exhaled. "Cynthia. Meeting?"
"Oh, right!" The pegasus rider cleared her throat. "So, err, Noire, sit down and we'll get along with it-"

"FINE." Noire crossed her arms and obliged. "BUT I DEMAND CUSHIONS OF THE FINEST DOWN FOR WHENCE I NEXT SIT HERE OR THERE WILL BE VENGEANCE OF THE HIGHE-o-oh...uh...s-sorry..."

Within the snap of a finger, Noire reverted back to her shy personality, before blushing and hiding her face in her arms.

"I-I'm sorry..."

"Now that we have that settled, ladies and gentlemen," Cynthia sighed, clearing her throat. "We are here today, not to discuss the tournament I have planned- that will be for our next gathering to gather three new recruits!"

Owain and Morgan stood up, clapping, while Gerome continued brooding by himself on the corner.

They shall be passed through trial by fire, water and combat! They shall be proven worthy of the title 'Hero of Justice'! They shall be given new names and new outfits to coincide with their recruitment!

Swallowtail, please, brief our newcomers to the fold of Justice on their recruitment mission."

Owain stood up, brushing his white hair slightly and tapping a small blackboard behind them, which had several chalk drawings of various rooms in the palace.

"For two years, we have been attempting to mend one of the greatest injustices within our kingdom." Owain spoke, shuddering slightly before continuing.

"We have been attempting to place together the most starcross'd of lovers, the most purest of companions and the most destined of eternal partners."
"We've essentially been trying to get Lon'qu and Cordelia to *finally* admit they love each other for *two years."* Morgan said, sighing. "I mean, we've done some other things-"
"Our participation in the Great Rhubarb Pie Disaster was greatly appreciated by all and sundry!" Owain announced proudly.

Severa's glare suddenly hardened. "Wait, *my* mother is the target?!"

"Dear Severa, have you not seen it yet?" Cynthia stared at the mercenary as if she was a fool.

"Those two were making *googly eyes* at each other like there was no tomorrow, at the dinner table." Todd added, laughing. "And you should've seen them when they were playing Awakening..."

"I-I doubt that Lo-"

"Don't forget all those times they *instantly* paired together in battle." Morgan said, teasingly.

Severa spoke up. "B-but-"

"And d-don't you w-want your mother t-to be happy?" Noire piped up, looking up at her friend.

Severa was unable to speak, before crossing her arms and shaking her head.

"T-this is unbelievable...absolutely unbelievable..." The mercenary adjusted her dark brown hair, grumbling.

"Anyway, from our surveillance upon the lovers, we have discovered that the best way to *amend* this injustice is by locking them in a small room with aphrodisiacs!" Cynthia declared, giggling happily.

Henry, who had by then sitting quietly in the corner, chuckled insanely, petting Edgar quietly.

"Nyehehehehehe...my crows are everywhere, after all." The dark mage shrugged. "I'm personally not for this 'justice' thing, but it's *fun* summoning crows!"

Todd raised an eyebrow curiously. "So what do you want me, Severa and Noire to do?"

"Your mission is simple." Cynthia tapped the board with her spear. "Henry will invade the castle at the front and make as much noise as possible, creating a distraction to draw away Sully, Frederick, Stahl and everyone else."

"Nyehehehehe..." Henry smiled evilly. "We'll give them a special delivery, right, Edgar?"

"CAWCAWCAWCAW"

"From here, we'll divide into three groups." Cynthia then pointed to two dots on the map, labelled 'Lon'qu' and 'Cordelia'. "Myself, Swallowtail and Siren will go after Cordelia, and you newbies get to go after Lon'qu!"

"I will be staying behind as back-up." Gerome clarified, swishing his cape slightly. "In case you require additional force to acquire your objectives."

"You then need to lure them into a predetermined meeting point- the library." The pegasus rider pointed out. "We'll take it from there."
"Should you succeed, you will receive new names and will be welcomed into the Justice Cabal!" Morgan said happily.

"Any questions?"

Todd raised his hand. "I call being Captain Falcon! I even have a helmet!" He raised a red helmet with a golden falcon emblem and a black visor.

"...Captain Falcon? That's a silly name!" Owain scoffed. "Why don't you pick something else? Captain Flamingo, for example?"
"I don't think Flamingo Punch has quite the same ring to it."

Severa raised her hand, clearing her throat to interrupt Todd and Owain. "Uh, do we have to wear those stupid costumes if we join? Hell, why am I *here*?"

"I thought it might be a good idea for morale for you to join." Morgan said, rubbing her head and chuckling. "You're, like,

the harsh girl that everyone wants to win over! You'd be perfect for public relations?"
"Is *that* what I am?! A *face*?!"

"If you join us, I'll make sure that every clothing store in Ylisse gives you a discount for the rest of your life." Cynthia offered.

"Where can I sign up?"

Todd sighed. "Am I the only person with integrity in this group?"

"IT IS SETTLED THEN!" Noire roared. "WE SHALL COMPLETE THIS MISSION AND WE SHALL BE AS THE COMING OF THE STORM!"

"...so much for stealthy approaches..." Todd muttered quietly.

"Excellent!" Cynthia pumped her fist. "Let's do this!"
"Cabalists, ASSEMBLE!" Owain announced, before looking over at Cynthia hopefully. "Does this mean we get to do...the motto?"
"Oh..." Cynthia smiled. "We're doing the motto. Right, Morgan?"
"Definitely."

Half an hour later...

Todd, Noire and Severa camped just outside of the training yard where Lon'qu was training, waiting for the inevitable loud boom and cawing of crows that would signal the operation beginning.

Severa sighed, shaking her head. "I *still* cannot believe I'm turning into *Morgan*...I'm not as desperate as she is to get my parents together!"

"If you weren't so desperate for clothes, maybe you wouldn't *be* in this situation." Todd muttered drily.

"A girl has *needs*!" Severa snapped, shaking her head and sighing.

"Just who are you trying to impress anyway?"

"I *beg* your pardon?" The mercenary glared at him. "Do you think I'm trying to impress anyone? I don't *need* t-to impress anyone?"
"Please, you wouldn't have walked into that shack without someone to impress. Who was it, Owain? Gerome? Noire? Hell, *Kjelle*?"

Noire shivered next to him, interrupting his verbal riposte. "...i-it's cold..."

"Ugh, here." The tactician slung off his Plegian coat and passed it to her, wrapping it around her. "So you won't shiver and reveal us out here."
"T-thank you..."

"I-I told you, I don't need to impress a-anyone, s-stupid moron!" The mercenary grumbled, looking away. "I can't believe I'm being subjected to this idiocy..."

Suddenly, the sound of cawing filled the air, followed by the distant and distinct swearing the trio identified as Sully. Henry, it seemed, was pulling out all the stops.

Todd stood up. "Excellent. So, how are we going to get Lon'qu to go with us?"
"You'll have to walk in there yourself." Severa crossed her arms. "I'm pretty sure he's scared of girls."
"Not of his daughter. Nor of his wife." The tactician pointed out.

The mercenary glared at him irritably. "How would you know?"
"Take a good guess how you were born, Severa."

"...fine," Severa conceded, throwing her hands up in defeat. "Point taken. I'll go with you, b-but only to make sure y-you don't screw this up!"

The tactician turned to Noire. "I trust you can watch the outside?"
Noire nodded quickly. "O-Of course, T-Todd...g-good luck..."

With that, the other two pushed the door open into the courtyard to see Lon'qu, training his swordsmanship on a dummy. Judging by the fallen husks of other dummies nearby, this wasn't the first one he'd gone through.

Todd was the first one to approach him.

"H-hey..." He waved slowly, laughing nervously.

At first, the swordmaster didn't respond, slicing at the dummy still, before slowly turning to the tactician, sheathing his blade.

"What?"

"...um...we kinda, uh, need you for an emergency."

"..." Lon'qu studied him with narrowed eyes, attempting to discern his motives. "...what you mean by emergency?"

"Uh, Khan Basilio's dead and they need his right-hand man to attend his funeral."

Lon'qu scoffed. "That is highly unlikely. I would know since I had a drink with him. Last night."

Todd gulped, his eyes darting around nervously. Err...they, uh ,need you to clean up a mess! In the library!"
"Still unlikely." The swordsmaster dismissed them. "They have Stahl and Frederick to clean it.

Severa thought quickly, before raising her finger.

"Oh...er...Cordelia's broken her ankle!"

A moment passed.

"...where is she? And why have you not called for the infirmary yet?!" Lon'qu looked around, shaking his head and sheathing his sword.

"She's at the stables." Todd sighed in relief, nodding slowly over to Severa in gratitude. "We need to-"

"I HAVE HAD ENOUGH OF YOUR DILLY-DALLYING!" Noire suddenly busted down the door, roaring and glaring at Lon'qu.

"YOU WILL COME WITH US, MORTAL."

He blinked, before glaring at Todd.

"This was a trick."

"...Naga dammit he's on to us. Thanks, Noire." Todd muttered drily.

The swordmaster ran in the opposite direction from Noire, who gave chase.

"COME BACK HERE SO WE CAN SOLVE YOUR IDIOTIC ROMANCE PROBLEMS"
"Back, you insane woman!" Lon'qu yelled back. "I-I have no interest in-"
"Gotcha."
"Huh-" He could barely speak before Gerome swooped in, his wyvern-wing cape filling the sky above and dropped a sack on Lon'qu, enveloping him completely. The wyvern rider managed to restrain him successfully, tying the sack up with rope.

Severa stared at him, confused.

"W-where'd you come from?!"
"I was already waiting there."
"More to the point, how?"
"I'm Nightwing."

Todd rolled his eyes. "Riiiiipooooff!"

"Shut up, Todd."

Meanwhile...

Cordelia patted the side of her pegasus, stabling it away. She had just finished providing a training session for recruits to Ylisse's pegasus rider wing. It was hard, exhausting work, but it was worth it.

"Good work, girl," The falcon knight cooed to her pegasus as she rubbed her head while offering it sugar cubes. "Maybe you'll buck a bit less next time, eh?"

Suddenly, the flapping of wings could be heard behind her. Cordelia whipped around, instinctively grabbing her lance.

"Who goes there?"

What looked like Cynthia in red and blue armor, her head adorned with a strange blue and red helmet with a golden crescent headpiece descended from the sky on the back of a white pegasus, while Morgan and Owain in weird costumes she'd never seen before approached her.

Cynthia cleared her throat, before looking over at Owain and Morgan.

"Let's do it! The motto!"
"YEAH!" Owain pumped his fist. "I've been *waiting* for this!"

"Prepare for trouble!"

"And make it triple!

"To protect the world from all evildoers!"

To unite all great heroes under our nation!"

To denounce injustice and unite all lovers!"

To extend our mission to the stars above!" Cynthia gestured to Owain.

"Swallowtail!"

"Masque!"

"The Justice Cabal, blasting off at the speed of light!"

Owain continued. "Surrender now, or prepare for fright!"

Morgan waved at Cordelia, smiling. "The Siren, that's right!"

Cordelia covered her mouth, giggling. "Awww...hello, you three. What brings you here?"

"I, the Masque, have an ultimatum!" Cynthia declared to Cordelia, finally making contact with the ground and patting the butt of her lance on the ground. "You are doing the world an INJUSTICE that I must rectify!"

"An injustice?" Cordelia held back a giggle. "Oh dear. What *injustice* is this, Cynthia?"

"...Auuuunt Cordelia, you're not *supposed* to know I'm Cynthia!" The pegasus rider whined. "There's no point in putting this costume on now!"
"Oh, eheh. Sorry. I forgot, you have the Justice Cabal." Cordelia sighed, chuckling. "So, why are you going after me?"

"If we're honest, we're going to kidnap you so you can finally get with Lon'qu and so we can collect on our bets with Lissa and Sumia." Morgan said, shrugging. "Just business, dear."
"...w-what do you mean, *get* with Lon'qu?!" Cordelia stared at her with wide eyes and rouged cheeks. "I-I can assure you, t-there is no such relationship between-"
"Then explain Severa's hair."

Cordelia stopped.

Morgan smirked. She knew she had her.

"Exactly. And we've been keeping an eye on you ever since the war. Youtwo *always* pair up, even when Father never tells you to."

"This injustice must be rectified!" Owain announced, pumping his fist. "As a Hero of Justice, we will make sure you two realise you were meant for each other!"

Cordelia hastily began to get on her pegasus. "...I...I havetodosome-"

"Not so fast!" With sudden speed, Morgan tackled Cordelia to the floor, pinning her down. "I'm used to my mother saying that, so you're not getting away with it either!"

"G-gah! Morgan!"

"I got her! Get the sack, Owain!"

The boy tossed her a burlap sack, which Morgan managed to shove Cordelia into, tying the sack over her head. Despite the pegasus knight's muffled protests and wriggling, Morgan managed to heft her over her shoulder.

"Mission complete!" Cynthia cheered. "Now, we just have to meet the others at the library."
"Cabalists, good work!" Owain pumped his fists. "The Hero-King himself would be proud of how we worked together to achieve our victory!"

"Not so sure Marth would approve, Owain. Sorry." Morgan chuckled, sighing.

Morgan, Cynthia and Owain walked to the library, with Henry waiting there, a padlock in his hands, laughing evilly and cooing to his pet Edgar.

"That was a catastrophe at the front gates, wouldn't you agree?" Henry muttered cheerily. "Or would you say...*crow*tastrophe? Nyahahaahhahahahha!"

"CAW CAW CAW"

"Barb dammit, Henry, that was a terrible pun." Todd called over, lifting a struggling Lon'qu in a sack behind him.

'*Mental note to self; never get Barbara and Henry in the same room together. The world may die from the horror of their combined puns.*'

"Good work, Captain Flamingo!" Cynthia clapped, cheering Todd on.

"*Falcon*, Cynthia." Todd corrected her. "Now, did you guys get Cordelia?"

"Managed it." Morgan thumbed her chest proudly. "Man, Cordelia acts like my mother sometimes."

"Excellent." Cynthia rubbed her hands together gleefully. "Now, to begin the second part of our plan?"

"And that is?" Severa said with crossed arms, raising an eyebrow.

"We are going to get your parents to admit they love each other, Severa!"

"I think they already did." Morgan held up a diary belonging to Cordelia, opening the page up. "Here, it says they planned to meet, tonight, secretly, at a nice spot outside Ylisstol. It even says they've been doing it for *months*!

Naga, they even had *Cherche* help out! She made them a picnic hamper!"

"Lon'qu and Cordelia on a picnic..." Todd snickered. "Why does that sound so hilarious..."

"T-that's adorable..." Noire giggled, clapping. "...s-should we let them go?"
"We still have a bet to win, Cynthia!" Morgan implored her leader.

"And it would be an injustice-"

"It'd be an injustice to let you all continue with your antics."

Suddenly, all of the Justice Cabal were captured in a net they had not noticed until now, lifting them off the floor and causing them to drop the sacks that contained their unfortunate captives.

"Agh!" Cynthia yelped, looking down at their captor.

"W-what madness is this?!" Owain yelled, struggling in the net.

"H-how?!" Todd stared at his surroundings, before realising *who* had captured them.

Kellam crossed his arms, a pulled torch lever next to him. He had a small, satisfied smirk on his face.

"Didn't *see* me coming, huh?"
The Justice Cabal collectively groaned.

It was a terrible pun.

To be continued...

A/N: BET YOU DIDN'T EXPECT KELLAM, HUH?! HUH?!
Stay tuned for the next episode of...

The Justice Cabal: Ylisse's Mightiest Heroes!

So, I hope you enjoyed that, leave your ideas, comments, thoughts, suggestions, criticisms and reviews and I hope you have a GREAT day! Until next time!

Chapter 18: The Justice Cabal, Part 2!

The Justice Cabal, Part 2!

A/N: Welcome, one and all, to Lucina Reacts! Well! Looks like the Justice Cabal are in a bit of a pickle, eh? Eh? JUST BECAUSE NOBODY EXPECTED KELLAM. WAHAHAHAHAHA.

Meh, you people probably expected Kellam. *shrug* Let's get these shenanigans started before something else blows up and stuff! YEAAAAAAAAAAAH

DISCLAIMER: Fire Emblem belongs to Nintendo, otherwise Sully would get a butler costume and Libra would get a maid costume.

All mentioned franchises and characters belong to their respective owners.

"Y-you'll never get away with this, you villain!" Cynthia yelled, shaking the net she and the rest of the Cabal were captured in, glaring at Kellam, who was quietly writing something down in a tome in his hands.

"This is obstruction of justice!" Owain added defiantly. "We were trying to fix something that was unjust!"

Morgan pouted. "I was trying to win a bet..."

"At this point, I suppose you expect me to give you guys a dastardly laugh and say 'ohohoho, but I already have'." The knight remarked, shrugging. "Nah, I don't do that.

You have Robin to thank, anyway. He figured you'd try to get Lon'qu and Cordelia together WAY before they were ready to."

"D-dad?!" Morgan's eyes widened. "HE'S behind this?"

"Who do you think told him about your plan?" Kellam responded. "I was there for the whole plan. You people didn't notice me."
"Naga dammit, he's right." Todd sighed, shaking his head. "We *really* should've seen Kellam coming..."
"Been listening to all of your plans for the last two months." The knight reminded them, smirking. "I finally found a use for people never noticing me."
"Kellam, y-you devious villain!" Cynthia gasped. "H-how could you use your powers for *evil*?!"

"I'm pretty sure *kidnapping* Cordelia and Lon'qu doesn't qualify as justice." Kellam pointed out helpfully. "Nor does drugging them with aphrodisiacs. Seriously, where do you people get this stuff?"
Todd shrugged. "Blame Sumia."
Kellam nodded, accepting Todd's point. "You actually might have a point there."

"Grandma always has the most awesome plans..." Morgan sighed happily.

"So, Kellam, how much does Robin pay you to do this?" Severa inquired innocently. "Can't be mu-"
"I get paid more than Maribelle spends on tea a month, in case you thought bribing me might work." The knight shut down her attempt, giving her a bemused look. "And if you've seen the crates of Roseannean, Valmese and Chon'sinese tea sent to Themis, you know how much that is."

"Dammit!" Severa cried in exasperation. "This man is unbreakable!"

Cynthia gave him the most intense glare she could- of course, given that this was, in fact, *Cynthia*, it wasn't very intense at all.

"You'll never get away with this! Justice shall prevail! We still have friends outside!"

"Yeah!" Owain chimed in. "The Raven King will save us!"
"The Ra-oh, Henry?" Kellam raised an eyebrow, just as Sully strolled in, dragging a captive Henry in a net behind her. Henry chuckled at the net.

"Ohohoh! Sully, are we practicing for banditry? This certainly seems tight. I like being in nets!"

"Caught the squirt trying to sneak away from the gate after he threw a load of dead rat corpses at us." Sully sighed irritably, hooking him next to the rest of the Justice Cabal. "Here you go.

Tell Robin he owes me a spar."
"Will do, Sully." Kellam nodded to her as she strolled out.

Henry poked his hand out through the netting. "Oh, hello! Did you guys get captured too? Isn't it so much *fun*?"

"Oh, good *Haruhi,* we are screwed." Todd sighed, shaking his head. "Unless Gerome's still in play..."

Cynthia's eyes lit up at the mention of Gerome.

"He'll save us! I bet!"

"If he knows where we are." Morgan pointed out. "And Father probably thought of that, too..."

Noire, meanwhile, was trying to tear the netting with her bare hands.

"THIS IS AN INJUSTICE TO ME! I SHALL SLAY YOU IN THE HONOR OF THE BLOOD GOD!"

"Good luck breaking those nets." Kellam reminded her cheerily. "They're made from pegasus hair."

Morgan frowned. "He's right, these things are almost unbreakable."

"BLOOD AND THUNDER!" Noire roared. "I WILL BE FREE OF THESE STRANGELY COMFORTABLE BINDINGS"

Meanwhile...

Gerome perched himself atop one of the spires of the Exalt's Palace, his large wyvern-cape billowing in the wind.

From behind his mask, he looked for any sign that the Justice Cabal had succeeded in their mission- Cynthia's cheers, Henry's evil laughter, the swishing capes of the various members- anything.

It'd been an hour since he'd delivered Lon'qu to Todd, and no sign of any of his friend.

"Where are they?" Gerome muttered, putting a hand to his ear to listen for anyone coming out of the castle.

Nobody. No Cynthia, no Owain, no Morgan.

"...what is taking them so long-"

Suddenly, he heard a conversation start up underneath him. Slowly, Gerome climbed to the edge of the roof he was perched on, climbing down to the side of the window, using a small ledge jutting out of the wall as a stand. He looked in as little as he could, making his profile as small as it could be.

"Hey, Stahl!" Vaike walked up to the cavalier, using his axe as a support. "'Sup?"

"Oh, hey. Vaike. What do you need?"
"Wanna come with Teach to have a drink? Teach's treat!" Vaike laughed. "I just got paid by Sully to help catch the Justice Cabal!"

Gerome twitched.

"Ah." Stahl chuckled. "That explains the cheerful attitude."
"Yep! So, you wanna come?"
"Eh, sorry." The cavalier shook his head. "I'm pretty busy today, actually. Gotta help Cherche with cleaning Minerva's scales. Promised her I would."

"Ah. No problem! You go clean your girlfriend's pet, no problem!" The fighter laughed. Stahl blushed slightly.

"Hey, hey, she's not my girlfriend." He chuckled. "Any more than Sully is, at any rate. I'll see you later."

Stahl walked off, waving at Vaike as he did, and leaving the fighter alone. He sighed, hefting his axe and turning to the wall.

"Ah...just you and me then, buddy." He patted his axe's pommel. "Kinda sucks. I was really looking forward to-"
He barely had time to finish the sentence before a sack fell over his head and he felt a sharp blow at the back of the head, his world going black-

Unknown room in the palace...

A bright light was the first thing to greet Vaike as the sack was taken off of his head.

"Uhnh..." He looked around, shaking his head. "Teach is NOT feeling good...where am I-"

A bucket of ice was dumped on Vaike's head, forcing it down onto the table in front of him. The fighter looked up, shivering, to see a masked figure, his profile obscured by the light and his own disorientation, a cape resembling wyvern wings flowing behind him, staring down at him.

"Ugh...never start with the ice...man..." Vaike blinked. "It makes you go all numb-"

A slap across his face from the figure. The fighter felt no pain, only a dull thud on the side of his face.

"See? I didn't feel-"
"You want the Justice Cabal? You have them." The figure spoke with a low, rumbling voice.

"Huh? What's this for?"
"Where are the Justice Cabal?"

The fighter blinked, before chuckling. "Well...you let your five friends get caught. I doubt you can-"
Another slap. Vaike felt that one this time.

This time, the figure lifted Vaike up, glaring at him, and Vaike could finally focus enough to see his wyvern mask.

"Where's Cynthia?"
Vaike gulped.
"Um..."
The figure slapped him again.

"WHERE ARE THEY?!" He yelled.
"U-um! T-Teach doesn't know!"

He was slapped again.

"WHERE ARE THEY?!" The figure repeated just as loudly.

"I-I swear! I-I swear I don't know!"
Another slap across the face. The figure forced him to the floor.

"A-and even if I d-did, I've never tell you-"
He was picked up again, and the figure raised his hand to slap him. This time, Vaike's eyes widened in fear.

"Okay! O-okay! Teach'll tell you! J-just promise me y-you'll stop slapping me!" The fighter pleaded as the man's gauntlet was barely inches away from his face.

When he wasn't slapped, Vaike took that as a chance to continue.

"K-Kellam's keeping them in some room under Libra's! I-It's a hidden passage, j-just next t-to the library! I-I swear, I don't know how to get there! P-please!"

The figure breathed deeply, glaring at Vaike once more before letting him go down, tossing him a cloth bag of ice.

"Here. It'll stop the swelling. Stay put." The figure ordered, before leaving Vaike alone in the room. He could hear the sound of a door shut, and Vaike could've sworn he knew who the person was.

"Eh...whoever he was...his slaps hurt..."

Cynthia sighed, pouting and sighing.

"It's hopeless! This villain has us beaten."

"I'd break us out of here, if only I had any of my weapons or tomes..." Morgan muttered. "Damn it, he knew to take those off of us."

Todd rooted in the folds of his robes for something. "I knew I had it *somewhere...*"

"Huh?" Severa looked at him strangely. "What are you talking about?"
"I had a pouch full of stuff I brought along in case we ran into a bad RPG cliché or something. Yes, I read the list." The tactician muttered to her. "Like this, for example."

"BLOOD FOR THE BLOOD GOD!" Noire yelled, still attempting to chew through the netting.

"Dammit!" Todd cursed. "...he must've found that, too, when he fleeced us."

Indeed, on the table next to Kellam was a pouch labelled 'Anti-Cliché Pouch, Property of Todd'.

Kellam sighed, shaking his head without turning towards his captives.. "Yeah, Todd, I read the other list."

"Damn it! When did *Kellam* get so competent?!"
"What else am I going to do? Not like anyone really notices me anywho, so I might as well get good, as they say." Kellam noted slightly drily.

"Looks like I need to get good too..." Todd muttered.

Cynthia pouted. "This is really bad..."

Suddenly, the torches in the room were whipped out as a light began shining into the room. Kellam looked up.

"Huh?"

A figure peered down at him from the light, his wyvern-wing cape billowing in wind that shouldn't have been blowing.

Kellam squinted further than he already was. "Gerome? What? D'you mean I didn't catch-"
"I am not Gerome." The figure spoke from above, brandishing a small blade, shaped like a wyvern's wings, that glinted in the light. "I'm the dark knight. I am not the hero Ylisse deserves.

I am vengeance. I am the night.

I. Am. NIGHTWING."

Todd rolled his eyes. "Still a rip-off."

Kellam sighed, standing up and taking his spear from the wall. "You have got to be kidding me!"

With a deft movement, Gerome swept down the passageway, leaping up and hurling the blade at the netting, cutting it open and releasing the Justice Cabal.

They landed on the floor with a collective 'oomph' . Cynthia was the first to recover, pointing her finger at their lost weapons.

"Take the weapons! For freedom!"

Henry frowned, sighing. "I was enjoying that netting! It was nice and soft!"

Kellam moved to step in front of them, but he was suddenly downed by a leaping kick from Gerome.
"Gah!"

"He's down." Gerome barked to Cynthia and the rest of the Cabal. "Go!"

"Ah, Missiletann!" Owain hugged his sword tightly. "I've missed you, comrade! Let us go together to fight more battles for justice!"

"Has everyone got their weapons yet?" Todd looked towards his friends as he reclaimed his tomes, sword and pouch.

"Let's get out of here." Severa grumbled, having picked herself up and dusted herself off. "Before this gets any worse."

"FINALLY! I AM FREE OF THAT ACCURSE-" Noire's rant was interrupted by a long coughing fit as Todd caught her, patting her back.

"Hey, hey, Noire, take it easy."
"I-I'm sorry..." The archer spoke softly, nodding at him with a small smile. "T-thank you..."

"To freedom!" Morgan began running up the passage, as Cynthia and Owain nodded to each other.

"Right!"

"Justice Cabal, away!"

The Cabal ran up, just as Kellam finally pulled himself and his heavy armor off of the floor.

"Ugh...since where did Gerome learn how to fight like that?" The knight shook his head, picking up his lance and giving- albeit very slow- chase.

Cynthia led her Cabal around, looking for a good place to escape.

"How do we get out?" Owain looked to her for guidance.

"I could take one of you with me on my wyvern. The rest of you will need to fly another way." Gerome clarified.

"I'll take the wyvern with you." Morgan offered. "Severa's not leaving without Noire."

"Of course I won't!"

"Neither's Todd, knowing him, but-"
Todd glared at her. "What are you implying?"

Behind the Cabal, they could hear Sully's irate cursing, as well as what sounded like Frederick-

"Wait, Frederick?!" Cynthia stared behind her, and she could see the knight chasing after them, a party hat hanging lopsided off of his head. Lissa was following him, pouting.

"Hey! Waaaaait! I wasn't done partying!"
"Nonsense, lady Lissa! This is my duty!" Frederick declared. "Come back here!"

"Half the palace wants us dead, dammit!" Todd said, shaking his head. "Cynthia, any brilliant ideas?!"
"Henry!" The pegasus rider cried. "Do you have something?!"

"I do indeed!" The dark mage laughed maniacally, before stopping in his tracks and turning towards Sully and Frederick as they chased after them.

Gathering up all his magical strength, Henry began laughing insanely as a storm of crows filled the corridor, cawing demonically and harrying the pair of knights.

"Agh!" Sully flailed about. "G-get these things off of me!"

"What in the name of Naga?!" Frederick yelled in disbelief as the crows pecked at him. Lissa's horrified scream could be heard over Henry's own insane laughter.

"Lady Lissa!" The knight threw himself over her to protect her from the crows, letting them claw at his armor.

Sully managed to beat several crows off of herself long enough to see Henry sticking his tongue out mischievously, before escaping with the rest of the Cabal.

"HENRY!" The cavalier roared. "I WILL GET YOU, YOU LITTLE RUNT!"

"NYAHAHAHAHAHAHAH!"

The rest of the cabal, meanwhile, rounded a corner to see a large door leading to the stables where the griffons, pegasi and wyverns were kept. Cynthia's eyes lit up.

"Let's get out of here! Quickly!"

"Cabalists! Onward!" Owain yelled as he allowed the rest of the Cabal to brush past him and mount various mounts.

Todd began humming a tune as he climbed on a griffon to fly by himself with a smile on his face.

"Huh?" Cynthia stared at him. "What are you doing?"
"Humming 'Ride of the Valkyries'. It's the only thing to hum in this situation!"

Severa grabbed the reins of a pegasus and readied for flight, allowing Noire to hug herself to her waist for dear life.

"S-Severa...I-I've never flown before..."
"Don't worry," Severa smiled at her- a rare occurrence, given that it was Severa. "It won't be bad. I promised."
"Getting all dere-dere, are we?" Todd teased her.

"If I knew what that meant, I'm sure I'd be beating the stuffing out of you, you daft lunatic."

Cynthia raised her spear to signal the beginning of their flight as Owain clung to her. "TO FREEDOM!"
Morgan tilted her head at Henry as he stood on the ground without moving. "Wait, Henry, aren't you going?"

"Of course I am!" Henry smiled ominously. "I have my own way out!"

With more insane laughter, the dark mage was immediately surrounded by a murder of crows, obscuring him from sight entirely. When they dispersed, Henry was nowhere to be seen.

Morgan twitched.

"Wha..."

Sully's yells could be heard increasing in intensity. "Your runts are gonna get it! Come here!"

"Ah crap!" Todd yelled. "Let's go, let's go!"

With that, the Justice Cabal took to the skies on their mounts as Sully and Frederick finally managed to walk out, with Lissa clinging to Frederick for safety.

"Damn it!" Sully threw her weapon at the floor. "They got away!"

"...Lord Chrom...I failed you..." Frederick sighed, shaking his head in defeat.

Later, at the Justice Cabal Headquarters...

Todd, Severa and Noire stood in front of Cynthia, as she carried three medallions in her hands.

"Despite our failure to achieve our mission, you still managed to do incredibly well in the pursuit of being a Hero of Justice." Cynthia announced, saluting them. Owain and Morgan followed suit- Henry was nowhere in sight, having not been seen since he disappeared into a murder of crows.

"For that, we gladly bestow upon you a membership in the Justice Cabal!"

Severa muttered to herself, shaking her head. "I still can't believe I have to join this idiotic group..."

Sighing, she took the medal she was offered, reluctantly putting it over her head. "There, you happy?"
"Mhm!" Cynthia grinned as Todd and Noire donned their medallions.

"You will now have hero names, in order to protect your real identities as Heroes of Justice." The announced. "Severa, you shall henceforth be known as Mood Swinger!"

"M-Mood Swinger?!" Severa glared at her, clenching her fist. "Why I'm going to-"

Todd held her back, shaking his head. "Don't."

"G-get off of me! Moron!"

"Todd, you shall be known as Captain Flamingo."

"FALCON, DAMMIT!" Todd complained.

"And Noire, you shall be known as Black Arrow."

"O-oh..." The archer smiled demurely. "T-thank you..."

"Today...we welcome three new Cabalists!" Cynthia declared proudly.

Owain and Morgan clapped.

"Woo!"

"More people to join us in the pursuit of justice!" Owain cheered.

Suddenly, however, the door to the headquarters opened, allowing a gust of wind to push in.

Reflet leaned on the doorframe, crossing her arms with a smirk. Cynthia and the rest of the Cabal stared at her.

"So, I hear you guys pulled some seriously awesome pranks in the palace." She said confidently and proudly, smiling. "I expect nothing less of you guys. Especially Todd."

"Hehe...thanks, mom..." Todd chuckled, rubbing the back of his head.

"So, I'd like to make you guys an offer." The grandmaster strolled over to their leader, offering her a small paper card.

Cynthia stared at it briefly.

"Just read it. I am proposing an alliance. Call me when you've considered my proposal." With a sly wink, Reflet strolled out, leaving the Cabalists to stare at her.

Cynthia slowly read the card she had been given.

"An...alliance?"

The card was unlike anything she had ever seen before. It had only several words on it, under a small logo of a clown mask, with a pretentious motto underneath.

The Antic Order

"To extend our shipping to the multiverse beyond!"

President: Kishua Zelretch Schweinorg

Vice Presidents: Haruhi Suzumiya, Kiritsugu Emiya

Associates: Tomoya Okazaki, Lie Ren, Reflet of Ylisse, Princess Midna

Partners: Yang Xiao Long, Rosa of Unova, Anna of Ylisse, Cinder Fall, Gretchen Faust

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"The...Antic Order?" Cynthia tilted her head, confused. "What the...

...and what do they mean by...Multiverse?"

Todd merely smirked, knowing *exactly* what this was.

"Ohohoho...Elf, you devious, *devious* devil."

END

A/N: Ominous, eh? EH?! The ANTIC ORDER HAS COME. HIDE YOUR NOT-LOVE INTERESTS. EVERYTHING WILL BE SHIPPED.

Also, next chapter, Lucina Reacts to Five Nights at Freddy's.

So, I hope you enjoyed that, leave your ideas, suggestions, reviews, criticisms, comments and thoughts, and I hope you have a GREAT day! Until next time!

Chapter 19: The Valentine's Day Special, Part 1!

The Obvious Lucina Reacts Valentines Special!

A/N: Welcome, one and all, to Lucina Reacts! It was Singles Aware-I mean, Valentine's Day, and you know what *that* means!

Shameless Robin/Lucina shipping! More Reflet! More...err, Tharja stalking! More Lucina-sempai moments! Wahahahahahahaha!

Welp, let's stop with the jabbering and make with the insanity and shipping! The FNAF chapter will come after this, given that this had to be done as it was indeed Valentine's Day!

DISCLAIMER: Fire Emblem belongs to Nintendo, otherwise there would be a maid costume for *everyone*. Yes, even the guys.

All mentioned characters and franchises belong to their respective owners.

As Frederick glanced upon the naked form of his beloved liege- everything improper only hidden by a thin, white sheet- , he felt his heart go aflutter, as he took in his lord's visage.

"*L-Lord Chrom..." the knight spoke finally, after clearing his throat. "...a-are you sure you truly...desire this?"*

"*Frederick...you have been at my side for most of my life." Chrom responded meekly, but firmly. "If I did not want this, I would not ask it of you."*

"*My Lord..." The knight's cheeks rouged. "I...-*

Sumia frowned as she examined the page, moving her ink bottle aside and off of the parchment. She was deep in thought.

"Hm..." The falcon knight rubbed her chin, dipping her quill in ink. "...how should I continue this scene? Hm...maybe I'll have Frederick give him a kiss!"

She squeed happily at the thought. "Oh, oh, or maybe...maybe I'll have *Chrom* initiate it..." Sumia giggled, sighing happily.

"Hm...maybe I should borrow the laptop for a moment..." She mused. "I can even upload my stories onto this 'Fanfiction' thing Reflet loves talking about-"

Just then, Reflet poked her head into her room, looking around shiftily.

"Have you seen Chrom anywhere?"

Sumia shook her head. "He went off this morning with Stahl. He said he had to take care of something..."

Reflet chuckled knowingly. "Heh, so he did. Hey, listen, Sumia."

"Hm?"
"You ever heard of a holiday called *Valentine's Day*?"

"Uh...no, not at all." Sumia frowned. "Why?"
"I think it'd be your favourite holiday. You see, it's an entire day devoted to people being with the ones they love and giving each other gifts." Reflet explained, smiling. "Especially chocolates and flowers."
"...the ones they love, you say?" Sumia tapped her chin, a small smirk growing on her face. "...and where do they celebrate this?"
"On some weird Outrealm where I met some cute blonde girl after my own heart- bless her, she was just a big a shipper as you." The grandmaster recounted fondly before continuing. "I brought it back to my Ylisse and I thought that this Ylisse might be a good place to spread the love~"
"...that sounds like the *best* holiday ever!" The falcon knight jumped cheerily. "Can we celebrate it here?"

"I suppose so. Actually, that's what I was going to talk to you about." Reflet raised a finger before taking out a scroll from her robes and unrolling it.

"On this *hallowed* holiday of love, my mission, dear Sumia, is to finally unite Robin and Lucina in holy matrimony!" The

grandmaster announced dramatically with a sweeping gesture.

Sumia nodded. "A noble aim, dear Reflet, but...how are we to achieve that?"

Reflet waved her finger. "Now, Sumia, be patient. That was the part of the plan I was getting to..."

As Reflet explained her master plan, they were unaware of an eavesdropper.

For once, it wasn't Kellam.

Anna nodded slowly, placing her index finger to her chin as she listened in.

"Valentine's Day..." The merchant nodded slowly. "...a day of giving gifts to the ones you love...

...which means people will be buying more chocolate and flowers...which means..."

Her mouth curled into a grin.

"Cha-ching." She pumped her fist, having hit on her next scheme to attain yet higher profits.

"All I need to do is talk to a bunch of people, here and there..." Anna mused as she walked off. "And then I'll just have to be ready for the customers when they come!

Hm...now, now, who best to talk to first? Maybe I should convince my sisters to help advertise this Valentine's Day thing..." The merchant suggested to herself briefly. "Or...hm...I could even possibly bribe Gaius into doing advertising. It won't even cost me too much!

Peeeeerfeeect..."

Anna giggled insanely as visions of all the profits she would make flashed in front of her eyes.

If she pulled this off, she could easily come home to the annual Anna Reunion to tell everyone how she had come up with the most profitable holiday ever.

That way, not even the Anna who went over to that Vale place to sell mecha parts could claim to be the best-selling Anna sister.

Meanwhile...at the Justice Cabal headquarters...

Cynthia cleared her throat. There were less people than expected- Owain and Morgan had shown up, but no sign of Severa or Gerome. Todd and Noire, she specifically did not invite, and Henry was busy elsewhere.

The meeting was about them, after all.

Morgan raised her hand. "Why isn't Noire here? I thought this was a Todd meeting."
"You'll find out soon enough, dear Morgan." Cynthia reminded her patiently. "Patience is a virtue~"
"I've been waiting for half an hour, Cynthia..." Morgan pouted. "Pweaaase...can we staaart?"

"She has a point, Cynthia!" Owain declared. "My sword hand cannot rest any longer!"

The pegasus rider pouted at him, before sighing. "Fiiiiiine, we'll start."

Standing up, she produced a scroll of parchment, reading out.

"Here in our meeting today as the Justice Cabal, we convene upon the most important matter of all..." Cynthia drew breath, pausing for effect.

"Fraternisation within the Cabal!"
Morgan's eyes glittered. "Someone wants to date Todd?"
"Fraternisation?!" Owain stared at her. "What do you mean by that?!"
"Our latest member Todd..." Cynthia started, a little smile growing on her face. "...cannot help but hide his burgeoning love for the lovely maiden Noire.

After several days of surveillance, we found *overwhelming* evidence that Todd is indeed, deeply in love with her!"
"Todd loves Noire?" Morgan tilted her head. "Huh. I thought he'd go for Severa, personally."

Owain twitched at Morgan imperceptibly.

"It is as you say, fellow Sister!" Cynthia placed a hand on her heart.

"And it is with *great* pleasure that I announce the Cabal mission of today- to set up a sufficiently romantic situation for the pair!"

Morgan gasped happily. "C-can I get the aphrodisiacs?"
"We will need a heavy-duty aphrodisiac from our supplier, dear Cabal-sister." Cynthia warned her. "Noire's...*condition* doesn't exactly promote a romantic atmosphere, and I fear Todd is resistant to aphrodisiacs after a lifetime of handling them." Cynthia bit her lip.

"Point taken." Morgan nodded. "I'll let her know."

Cynthia rubbed her hands together gleefully.

"*Excellent."*

Owain pumped his fist.

"It's settled! We shall, as mother so puts it, 'get them a room'!"

"Yaaaaay!" The tactician cheered. "Shipping!"

"Owain, you grab whatever you can- nice things, food, and candles- everything we need to give Noire and Todd the most *romantic* atmosphere ever!" Cynthia commanded. "And I'll make the room ready!"

"Yes, ma'am!" Owain saluted and ran out immediately. Morgan stood up, slightly more sober.

"And are we SURE Kellam didn't hear a word of that?"

"Relax." Cynthia waved her off dismissively. "I managed to get him occupied doing something else!"
"Which was?" Morgan raised an eyebrow.

Meanwhile, in another part of Ylisstol...

"Is this *entirely* necessary?" Kellam sighed, exasperated, as Maribelle scrabbled around the bags she'd brought to Ylisstol for a party with Lissa and other young debutantes.

"Of course it is!" The lady snapped irritably. "D-do you not understand that *I* will look a fool if I do not show up with *absolutely* the finest Rosannean tea?!

Kellam raised an eyebrow. "I was under the impression you didn't need to do that to look like a fool."
Maribelle gave him an irritated glare before swapping back to her bags- her empty bags that were *supposed* to be full of tea.

"W-what kind of *brigand* would steal such valuable tea? That was one-of-a-kind! The best harvest in all of the Valmese continent!" Maribelle cried.

"You ever stop to think that riding along from Themis to Ylisstol with bags labelled 'Finest Rosannean Tea' would *get you robbed*?" The knight pointed out.

"Y-you know *nothing* of respect! A-away with you! I-I have no need of your services! Perhaps *Stahl* will be more understanding." The lady huffed.

Kellam walked away, sighing.

"Alright." He shrugged. "Although I'm pretty sure Stahl got dragged off with Sully on one of her weird training hikes or something..."
The smile on the knight's face only grew as Maribelle screamed in frustration from the revelation.

Meanwhile, hiding behind a rock nearby, Henry petted Edgar, who had an opened teabag, spilling brown powder over the mage's robes.

"Nyahahahaha!" Henry rubbed his hands gleefully. "Well done, my pets...nyahahahahaha..."
"SCREEECH" Edgar let out a demonic cry, entirely unfitting of a raven, before nuzzling its master's head. In the distance,

demonic ravens flew off, trailing tea powder behind them as they carried Maribelle's beloved beverages away.

Meanwhile...

"You're still a bit shifty on your footwork, Lucina." Robin warned, wielding a training sword carefully to block any attempt to slice down upon him from his opponent.

Lucina moved her feet slightly, sighing.

"I'm surprised you bested me so easily." The princess noted. "It seems after two years, you're still my superior in combat."
"If I lost to you, I'd never be able to live it down." Robin chuckled. "Besides, I'm not better than you. I'm just taking advantage of the mistakes you make. And you're making less and less of them by the minute."
Lucina smiled slightly. "Thank you."

Robin returned the smile, rubbing the back of his head. "It's what I do. I *am* the royal tactician now."

For a moment, it was silent as the pair stared at each other smiling.

Lucina was the first to break the tension, looking away with rouged cheeks. "U-uhm..."
"T-that was awkward..." Robin said with a chuckle, also blushing. "A-anyway..."

"S-should we go eat?" The princess offered quickly. "I-I mean, together. B-but not in the same way as Mother and Father! I mean, we w-wouldn't want anyone to get the wrong impression..."

"Of course!" Robin nodded hastily. "Naga forbid, *Morgan* get the wrong impression..."

"Yes." Lucina nodded in assent, moving to put her sword away. "Naga forbid..."

Meanwhile, Reflet and Sumia were hiding behind the door to the courtyard, plotting.

"Are you going in, or shall I?" The grandmaster inquired.

"Lucina will think something's up if it's you." Sumia responded, nodding. "I should go in."

"Just try not to spoil our plan, alright?" Reflet cautioned her partner. "If they suspect a thing, they'll run *like the wind*."

"I know, I know." Sumia sighed, breathing in before pushing the door open and walking in on Lucina and Robin.

"Heeeeee~eeeeeeey." Sumia waved at them.

The princess smiled. "Good morning, Mother. What brings you here?"
"Well, you know, things..." She coyly put her hands together, smiling happily. "So, I understand that Morgan has been, erm, trying to ship you together?"
"As always." Robin sighed, shaking his head at his daughter's shenanigans. "N-not that I approve. I don't."
"Neither do I!" Lucina chimed in almost instinctively.

"Well, I know just the place to escape to." Sumia waved a finger. Robin stared at her suspiciously.

"How do we know you're not in on Morgan's scheme?" The grandmaster examined her suspiciously.

"I beg your pardon?" Sumia looked mock-offended. "I-I'm hurt that you'd think t-that I'm always working with Morgan!"
"With all due respect, Mother, *you are*." Lucina reminded her, shrugging. "Robin wouldn't be wrong to assume so."

Sumia sighed, pouting. "You have a point...but that is not why I came.

Reflet wants to talk to you in the library. She thinks she has a way of dealing with Morgan's shenanigans~"

Robin tilted his head. "Reflet? Hm. Well...I suppose I can trust her. She's given me no reason to suspect she's behind any antics at all.

Even if she has a weird tendency to laugh maniacally and talk about this weird 'Haruhi' person we've never met..."

"Excellent! I'll tell her right away." Sumia nodded. "See you two later!"

With that, she walked out, closing the door behind her.

Lucina gave Robin a strange look.

"Hm?
"Reflet?" Lucina shook her head briefly. "I'm not entirely sure about her."

"Don't tell me this is about the time she kissed me. That was once, and I'm not sure why you're so angr-"
"I-I'm not angry about it!" The princess snapped. "I-It's just...I-I think there's something off about this whole thing."
"I doubt Reflet is up to something." Robin sighed. "Even if she *is* Todd's mother and hangs around Sumia, she isn't exactly like your mother."
"Point taken."

Meanwhile...

Reflet looked up to Sumia as she came out of the room.

"Did they buy it?"
"Hook, line and sinker." The falcon knight gave her a thumbs up. "So, do you have the tea?"

"Finest Rosannean tea." Reflet chuckled. "Can you believe it? I found some packets just outside. They smell nice, too. Wonder what it's doing in Ylisse?"
Sumia shrugged.

"Probably divine providence.

The grandmaster nodded. "Made my plan a lot easier than it would've been.

Aaaanyway, to the library!"

In Ylisstol Market...

Anna wiped some sweat off of her brow, spitting out one of the nails she'd had spare.

In front of her was a fairly well-constructed stall- "Anna's Valentine's Gift Emporium"- complete with giant pink heart and cursive script painted on. A price list- filled with exorbitantly priced items, fittingly- was tacked on, along with a selection of somewhat less-legally acquired goods which Anna planned to sell- chocolates, flowers and the likes.

The merchant rubbed hands together gleefully, giggling.

"All the profit I could make off of this holiday..." Anna muttered. "All of it..."

"Err." Gaius raised a finger. "Don't you mean *we*-"
"Yeah yeah yeah." Anna waved him off, before shoving several posters into his hands. "Just go advertise this Valentine's Day thing already."

"But-"
"I have a pack of the *finest* Rosannean chocolates for you. *The. Finest.*"

Gaius nodded hurriedly. "Y-yes, ma'am!" He began to scurry off, but the merchant stopped him briefly.

"Also, your shirt. Off."

"Huh?" Gaius raised an eyebrow. "Why?"
"The ladies- and some of the guys- *love* your physique! And it'll get us more advertising!" Anna stated, squealing with delight.

"...I have *integrity,* Anna." Gaius retorted, crossing his arms. "I'm not going to take my clothes off just so you can advertise-"
"The finest. Rosannean. Chocolates." Anna teased him, a knowing smirk on her face.

The thief's resolve was strong at first, but the merchant could see his eyelid twitching, his mouth beginning to drool slightly at the prospect of such delectable sweets-

"Damn you." Gaius sighed and began to remove his shirt and cloak, revealing his muscular, toned and lean chest,

lacking any flaws except for a tiny scar from where he'd taken an arrow during the war. Anna raised an eyebrow at his physique.

It seemed her sister who ran the Outrealm beach resort wasn't kidding when she said getting Gaius to try a swimsuit was the highlight of her day.

"You had *better* give me the chocolates after this, though."
Anna smiled. "Of course! It's just good business.

Now, off you go~"

The thief shook his head, muttering to himself, before carrying the posters off with him. Anna sighed, shaking her head.

"Heh. Even I can't take my eyes off of him. Imagine being *Olivia*..." The merchant mused, before sitting behind her stall, kicking back her feet onto the counter, and watching all the fangirls slowly gravitate to a very irritated- and flustered-Gaius, grabbing posters and running off, squeeing.

"Just sit back, Anna, and watch the gold *roll* in..."

...

Her first customer, unsurprisingly, was Olivia. The dancer was awkwardly twiddling her fingers and moving her feet about, blushing.

"H-hey...A-Anna..."

"Good morning, customer!" Anna waved. "How can I help you?"
"A-a day a-about g-giving g-gifts to the o-ones you love..." Olivia murmured under her breath the slogan which Anna had printed on various posters.

"Mhm! Valentine's Day! A new holiday, as declared by Queen Sumia herself!"

"I-I see..." The dancer nodded, looking restlessly at the wares sold at the stall. "...i-is this all you sell?"
"We might have some spare stock." The merchant nodded. "It's gonna cost you."

"D-do you sell...l-love potions?"

"Love-" Anna paused. "Oh, good Naga, Olivia. I'm a merchant, not an alchemist!"

"I-I want t-to get someone to n-notice me..." Olivia requested meekly, looking over at Gaius with half longing, half lust.

"Sadly, it's against merchant ethics to sell stuff like that..." Anna said with a brief sigh. "However, I'm *positive* he'll notice you if you buy THIS here box of chocolates for forty silver pieces!"
"H-he will?" Olivia's eyes lit up.
Anna smirked.

'*Hook, line and sinker.*'

...

Anna came out of the transaction almost *one-hundred and ninety silver pieces* richer. Olivia was strangely rich for someone of her occupation- although given that she had the patronage of Basilio and Chrom, in addition to having a *lot* of savings from the war, perhaps it was to be expected.

The merchant patted her wallet, satisfied.

"Excellent, if I do say so myself." Anna giggled. "Ah, look, my second customer!"

Owain stumbled in, looking at the sign at her stall.

The merchant smirked. She looked up at Owain, a grin on her face.

"Anna's Valentine Gift Emporium! How may I help you?"

Elsewhere in Ylisstol...

Morgan carefully hid behind a nearby column, watching Todd, with red cheeks and slow, shy countenance, approach Noire, who was sitting on a bench, reading a book.

The tactician giggled at her counterpart, sighing.

"Heh...so he *does* like someone." Morgan quickly scribbled down Todd's name next to Noire's in her diary of blackmail- a diary acquired once Morgan gained enough blackmail targets to need to keep track of who she was blackmailing at any one time.

"I'll need to keep that in mind for some other time...but for now..."

Morgan brandished a strange contraption- two burlap sacks, the sides sewn together, to capture twice as many people with as little effort.

The plan was to take Noire and Todd when they were together, kidnap them and place them in as romantic an atmosphere as possible while giving them aphrodisiacs to get them to do romantic things- or so Cynthia described it.

Morgan rubbed her chin as she readied her capturing device. Todd was standing in front of Noire, asking her something. The tactician sensed her opportunity.

'*Alright, Todd, come to-'*

Todd turned to her, a smirk on his face. Morgan's eyes widened.

She realised too late that her foot had been caught in a loop of rope.

The female tactician was dragged up into a net underneath the arch she'd stepped under, dropping her double sacks. Todd casually strolled over to her, crossing his arms.

"G-gah! Todd! How did you-"
"Know you'd be here?" The male tactician responded with a smirk. "I knew, alright."

"...how?!"
"I-I told him." Noire raised a finger weakly.

"I suspected that you and Cynthia were going to try to see just *how* savvy I was after the fiasco of last week and the whole 'Antic Order' thing." Todd stated smugly, with a mischievous glint in his eyes. "So, me and Noire here set up the rumour that I was, in fact, in love with her."

"Y-yeah..." Noire giggled. "I-it was genius..."

Morgan blinked. "Todd! You just acted like you were so, you know...in *love* with her-"

"Knowing, then, that you'd try to kidnap me and feed me aphrodisiacs, I deliberately set myself up here to wait for you to try and kidnap me." Todd chuckled. "I'm just a good actor- that's how I fooled you.

Just like the man who voiced me."

"And I guess you're going to tell me the *rest* of your evil plan? Like some evil overlord guy?" Morgan inquired hopefully.

Todd rolled his eyes.

"I read the Evil Overlord List. I only told you about the stuff you know about already. Please, you should know better."

"Well, then..." Morgan smirked, reaching in her robes. "Do you know about the-"
"Net-breaking kit you have?" Todd finished for her.

Morgan looked confused, before shocked, as the realisation dawned upon her. "How do you-"
Noire held up a small pouch. "I-I...t-took it from your room, w-while you weren't looking. S-sorry, Morgan..."

"...dammit." The female tactician sighed. Todd chuckled, rubbing his hands together.

"Now, time for the comeback."

Morgan sighed, shaking her head as she slumped on the netting.

'*Dammit. Outsmarted by my own male counterpart. I'm getting soft.*'

Meanwhile, in the palace library...

Robin sipped his tea. "And you say we can stop Morgan just like that?"
"Well, no. Stopping a rampant shipper like her isn't going to work just like *that*." Reflet chuckled, steepling her hands. "But, you know. It could work."
"...I see." Lucina sipped her tea, nodding. "Thank you for your insight, Reflet. That should help us out massively."

"Always happy to help." Reflet crossed her legs, raising her teacup to the pair. "How's the tea?"
"Surprisingly sweet." Robin noted. "What is it?"
"Rosannean tea. The finest."

"Maribelle would probably kill to get some of this..." Lucina noted with a chuckle.

Reflet looked aside. "Indeed she would."

"Is that all you wanted to talk about, casting a location hex so Morgan would always be easy to locate?" Robin inquired.

"Well, as I said, knowing her, she'd find a way to pin it on Libra or something, but it's a start." Reflet nodded, before putting her teacup down and standing up. "Oh, and by the way..."
Lucina looked up at her, suddenly suspicious. "Huh?"
"Your tea has a *very* fast-acting aphrodisiac in it." Reflet stated with a calm tone. Robin dropped his cup, but it was too late. He'd already drunk some.

"R-Reflet!" Lucina blushed, staring at the grandmaster. "W-what are you-"
"If you aren't going to confess to him, then I'm going to fix things so you will. And do fun things while you do it~" The grandmaster declared mischievously. "Oh, and your seats are hexed to make you unable to leave them until I walk out and lock the doors.

I also had Miriel curse the windows shut. Nifty, huh?"

Robin blushed profusely. "O-Oh Naga..."
"Welp, if you excuse me, I have a bet to collect and things to do!" Reflet stood up, saluting them. "Toodle-oo, my dears!"

She briskly strolled out, locking the door behind her.

Robin and Lucina found themselves able to stand, staring at each other.
"A fast-acting aphrodisiac..." Lucina blanched, shaking her head. "Robin, what do we *do*..."

"W-we've been had..." Robin stared at Lucina, nodding slowly.

Outside the library...

Reflet laughed maniacally as she hi-fived Sumia.
"They fell for it!" Reflet cheered. "I can't believe it!"

"Finally! Now we MIGHT see those two quit with the tension!"
"And they shall be OTP, and people WILL ship them." Reflet declared, pumping her fist.
Sumia nodded. "For the Shipping! And so I can officially spoil Morgan as my granddaughter!"
"I thought you already spoiled her."

"Yeah, but we don't know if she's my granddaughter yet. Even if she has the Mark of Naga, has Lucina's hair, and might as well be Lucina's daughter, the way she treats her..." The falcon knight sighed.

"I see." Reflet nodded. "Strategic."

"Why thank you, dear Reflet." Sumia giggled.

To be continued...

A/N: What is Todd planning? Will Anna handle the madness that is Owain? How will Lucina and Robin get out of their sticky situation? What madness will happen? Is Haruhi EVER going to show up in this blasted story?

All of those questions will be answered next time!

So, I hope you enjoyed that, leave your ideas, thoughts, suggestions, comments, criticisms and reviews, and I hope you have a GREAT day! Until next time!

Chapter 20: The Valentine's Day Special, Part 2!

The Obvious Lucina Reacts Valentine's Special, Part 2!

A/N: Welcome, one and all, to Lucina Reacts! Last time, our heroes were in a conundrum- poor Lucina and Robin were trapped in the library, unsuspectingly soused with aphrodisiacs, while Morgan had her scheme turned around on her by Todd's savviness! And Anna has encountered a wild Owain! How will events proceed? Find out today!

With that in mind, I'm going to end this author's note before it gets out of hand!

DISCLAIMER: Fire Emblem belongs to Nintendo, otherwise Lissa would be a magical girl.

All mentioned franchises and characters belong to their respective owners.

Lucina exhaled sharply, taking in her situation and looking down at the tea set in front of her.

She was locked in the library with Robin, with an aphrodisiac coursing through their systems after Reflet had locked them inside in an attempt to dispel the tension between them. Robin was pacing around, attempting to figure out what to do or how to escape.

"I-I mean...surely an aphrodisiac only boosts performance in...that area, right?" Robin inquired hopefully, partially to reassure himself- actually, mostly to reassure himself.

"Yes! Of course! That's why Mother always took them before she..." Lucina stopped herself, shuddering when she realised exactly why her mother took them.

"So, as long as we don't start attempting to do *that*, we should be safe." The grandmaster nodded, sighing in relief and wiping his forehead.

"Of course! I-I mean, i-it's not as if we *want* to do that with each other!" Lucina added, chuckling nervously. "Right?"

Robin settled in a chair, looking at the princess opposite. He exhaled sharply.

"Yeah. This aphrodisiac only lasts for what, an hour? It can't have been that big a dose."
"Our wills should be strong enough to resist them." Lucina nodded in agreement, gripping the armrest of her chair tightly.

"We just have to wait." Robin sighed, nodding. "No problem."
"Yes. There is no problem whatsoever."

"Indeed."

The grandmaster settled back, leaning in his chair and looking around the library, surveying his surroundings. It was well stocked- books of all kinds, from unified histories of Ylisse, to fantasy books- the more racy and raunchy ones were all with Sumia, given her preferences- to treatises on magic and alchemy. The bookcases were finely crafted, made from the finest Ylissean pine, found only on the border with Regna Ferox, engraved with tasteful engravings of running deer.

The armchairs were also well-made, with pillows stuffed with griffon down and made from fine pegasus hair. Robin enjoyed sitting on these chairs; indeed, Chrom had gifted him with one for his birthday for his personal office.

And then there was Lucina, sitting on the armchair opposite, her deep blue eyes gazing at the window, her smooth, pale face slightly red with embarrassment and her defined lips were slightly agape. He began contemplating what they felt like if he'd-

"*No*." Robin shook his head, trying to direct thoughts away from her. He couldn't think about her in *that* way; he'd be playing right into Reflet's hands and possibly end up in a situation he wasn't ready for.

"Huh?" Lucina looked towards him. "Is something wrong?"
"N-nothing." The grandmaster swallowed nervously. "I-Is it getting hot in here? I think it might be..."

"H-hot? What do you mean hot?" The princess said with sudden urgency. Judging by her tone, it seemed that their situation hadn't just made *him* feel awkward.

"J-just...n-nothing at all." Robin choked out, shaking his head hurriedly. Lucina sighed in relief.

"G-good."

Both then sat in silence awkwardly, trying not to look at each other. Robin, then and there, understood what was going on.

His willpower was eroding. The heat was getting unbearable. Lucina was simply looking more and more desirable by the minute; not that he hadn't already fallen for her, but he could feel his lust slowly cloud his judgement.

He had to find a way out of here. Judging by Lucina's own slightly worried expression and her slowly gripping her armrests tighter, she was undergoing and contemplating the same problem.

If they didn't get out of here, they would do something they might possibly regret- if not immediately afterwards, they'd regret it when Chrom inevitably found out.

'*Damn you, Reflet...'* Robin inhaled sharply. "Lucina."
"Yes?" The princess, as if woken from a trance, looked towards him.
"I can't take this." The grandmaster closed his eyes, forcing his raging lust down with all his mental fortitude. "W-we have to get out of here before-"
"B-before the aphrodisiac makes us do...something indecent." The princess nodded hurriedly. "I-I know. I've already tried to banish a-a fantasy about you..."

Robin blushed, but shook his head and stood up. "Y-you look for a secret passage, I'll try to break the windows!"
"Understood!" With that, both began searching for any way out of the library.

Meanwhile, in Ylisstol's market...

Anna chuckled as Owain studied her wares. She could just *feel* her moneybag fill with his presumably huge allowance, given that his mother was the Crown Princess of Ylisse and had exorbitant amounts of gold to lavish upon her son.

"Anna's Valentine's Gift Emporium, how may I help you?"

"Hm." The myrmidon rubbed his chin, examining the spread of chocolates, candles and other romantic gifts with the utmost investigative eye.

"What here would be fit for the marriage of heroes?"
"A wedding?" Anna looked curiously. "Who of?" *'And how do I not know about this?*'
"Todd and Noire!" Owain announced proudly. "They are to be wedded in eternal matrimony and we are to ensure it happens by giving them the best courtship ever?"
"Eternal matrimony, you say?" The merchant raised an eyebrow, intrigued.

'*A wedding between a war heroine and her beau?*' Anna contemplated just how much she could leech off of Tharja, Reflet and Sumia, who would inevitably fund the wedding, being who she was. She tapped her chin with her finger, giggling to herself.

'*So much money...I'll be rolling in it for* ***years****...heehee...heeheheehehehehehe...*'

Owain poked her cheek. "Anna..."

"Moneeeey..."

"You're, er, drooling." The myrmidon offered her a handkerchief, which she took, dabbing at her mouth.

"O-oh. Err...I just...um...haven't eaten at all today! That's all!" Anna chuckled. "Y-yes, that's it. It's not about the profit at all. Not at all."

"Riiiight." Owain nodded slowly, before casting that thought aside. "So, I was wondering if-"

"About gifts, right, yes." The merchant interrupted him hurriedly. "Well, I can offer you a unique deal on gifts.

I can give you the Deluxe Romantic Atmosphere kit, *guaranteed* to make *any* place, whether it be a plain room or a graveyard, romantic!"
Owain gasped in surprise. "R-really? There is such a miraculous item?"
"Of course!" Anna stated with practiced enthusiasm. "And all you need to do is pay-"
"I'll pay however much you want me to pay! Surely only the best quality to ensure the unity of heroic bloodlines!"

'*Eeeeexcellent.*' Anna gave him a mischievous smirk.

...

Owain lifted the huge box of candles, tablecloths and chocolates off of the stand.

"Thank you, Anna!"

"No, thank *you*!" Anna called back cheerily, patting the humongous bag of gold she was now sitting on as payment from Owain. "Come again!"

The myrmidon walked off. The merchant sighed happily, patting the large bag of money she sat on.

"Oh, the sweet smell of profit." She smiled, pulling out a bar of gold bullion and fanning herself with it.

"Truly, greed is good. And now, to carry this off so I can get even MORE profit!"

Hefting the bag over her shoulder, Anna skipped off happily, whistling to herself as she lugged her ill-gotten gold to a safe place.

Of course, this being the kind of world it was, it was inevitable that her success would backfire.

And that backfire would come in the form of a well-placed net trap.

"Wha-" Anna squealed in surprise before she was hauled into a net, dropping her gold in surprise. "AH! MY MONEY!"

Todd strolled past, dragging along a shackled Morgan with a chain. He looked up to see a shocked Anna.

"Oh. Hi."

"T-Todd! W-what are you doing here?! Owain was just-"
"Oh, I know all about that." The tactician smirked. "That was my plan the entire time. I'm guessing you tried to swindle someone."
"Swindle?!" The merchant looked offended. "I-I'll have you know I am a LEGITIMATE businesswoman! N-now let me down and give my money back!"

Todd paused briefly, before whipping out a knife and throwing it at the net, cutting Anna down and landing her onto her pile of gold with a thud.

"Here you go." He chuckled, before walking off with Morgan. Anna pulled herself up, dusting herself off and picking up her bag of gold.

"Now, where was-"

"IT'S THAT WOMAN WHO SOLD US THE CRAPPY CHOCOLATE!"

"AND SHE'S GOT THE MONEY!"
"REFUNDS!"

Oh *no.*

Anna looked behind her to see a mob of irritated customers, wanting their money back for being sold substandard goods. Her heart sank.

Nothing worse than a bunch of refund-hungry customers.

The merchant swallowed.

"...N-no refu-"

"No refunds my *ass*." Sully suddenly appeared behind her, picking her up by the scruff of her collar. "You're paying them back."

"...S-Sully! Uh...o-oh...um..."
"Refunds. Or I will *demolish. Your. Ass.*"

Anna began trembling as the knight glared at her, pressuring her to give back what she acquired.

Meanwhile...

"Ugh..." Morgan grumbled as she was finally dragged to just behind the Justice Cabal headquarters. "So. What's your grand plan?"

"All you need to know is that it involves a lot of love potions and stuff." Todd sighed, chuckling. "Lissa's surprisingly open to selling me those. I *still* don't know where she gets them and I really *don't* want to know."

"And what are you planning on using those on?" The tactician smirked mischievously. "You won't get one over me."

"Don't need to. You're just an accessory." Todd smirked right back, giving her an outright psychotic, sinister smile, while whipping out his own personal blackmail notebook.

"I have grander plans than *that*, dear Morgan."

"You're never going to get me to get along with your schemes anyway." Morgan grinned. "You have *nothing* on me-"

"The Hot Springs Incident." Todd stated bluntly.

Morgan paused, before staring at Todd in horror.

"H-how do you know a-about-"
"Kjelle was surprisingly talkative about that." Todd chuckled. "You won't *believe* what she'll tell you when she thinks she's drunk.

Kinda like that one Amagi girl I met once. Although that was completely unintentional."

"...y-you wouldn't." Morgan shook her head, for once defenceless against her own beloved blackmail.

"I *would*, and you know it." Todd sighed, chuckling again. "Hoist by your own petard, eh?"
"...f-fine. D-don't you dare tell *anyone*." The tactician crossed her arms. "I-I'll help you, but nobody else must know about the hot springs! NOBODY!"

Todd clapped his hands once, proud of having out-blackmailed Morgan.

"Excellent. Let's go over the plan."

Meanwhile, in the library...

Lucina sighed, shaking her head and kneeling at a bookshelf, having pulled out all the books in the shelf to find any levers.

"...I don't have any way out."

Robin slumped against the wall, discarding his Wind tome. "And I haven't got a tome strong enough to break out of these windows..."

"Let me try." Lucina drew her Falchion, walking to the window next to him and attempting to slash at it-

Then Reflet's giggles could be heard as Lucina suddenly slipped, dropping her sword and falling into Robin's lap.

"W-wha!"The grandmaster cried out as the princess fell into his lap.

"R-Robin! I-I...I..."

"I...what kind of hex is that?!" Robin cried out as they both stared at each other, blushing.

"S-she must have...laid a hex to make that happen..."

Robin shook his head. "She knew this would happen..."

They remained staring at each other for a while, before-

"No!" They wrenched themselves away from each other, with Lucina stumbling onto the floor and Robin standing up.

"N-not here!"
"A-and not with y-you! I-I mean...I-I wouldn't mind that, b-but...n-no!"

Robin moved back, before bumping into the wall, sending him stumbling straight into her.

The princess' eyes widened. "...R-Robin!"
"I-I didn't mean to!"

"..." Lucina stared at him, gulping.

His eyes really were striking, she'd noticed. Robin smelled of pine- probably from all the time he spent walking outside in the Ylissean pine forest outside of Ylisstol to get some fresh air. And he felt ever so warm.

She felt herself draw her face closer to his. Both of their faces were red, but at this point, their judgement had given way to lust.

To Hell if Reflet succeeded. They wanted it *now.* Deal with the consequences later. She wanted Robin, and wanted him *now.*

Slowly, Lucina closed her eyes and leaned in for a kiss-

Later, elsewhere in the castle...

Cynthia dusted her hands. She'd done it, she'd really done it.

The room she was standing in was perfectly ready for a nice, candlelit dinner- complete with a velvet-topped table, laden with the finest food from the kitchens and supplementary chocolates; which felt a lot heavier than they should've done.

And a nice bed nearby. Sumia had always advised having a nice bed nearby after courtship. Cynthia never understood why.

"Good work, Owain." Cynthia saluted her cousin. "You have successfully contributed to a companionship that will be *incredibly* fruitful!"

"Excellent!" Owain pumped his fist proudly. "The Cabal will have succeeded in creating another happy couple!"

Cynthia squeed happily.

"I'm so happy for Todd and Noire..." The pegasus knight sighed happily.

Noire crept in, looking around shakily. "O-oh...t-this must be the place."

Cynthia grinned toothily. "Noire! Hi!"

"H-hello..." The archer waved meekly at them. "I-I hope I'm n-not interrupting s-something..."
"Of course not." Owain laughed. "We've set this up specifically for you!"

"I-I know...M-Morgan told me..." Noire smiled demurely. "W-what's the occasion?"
"Oh, no reason." The pegasus knight shrugged. "We just felt like celebrating!"

Noire giggled and strolled over to the table. "I-If we're celebrating, t-then I-I insist you have s-some food. A-after all, you went t-to the effort..."

Owain looked over to Cynthia, whispering.

"Is the food safe?"
"Of course." The pegasus knight responded, also whispering. "We're pumping the love potion into here *after* we're out. We just need Gerome to confirm it's done."

Gerome then strolled in, nodding towards her, confirming the deed.

"Excellent."

"A-actually...Gerome!" Noire offered him some chocolates. "P-please, have some."

"...are you sure?" The drake rider rubbed the back of his head awkwardly, looking to Cynthia for confirmation. She nodded.

"Alright." He and the pegasus rider took two chocolates each. Owain attempted to take some, but Noire suddenly tripped, splattering them onto the floor.

"A-ah!"

"Noire!" Owain cried, kneeling down next to her. "Are you okay?"

"I-I'm fine." The archer sighed tiredly, pulling herself up. "J-just...a-a bit awkward..."

Cynthia shifted her eyes towards Owain. "Psst," she whispered. "Do you know where Todd is?"

"He should be on his way. Morgan said he was."

"Excellent." The pegasus knight looked back towards Noire. "So, would you like to take a seat?"

"W-well..." Noire exhaled, before suddenly flashing her psychotic smirk. "How about *YOU* take a seat, hm?!"
Gerome moved to grab a love potion, but Noire was faster. She pinned his arms to his side, wrapping a length of rope around him and tying it tightly, decking him onto a chair.

Cynthia attempted to run. Noire looked behind her, grinning.

"And where do you think *YOU'RE* going?!"

She threw a net at Cynthia, catching her and forcing her to the floor.

"AH!"

Owain looked around fearfully, having seen his two comrades be easily subdued. Noire grinned at him.

"You're safe." She giggled insanely. "Now...*run*."

"G-gah...my heroic lineage tells me that this would be a good time to run..." Owain gulped and ran out of the room, just as the archer dragged Cynthia onto the other chair.

"N-Noire!" Cynthia cried. "W-what-"
"I knew ALL about your pathetic schemes!" Noire laughed haughtily.

"She's right." Todd walked in with a very embarrassed Morgan.

"S-sorry, Cynthia..."
"Morgan?" Gerome looked up. "What's going on?"
"I convinced her it would be in her best interest to help me out." The male tactician began chuckling, shaking his head.

"All it took was a bit of acting, some blackmail and a cooperative Noire."
"Tch." Noire crossed her arms. "Pathetic! You people thought such a transparent deception would fool me!"

"What? Why?!" Cynthia stared at him, wide-eyed.

"I figured you might try and figure out who I love." Todd said, sighing. "So I fooled you into thinking I liked Noire and then set you up with your own trap."
"Hah!" Cynthia laughed. "But you don't have a love potion to make us do what we were going to make you and Noire do!"

"That's okay." Todd smiled. "Noire?"
"I replaced the love potion you planned on pumping into this room with a mere mint vapour!" The archer grinned. "It seems my mother's insanity has its uses."
"And take a good guess where all that love potion went." The male tactician gestured to the chocolates.

Cynthia blanched, while Gerome remained impassive.

"W-we've been HAD!"

"Indeed." Todd smirked mischievously. "And they'll be kicking in shortly. Time for me to make my exit!"
"HAHAHAHAAH!" Noire cheered. "A SUCCESSFUL PRANK! BLOOD AND THUNDER!"

With that, Noire and Todd walked out, followed by Morgan, who first whispered an apology to Cynthia, before closing the door behind her. The sound of a lock turning could be heard.

Gerome sighed. "Well then."
"W-we just have to outlast the potion." Cynthia squeaked out. "T-that's it."

"O-of course." Gerome nodded hurriedly, uncharacteristically worried. "They'll wear off and then we can prank Todd back!"

The drake rider swallowed, gazing at Cynthia. "O-of course."

"...d-don't tell me you're..." The pegasus knight's cheeks turned red, as Gerome looked away.

"...of course not. Don't be silly-"

But, of course, before Todd's scheme could succeed, as is usual for this universe, something went wrong.

That was in the form of the ceiling falling in, an unconscious Tharja falling through and a very irritated Lucina being deposited into the room, along with a shocked Robin.

Minutes earlier...

"Robin..." Lucina whispered, shuddering slightly.

"...L-Lucina..." The grandmaster responded, as their lips began to meet-
"NO."

The window above them was obliterated by a burst of purple light, as Tharja climbed in. She stared down at the pair, about to kiss each other.

"I knew he'd be here." The witch muttered. "Now GET AWAY FROM HIM."

"Huh-"

Lucina hardly had time to react before Tharja wrenched Robin off of the princess and pushed her own lips on his.

"...w-what?!" The princess stared at the witch as she did so.

Tharja pushed herself off of him, glaring at Lucina and hissing.
"He's MINE. Robin-sempai is MINE."

"...L-Lucina?" Robin's eyes fluttered open, hoping to see the princess' face and instead being greeted with Tharja's.

"WHAT?!"

"Don't worry, my love." The witch cooed to him, ruffling her hands through his hair. "I've rescued you! We can be together as we're intended to be.

You're all mi-"
Lucina drew her Falchion, killing intent blazing in her eyes as she gazed down at the witch.

All thoughts of lust were forgotten now in her rage.

Tharja's eyes widened in alarm.

"W-what-"
"AETHER!"

She brought down the blade.

Present day...

"What the..." Cynthia blinked, as Tharja mumbled in her sleep, and Robin and Lucina looked around, dusting themselves off. The princess sheathed her sword, sighing.

"I'm never trusting Reflet again." Lucina grumbled, irritated.

"Right." Robin nodded in agreement. "As soon as we find her..."
"Eh...do you mind freeing us?" Cynthia wriggled in her bonds.

Robin closed his eyes, sighing. "Cynthia, I really *don't* want to know. Just...don't get me involved."

With that, he kicked the door open, breaking the lock. Lucina followed him swiftly.

Cynthia swore she could see them both draw a tome and the Falchion as they left.

Gerome closed his eyes, exhaling. "...I guess we're stuck here."

"...yep." The pegasus knight frowned. "We're stuck here."
"Damn it."

"R-robin..." Tharja mumbled in her sleep, curling up. "L-Lucina's being mean to me..."

Gerome grumbled.

"Kill me now, *please*."

Elsewhere in the castle...

Reflet sighed, adjusting her sleeves.

"Dammit, what's taking those two so long?" She looked around, waiting for Sumia or someone else to come in and confirm that Robin and Lucina had, for lack of a better term, finally demonstrated their love for each other.

"That should've worked. I swear that should'v-"

"Reflet."

Reflet stopped. She swallowed nervously at the tone of the voice behind her.

Slowly, she turned around to see Robin, a *forged* Mjolnir tome sparking with electricity in his hand, and Lucina with the Parallel Falchion, glaring straight at her.

"So," Lucina calmly began. "Would you like to run?"

Reflet gulped. She was screwed.

"Hehehe...heh...*SUMIA HELP ME"*

With that, she ran off into the castle, followed closely by the vengeful grandmaster and princess.

END

A/N: Next time, Lucina Reacts to Five Nights at Freddy's! At last!

So, I hope you enjoyed that, leave your ideas, comments, reviews, suggestions, criticisms and thoughts and I hope you had a GREAT day! Until next time!

Chapter 21: Lucina Reacts to Five Nights at Freddy's

Lucina Reacts to Five Nights at Freddy's!

A/N: Welcome, one and all, to Lucina Reacts! Firstly, HAHAHAHAHAHAH I GOT YOU ALL THERE WITH THAT ALMOST KISS WAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA THE TROLLING IS DELICIOUS I GOT YOU ALL SO AWESOMELY

Ahem, now to get to the real stuff. Time to absolutely NOT horrify Lucina with the scariest game in recent public memory, this be subjective, of course. Guest-starring our resident insane psycho knife nut Henry, who just LOVES to bathe in the blood of ba-I mean, loves walking dogs!

Now, to get on with this chapter!

DISCLAIMER: Fire Emblem belongs to Nintendo, otherwise...well crap, I've not got a disclaimer joke today.

Five Nights at Freddy's belongs to Scott Cawthon.

All mentioned characters and franchises belong to their respective owners.

"Luuuuucciiiinnnaaaaa..." Henry whispered into her ear, causing her to jump slightly.

Lucina glared at him, trembling slightly. "Henry! What are you-"

"I'm bored, and nobody wants to play with me." The dark mage whined. Lucina was suddenly made aware of a screaming in the distance- most likely Nah, although she initially mistook it for her mother's- and what sounded like a very worried Libra.

The princess narrowed her eyes. "Henry, what did you do?"

"Nah sounded bored, so I wanted to play with her!" Henry grinned, before sighing. "She didn't like it, sadly."

Lucina glared down at him. "Henry, what did you *do*?"
Henry winked at her, chuckling ominously. "Hahahaha...you don't need to know. Now, let's do something *fun*!"

Lucina stood up. "Oh, no. Not with me. I'm getting out of here-"

Suddenly, a loud boom could be heard from the corridor, followed by screaming- definitely Vaike's, judging by the surprisingly high pitch- and what sounded like *tentacles* slamming into the sides of the corridors. Lucina swallowed briefly, before shutting the door quickly and shaking her head.

"...on second thought, I'll stay in here. I don't want to know what *ungodly power* Tharja or Miriel invoked this time. *Especially* if it's Miriel's."

Henry frowned. "Did you have to lock the door? I wanted to see what was going on! It sounds *exciting!*"

More screaming. Lucina had learned not to question the insanity in the palace anymore. Robin, Kellam and Cordelia probably had it handled, definitely with Sully and Chrom's help- that and there was a voice in the back of her head telling her it was probably a bad idea to leave the room while *whatever* was going on outside was happening.

She sat back down, sighing. "Well, Henry. It looks like we're stuck in this room until the situation outside has passed."
"Goody!" The dark mage clapped. "Let's use the laptop thing! I've always wanted to use the laptop thing!"
Suddenly, the door opened and shut to admit a very dishevelled Maribelle, who looked absolutely horrified, breathing heavily as she slumped against the door.

"I...do not...know what...manner of insanity that psychotic dark mage has come up with..." The noblewoman spat out, shaking her head and fixing the curls on her head. "...but I will...have you know...that I...*disapprove* of such disgusting creatures attempting to *defile* me!"

"Defile?" Lucina raised an eyebrow, not understanding.

"Defile! To ravish-"
"O-okay!" The princess cut her off. "I believe I've had enough information." Lucina inhaled, clearing her throat. "Can you take a seat? You look like you're dying."

"My dignity is dying, at the very least..." Maribelle huffed, before taking a chair and sitting next to her. "And what are we going to do while we're locked in this room?"

"Use the laptop thingy! It looks fun!" Henry cheered.

"Oh, not *that* dreadful device! I implore you, dear, *not* to use it!" Maribelle pleaded, remembering the *last* time she'd ended up using it. "P-please, surely there's something *else* we can do-"
Lucina examined the room quickly. Apart from a copy of the 'Ribald Tales from the Holy War' Sumia so cherished, there was nothing of note in the room.

She shook her head. "Unless you want to talk about the weather, we've got nothing else to do."

Maribelle blanched as Henry giggled insanely.

"Heeheehee...I wonder what kinds of madness we'll find?"

Lucina sighed.

'*...I think I should have taken my chances with the tentacle monster outside*.'

"Steam?" Henry tilted his head. "That's a curious name. I don't see any steam on this computer!"
"It's a platform for video games, or so Todd tells me." Lucina explained. "I'm sure this *Ushio* girl has to have something on her computer to play with."

"Five Nights at Freddy's?" Maribelle rubbed her chin. "That, surely, *can't* be a game, right? It hardly seems an appropriate title for one!"
Lucina tilted her head at it. "Hm. It seems quite innocent, although the bear- if whatever that strange animal with the hat and grin is- seems somewhat...off."
Maribelle shook her head. "I have a bad feeling about this. Select another game."

"Pick this one!" Henry chirped. "It looks fun!"
"...well, I suppose we'll play this one..." The princess hesitantly clicked on the icon, watching the screen go black and head to the main menu.

"I don't like that bear..." Maribelle muttered as she stared at the titular Freddy, hidden behind flickering static. Henry, on the other hand, smiled.

"He seems nice. Can I keep him as a pet?"
Lucina swallowed. There were other games she could play, but this one looked much more simple- she'd tried to have a go at that 'Valkyria Chronicles' game Gregor had mentioned, and Ushio apparently owned, but the interface, as Todd called it, completely eluded her.

"...I don't like it either, but we should give this game a go. It can't be that bad, even if it seems suspect..."
"It looks like something Tharja would come up with." The noblewoman muttered darkly.

The dark mage nodded. "Which is exactly why it's *cool*! He looks so cute!"

"I question your definition of cute, Henry." Maribelle muttered. "And possibly your eyesight as well. That bear looks more like a creature out of a nightmare."

...

"So I'm intended to keep an eye on...automatons?" Lucina noted, sighing. "Alright, I can do that, and all I have to do is shut the door and keep an eye on them with this camera device.

Alright. Easier than dealing with the Justice Cabal, I suppose."

"This ought to be fun! All the potential gore!" Henry sighed happily, causing Maribelle to flick him in the ear.

"Gore is *hardly* a palatable subject! I don't understand how you find it so appealing!"
"It's such a pretty color!"
"Shush!" Lucina snapped. "I can't concentrate on this game. Now...let's see. Well, I should shut this door, to stop that bear from entering, seeing as he's already standing outside it."
"H-he is?!" The noblewoman jumped. "Are you serious?!"

"Calm down." Lucina sighed, clicking out to close the door to her left. "It's just a game. Hardly anything to get horrified about."
"I just don't *like that bear.*" Maribelle intoned, shuddering slightly.

"Hehehe...I'm loving this game! Let me have a go! Let me!" Henry squeed, laughing. Lucina shook her head hurriedly.

"Something tells me that would go horribly wrong."

"But those animatronics look so-"
"W-wait! Shush! I see one of them!" The princess held a finger to her mouth, before looking into the camera again.

"...okay, it's a bunny creature and it doesn't seem to be anywhere near me. That figures. Just keep all the doors closed!" Lucina resolved. "That should do it. All I have to do is wait 'till morning. Seems fair."
Henry frowned. "You're *boring*!"
Maribelle, in contrast, wiped her brow in relief. "Okay, good to know. Excellent strategy. I approve!"
"I see no reas-" The princess paused, realising something. "Wait."
"Huh?" The dark mage tilted his head. "What are you-"
"Why is that 'Power' meter going down, and why is it at one percen-" Lucina's query was answered as the camera immediately kicked her out, the office went dark and all the doors opened.

Maribelle's eyes widened. "Lucina, what did you do?!"

Henry, however, was simply trembling with excitement. "Oh, this is going to be *it*! This is going to be *amazing*! Nyehehehehehe!"

"Q-quit *laughing*!" The noblewoman snapped irritably. "T-this isn't funny! This is horrifying!"
"Would you two shut up?!" Lucina commanded. "I can't concentrate and figure out what to-wait...what is that song?"
"It sounds like something Virion would sing." Maribelle commented, rubbing her chin. "I wonder if-"

Then the bear, Freddy, appeared on the screen with a piercing scream before sending the screen into static.

...

"LISSA HOLD ME" Maribelle let out a terrified scream, almost clinging to Lucina, while Henry reacted to it with a delighted, almost ecstatic maniacal laugh.

"NYAHAHAHAHAAHAHAH!"

Lucina merely blinked. "Huh. So that's how it looks like to fail in this game."

The noblewoman stared at her as if she'd said something far more insane. "H-how is this game not horrifying you?! I-I demand we stop playing it immediately!"

"More!" Henry demanded. "More! I want more!"

"It was only a screaming bear. Hardly something to be horrified about." The princess brushed it off dismissively. "Wait, did you say *Lissa*, hold you?"

"Y-you need not know what I said, Lucina! Go on, play your stupid game!" She huffed, crossing her arms and blushing slightly. "I-I most *certainly* did not call for Lissa to hold me! The implications would be *indecent*!"

Henry grinned. "A case of the bloody Mondays, Maribelle? I know just the hex that'll-"
"S-silence, you imbecile!" She replied with a slap to the back of the head. "H-how disgusting!"
"The back of my head feels all tingly now..." The dark mage noted, rubbing the spot where she'd slapped him.

The princess rubbed her temples, exhaling. "How does Robin *put up with this*?!"

"Okay." Lucina rubbed her hands. "Now for a second go!"

"H-how are you capable of doing this again?!" Maribelle stared at her. "How?!"
"Because it's only a game!" The princess explained again. "I've had worse anyway, hardly the time to start being horrified of some comical bear with a hat."

"And he just seems so friendly!" Henry announced.

Lucina gave him a deadpan look. "He's comical-looking, not friendly. The last game even ended with that thing eating me! Or stuffing me into one of the suits these automatons supposedly wear.

I don't get the concept, personally."
"Maybe just to look friendlier to children. Although what sort of devious creature would use such an automaton *escapes* me..." Maribelle muttered, shuddering, and sparing a look towards Henry, who was grinning.

"D-don't you DARE get any ideas!"

"So that power gauge dictates how much I can use each thing without exhausting, well, the power." The princess sighed, mentally kicking herself for not noticing or realising it earlier. "And...okay, understood, I mustn't shut all the doors.

That makes more sense, the game seemed far too easy..."

"Oh, goody!" Henry rubbed his hands together. "Finally! More fun things!"

"...this is troubling..." Lucina sighed as she scanned efficiently between the camera and the doors to make sure she kept the animatronics out. "Okay, this is a good management of power..."
"What kind of establishment keeps such murderous automatons in front of children anyway?!" Maribelle inquired, confused.

Henry raised a finger. "The fun ones! I wish I had one of them as a pet! We'd be *best* buddies, just like me and Edgar!"
"Oh, *please* don't tell me you brought him in-" Lucina's inquiry was interrupted by a demonic screech within Henry's robes. He pulled out Edgar, patting him happily.

"Did you think I'd go *anywhere* without Edgar?"
"J-just keep him quiet!" The princess grumbled, before turning back to the screen. "Here's to hoping I wasn't mauled just...fifty percent power, already?

These things guzzle power...and just *what* kind of person takes this job anyway?"

"I would!" Henry chimed in.
"Apart from you."

"Tharja!"

"...that...actually makes sense." Maribelle commented. "Wait, when did *Henry* start making sense?"
Lucina, without missing a second, responded. "Are you implying there's any sense around here?"
"True point."

"...wait, it's nearly six AM!" The princess noted excitedly as she looked on the screen, noting the time on the cameras.
"Come on, come on...you can make it, don't fail on me..."

Henry was cheerily waiting for Freddy or any other of the animatronics to assail her. "Come on, come on..."

"SCRAW" Edgar screeched, nuzzling his master comfortingly.

Several seconds passed. Lucina bit her lip nervously.

The screen turned black, and five turned to six, as the sound of children's cheering played, signalling her success.

The princess sighed. "Okay, I made it through one night. Glad to know I'm not a complete failure."
Maribelle also sighed, relieved, before turning to her. "Okay, good, you've proved something now *stop playing this game it is* ***terrifying***!"

"Do you have any other suggestions? This is one of the few games I can make heads or tails of!"
"I don't know! Something that isn't this!" Maribelle pleaded.

Henry pouted. "D-don't be boring! This game's nice and scary!"
"True, and I don't know how to play any other games without making a complete fool of myself. I'm actually...quite enjoying this." The princess admitted.

"So...I need only make it for *one* week. Simple. Right?"

...

"...okay, same procedure, check each room, shut doors when necessary..." Lucina noted off to herself with a calm whisper, browsing carefully around the restaurant.

"I have a bad feeling about this one..." The noblewoman muttered. "This game is full of nothing but *monsters*!"
"You're saying that because you accidentally blurted out Lissa's name when you wanted someone to hold you, right?" Henry inquired, causing Maribelle to glare at him.
"T-that is none of your business! W-what I feel about my dearest Lissa isn't your business! Stop talking about it!"
"Will you two *shut up*?!" Lucina cried, exasperated. "It's like dealing with a pair of children here!"

Henry and Maribelle both frowned, pointing at the other. "They started it!"
"I'm supposed to be *younger* than both of you! How is this-" Lucina's rant was suddenly interrupted by Foxy's appearance with a screech.

"AH! ROBIN! HELP!" The princess instinctively cried as the static overtook her screen and she shut down the game, breathing heavily and clutching her chest.

Maribelle raised an eyebrow. "Robin? You called for *Robin* over your mother and father?"
"N-none of your business!" Lucina retorted, her cheeks red. "W-we're not playing this game anymore! I'm done!"

Henry frowned.

"Awwww..." The dark mage frowned. "...can we at least do something else? Ooh, ooh, Reflet suggested this...she called it an *anime*, I think.

She wants us to watch...um...it had a long name..." Henry tapped his chin for a second, before raising it, remembering the name. "Puella Magi Madoka Magica!"

"...I *really* don't want to trust anything Reflet suggests." Lucina responded, exasperated and unwilling to try anything else. "Not after last week."

Sighing, she shut the laptop off, before strolling to the door and checking the mess inevitably left outside with a peek through the door.

"...oh, good Naga, *Miriel*!"

"I was testing the viscosity of this unknown substance! You need not be alarmed! Stahl will be able to escape as *soon* as I procure the appropriate anti-adhesive agent!"

"Help...me..."

Needless to say, the venture into horror games merely kicked off an afternoon of insanity in the palace.

END

A/N: Well, that's that. Next chapter, courtesy of HellfireSupremacy, we're covering the fanfic 'Robin for Exalt'! Thanks mate, you're awesome!

So, I hope you enjoyed that, leave your ideas, comments, suggestions, reviews, criticisms and thoughts, and I hope you have a GREAT day! Until next time!

Chapter 22: Special Chapter: Robin for Exalt, Part 1

Robin Reacts to Robin for Exalt!

A/N: Welcome, one and all, to Lucina Reacts! Firstly, a huge thanks to HellfireSupremacy for allowing us to cover his fic- without which we would not have material for this week's edition. Secondly, be warned that I probably will not get the jokes, being a resident of England with absolutely no idea about politics over in the US, apart from the two parties.

Now making plans to do a British political satire of Fire Emblem. Must investigate further.

Well, let's get this chapter on the road, ladies and gents!

DISCLAIMER: Fire Emblem belongs to Nintendo, otherwise Lissa would be a magical girl (#PuellaMagiLissaMagica).

Robin for Exalt belongs to HellfireSupremacy.

All mentioned franchises and characters belong to their respective owners.

"You ever wonder what it'd be like for Ylisse to be a democracy?" Chrom inquired from Robin.

"No. Not really." The grandmaster replied. "Why're you bringing it up?"

"No reason." The Exalt sighed, stretching his arms. "I mean, to be fair, we've had plenty of reasons to make the country a democracy, given that every other monarch we meet seems to either have been deposed or evil."

"And if I recall, half those kings are on our payroll." Robin replied. "Why'd we hire them, anyway?"
"Ill-advised business decision." Chrom drily responded. "Now all Walhart does is claim to be the 'King of Kings' and attempt to start the 'Glorious Conquest, and Gangrel spends all his time around...Emmeryn." He sighed, causing Robin to tilt his head in concern.

"Chrom, is everything alright?"

The Exalt nodded. "Of course, it's just...there's something that rubs me wrong about that. I wonder what Gangrel wants with my sister anyway?"

Robin shrugged. "Atoning, perhaps? He feels he needs to help her find her memory again, considering his part in her losing it in the first place."

"I feel like it's more than that..." Chrom responded, slightly suspicious. He stood up, exhaling.

"Being the Exalt is difficult work. I need a break for today."
"Heh." Robin chuckled sympathetically. "I feel your pain, considering I handle most of your other affairs."
"In my defence, you didn't have to sort out the letters of invitation from that prankster who called himself 'Lord Vetinari'."
The Exalt laughed. "Seriously, in what world is the world shaped like a disc?"
"Ask Reflet, she's probably been there." Robin remarked drily.

"Point taken. I'm babbling." Chrom sighed. "I'm really sorry, I'm just bored."

"Well, we can always settle the democracy question."

"Hm?"

"This...Internet that the laptop can access." Robin started. "Though it seems to be full of...dare I say it, perverts, as Lucina so unfortunately found out, perhaps one of our fans has explored the concept of Ylisse as a democracy."

Chrom nodded slowly. "I'm still trying to get used to the fact we have *fans*."
"Oh, Lon'qu, Cordelia, Sully, Libra and Severa can sympathise." The grandmaster sighed, shaking his head. "You have no *idea* how much of a headache it is to deal with their fanclubs sending in letters to them every day. To say nothing of the *chocolates*..."

"What do you even do with those, anyway?" The Exalt tilted his head. Robin shrugged.

"You don't want to know."

"Understood." Chrom shuddered. From experience, he knew not to question where his friend hid- or disposed of- things.

Meanwhile, elsewhere in the castle...

"Boy," Lissa patted her belly, sighing happily. "I wonder where Robin gets all of those *wonderful* chocolates!"

Maribelle crossed her arms, frowning. "Dear Lissa, try not to slouch so much and try to look somewhat more *refined*. And quit eating so much chocolates!"

"You're even more undignified-looking than me!" Lissa retorted. "And look at Frederick!"

"...ugh..." The knight looked ill, slumped in a comically small chair, a hand on his stomach and chocolate crumbs on his mouth. "...gods...I think I know what Hell feels like."

Meanwhile...

Reflet breathed in as she sent off a single message on the laptop.

To: ushio_okazaki420

From: refletchan

Found your laptop, Ushio. Use your spares. Am wanting permission to proceed w/ Antic Order ops in Ylisse.

Lucina poked her head in. "Hello, Reflet. Have you seen-wait, what is that you're doing?"
"Sending a message." Reflet responded. "Why?"
"...oh." The princess sighed in relief. "No reason."
"Lucina, dear, not everything I do is related to antics or shipping."
The princess gave her a cold glare. "I'm hard-pressed to believe that after *you locked me in a room with Robin and dosed our drinks with love potion*."

"To be fair, you already *told* me you loved him and I wanted to make the process go faster!" The grandmaster protested. "Was that so wrong?"

Lucina blushed, crossing her arms. "I-I'll h-handle that when I-I'm ready, Reflet! I-I do not require y-your assistance to c-confess my-"
Chrom and Robin then walked into the room, with Chrom nodding to Reflet. "G'day, Reflet. You using that?"
"No, as a matter of fact." The grandmaster stood up. "Why, you need it?"
"I was going to look up if our supposed fans wrote any stories about Ylisse being a democracy." Chrom responded. "Robin and I were going to settle a debate.

And by the way, Lucina, what were you going to confess? Is there someone I don't know about?"
"N-No, of course not, Father!" The princess uttered, shaking her head. "T-there's nobody! Why would you ask?! A-and even if it was, i-it's not Robin!"

"Huh. Okay." The Exalt shrugged nonchalantly, taking a seat next to Robin, who was also blushing.

"Robin, you look like you've got a fever. Is everything alright?"
"O-Of course, Chrom." The male grandmaster nodded hurriedly.

Reflet sighed, slapping her head with her palm and looking aside. *'Of* course *Chrom's completely and utterly blind, as usual. Figures.*

I'll have to do something more subtle...but I'll save that for later.'

"Well, if I may offer up a suitable fic, Robin for Exalt is a good idea."
"Robin for Exalt?" Robin scoffed. "Me, Exalt? Hardly."

Chrom shrugged. "I don't know. You're competent enough- you can handle the Shepherds, after all."
"You raise a good point."
Lucina sighed, thankful for the distraction. "That sounds like an interesting concept. Perhaps we should look into it."
"Agreed." Robin stretched his fingers.

"And of course, I'm in it." Reflet responded, smirking. "It's automatically worth your time if I am."

"...good gods." Chrom facepalmed. "Why am I *so* stupid here?"
Robin felt a vein twitch in his temple. "...giant gold stautes?"

"...Good Naga, I know I made some stupid decisions as Exalt, but these..." The Exalt facepalmed, shaking his head.

Reflet chuckled. "And my job here is to talk sense into you, which didn't work, clearly.

Also, judging by how stupid you are in this story, even *our* Miriel would be a better candidate."

In the distance, something exploded, coming from the direction of Miriel's house in north Ylisstol. Nobody wanted to know what Miriel did this time, which was just as well.

"...alright, I spoke too soon." Reflet looked down, slightly embarrassed.

Chrom blushed at the mention of his wife's...insatiability. "W-what?! B-but that's hardly..."

"Perfect Sumia." Robin remarked darkly. Chrom glared at him for a moment, before his stare softened.

"...actually, yes, that does sound like Sumia."

Reflet giggled. "And now you people know why I ship Chrom/Sumia."

"...oh gods." Lucina sighed exasperatedly. "This is going to go horribly wrong, isn't it."
"Chrom the dumbass Exalt versus moi, the badass, awesome, sexy and intelligent genius tactician, in a totally democratic election!" Reflet shrugged. "We all know who that'll go wrong for."

"I'd be offended, but at this point, I think I'd root for you..." Chrom shuddered. "Seriously, how can a monarch be so *stupid*..."

...

"...Chrom DOES realise that *I*- well, Robin and I were the ones who killed Grima, right?" Reflet pointed out. "Considering that for all intents and purposes, we committed suicide to kill a dragon..."

"Yeah, don't remind me." Robin shuddered. "Those were not a fun two years. I spent it in some black void with nobody but Lu-I-I mean, myself for company."
Reflet grinned. "Good save. I approve."
"I have absolutely no idea what you're talking about!"

Chrom, meanwhile, blushed at the further implication of Sumia wanting to do...*things* to him.

"...s-surely..." The Exalt trembled, shaking his head. "...h-how does he *know*?!"

"Sumia's just that kinda girl." Reflet explained. "You don't think it, but when she doesn't have to act all cute and meek, she's a dangerous little minx~"

"T-that's my mother you're talking about!" Lucina cried.

"...I suppose I expected someone to shout 'Girls can't love girls' here, didn't I." Reflet rolled her eyes.

Lucina tilted her head. "...I know I shouldn't be, but what kind of things *have* people done to sit on thrones?"

"You *really* don't want to know. I've been to enough crapsack worlds to know."

"And I've done enough research to know." Robin chimed in, shaking his head.

Reflet cheered. "It seems he got my figure right, at least."

Chrom, Robin and Lucina simultaneously blanched. Reflet looked confused, tilting her head.
"What?"

"...that's my *cousin*, Reflet!"

"That's my nephew, Reflet!"

"That's my...friend, Reflet!"

"Oh, you people are so squeamish..." Reflet rolled her eyes. "Am I not permitted to flaunt my assets?"
"You sound like Aversa now." Robin reminded her with a shudder. "*Aversa*."

"Tch. Aversa has nothing on me." The grandmaster shot back. "She's not nearly as awesome."
"Your awesomeness, as it were, might be questioned." Lucina remarked drily.

"My princess, you *wound* me with such sharp comments!" Reflet responded dramatically, clutching her heart as if she had been shot.

...

"What's a communist?" Robin scratched his head. Reflet shook her head.

"None of your concern. It's complicated. Also, damn you Chrom and your sexy heroic antics!"

Chrom stared at the screen. "I don't think elections ever involved killing pirates to gain votes."

"If that's the case, perhaps I should be Exalt." Robin muttered drily. "As I recall, I had to dive into that crew of pirates to save Gangrel..."
"In my defence, I was knocked out trying to save Sumia from an arrow to her head." Chrom pointed out. "Anyway, continue."

"Hah, somehow Owain's a bigger genius than Chrom is." Reflet chuckled. "Good on him. Cute runs in the family, I suppose."
"Please, *please* tell me you aren't hitting on my sister, Reflet." Chrom shuddered.

"No, of course not!" The grandmaster looked offended. "I ship Lissa/Maribelle/Donnel anyway!"

"...do I want to know what 'shipping' is?" The Exalt inquired, inducing Robin to shake his head.

"No."
"Okay."

Lucina shuddered. "Oh gods, Miriel's going to run for Exalt."
"Wouldn't be half bad. She DID invent the steam engine." Reflet pointed out.

Robin retorted quickly. "And also summoned an otherworld tentacled creature. For *science*."

Chrom sighed in relief. "That's what that was? I thought it was worse!

...I should be scared that I'm saying that, but this is Miriel we're talking about."

"Good god, everyone in this fic plays so *dirty*." Reflet muttered. "I only read up to this point."
"...at least you have the good sense to recruit Miriel as your number-cruncher." Chrom nodded. "That's sure to be a ridiculous boon."
"I live to be awesome, dear Chrom."

"...gah, why do you use your attractiveness to get what you want so much?" Robin inquired irritably.

Reflet shrugged casually.

"I learned from the best."

Elsewhere in the universe, Yang Xiao Long sneezed.

Lucina scowled. "I'm offended that he'd imply Owain would ever be unfaithful!"
"Owain/Severa, check." Reflet nodded. "This guy ships the same things Elfy and I do! I love it!"
"Elfy?"
Reflet shook her head. "Don't ask, Chrom, it's complicated."

"Ooooh, this is not going to end well for you, is it?" Robin cringed.

"Nope. No it isn't."

...

"...woooow, we're douches here." Reflet whistled. "I mean, there's the whole *all's fair in love and war* thing, and then there's this..."

Chrom shuddered. "Woe betide I *ever* betray a close friend like that. I'd sooner fall on my own sword."
"Even to me?" Reflet tilted her head. "You know that I'm not your Robin, right?"
"Even you. Even if you are indeed a trickster, I'd sooner die than betray you." Chrom declared.

"But I'd sooner die than trust you with my tea." Robin added, glaring at her. Reflet pouted.

"That was *one* time, Robin! One TIME!"
"One time which nearly resulted in me and Lucina doing something lewd! That we most absolutely did *not* want to do!"

Lucina nodded in assent quickly. "Agreed!"

"Oh, if only you knew, Robin." The grandmaster chuckled sinisterly.

...

Reflet burst out in laughter, clutching her stomach and shaking her head.

"Oh, seriously, *Anna*?" She choked out. "I...that's just brilliant!"
"That doesn't seem like Sumia at all to be so sneaky..." Chrom noted. "She's much nicer than that...

W-wait WHAT?! Me and Reflet?! I-I..."
"Tch. I'm out of your league, bucko." The grandmaster teased him, winking. "Besides, I'm married."
"Running brothels and selling lewd images for money." Robin sighed. "I'd say different, but...that definitely sounds like Anna."

Lucina frowned, shaking her head. "I still don't understand how someone could insinuate my mother's sneaky.

She's...pushy at times, but not that manipulative."

"I still don't understand how Sumia could assume I would ever cheat on her!" Chrom complained. "I mean, I've been underhanded in this story, but wasn't one of my qualities honesty? And another loyalty?!"
Reflet shrugged. "True. Not even your unmarried other self was ever tempted by me. Although he had *thoughts*~"

"..." Robin and Lucina both facepalmed simultaneously.

"Chrom, I don't think Sumia will be convinced you're not with Reflet again when you had her in bed *three days before your wedding*."
"...this reminds me of the time when your alternate self thought I was cheating on Gaius with Chrom." Reflet said to Lucina, chuckling. "Those were good times..."
"Miranda Rights?" Robin scratched his head. "That...is that some kind of Outrealm invention?"
"Definitely." The grandmaster nodded. "This is a satire, so..."
...

Chrom facepalmed.

"Frederick, killing the perpetrator of a crime in the pursuit of an arrest and claiming they tried to shoot you *won't work*."
Reflet sighed gratefully. "At least you realise that...and this is going to end up like the London Riots all over again."

"London rio-oh, right, Outrealm." Robin nodded.

"I've been to some *really* sucky places, Robin." Reflet stated somewhat bitterly. "Really sucky places."

"Well, Frederick dug himself a deep hole, and so did Chrom." Robin shook his head. "Seriously, if I were him, I'd arrest Frederick."
"If *I* were him, I'd arrest Frederick." Chrom stated exasperatedly. "Who does he think he is? The people will- and DID- go mad!"

"Politicians can and do act like idiots." Reflet shrugged. "You've seen the Dynasts, right?"
Lucina rubbed her temples.

"Whatever the case, I would *not* want to live in that version of Ylisse..."

To be continued...

A/N: So, next time will be the second half of Robin for Exalt. We covered up to chapter 8.

And yes, I'm aware of the Ferguson riots, I am however more familiar with the London riots.

So, I hope you enjoy that, leave your ideas, comments, suggestions, thoughts, criticisms and comments, and I hope you have a GREAT day! Until next time!

Chapter 23: Special Chapter: Robin for Exalt, Part 2

Robin Reacts to Robin For Exalt, Part 2!

A/N: Welcome, one and all, to Lucina Reacts! Let's get this one out of the way, Cinder's complaining about ratings again- which is true, as this week, Lucina Reacts grabbed the most views of my Reactsverse fics- managing to beat out a stalkerish Homura and a fanservicey Weiss! Thanks for the support, guys!

Also, Puella Magi Lucina Magica is starting to sound like a fun idea (considering Lucina and Homura are pretty similar in backstory and badass points). Crossover potential interesting. I'll be in touch.

DISCLAIMER: Fire Emblem belongs to Nintendo, otherwise Gaius would have a butler outfit (seriously, Gaius is GARius. :P)

Robin for Exalt belongs to HellfireSupremacy. Warning for spoilers!

All mentioned franchises and characters belong to their respective owners.

"M-my taste in clothing is *not* completely focused around polka-dots!" Lucina snapped indignantly. "I wore a polka-dot dress *once*!"

Reflet rolled her eyes dismissively. "Sure."

"Y-you don't know a *thing*, Reflet!" Lucina cried. "I own normal dresses!"
"I don't even know where you got that sense of fashion of yours." Chrom muttered. "You certainly didn't inherit that one from me. Or Sumia.

And Lucina, you *did* wear that one luminescent green-"

The princess blushed profusely. "Father, Reflet does *not* need to know that!"

"Oh?" Reflet raised her eyebrow curiously. "Interesting..."
"NO!" Lucina cried, shocked.

"...immigration is suddenly an issue in this story?" Robin scratched his head. "So nobody complains during the way when we recruit Feroxi, Plegians, Valmese, Chon'sinians, Rosanneans, Outrealmers, and...wherever Priam comes from...but *now* it's a problem?!"

"Apparently so." Lucina noted. "You'd think it wouldn't be, considering their greatest hero is in fact a Plegian..."

"And what is that strange language that Plegian girl was speaking?" Chrom scratched his head.

"Spanish. It's a parody of something from the Outrealms." Reflet explained.

Chrom rubbed his temples. "Too many jokes from the Outrealms..."

"Surrounded by idiots." Robin darkly muttered. "Why does that feel so familiar..."

"Try having to explain to the public why Miriel's house and half of north Ylisstol stink of sulfur and squid tentacles *again*." The Exalt remarked, exasperated. "Good grief..."

...

"Pandering to the lowest common denominator." Robin sighed irritably. "As much as Vaike and I are friends, I would chafe to let him rule Ylisse."

"I wouldn't trust him ruling the Justice Cabal." Chrom remarked. "He *is* a surprisingly good chef, though, I'll give him that."
"Oh, so exactly like my Vaike." Reflet nodded, remembering something from her Ylisse. "Only more...ditzy. And much less fun."

Lucina frowned. "Poor Nah, having to deal with this nonsense from the voters."

"If I were here, I'd be drinking straight bourbon too." Reflet whistled sympathetically. "Naga knows how my story self hasn't gone insane and tried to throttle people for being idiots yet."

"If this is what elections are going to be like, perhaps democracy might wait a little." Chrom noted. "Seriously, I am blessed in having my best friends as courtiers."

"Good Naga, to what *length* will you people go to gaining power?" Robin remarked exasperatedly. "Seriously..."

"...although what could *Chrom* want with *Laurent*?" Reflet scratched her head. "That escapes me entirely."

Her male counterpart shrugged. "I'd say it was Kellam, but apparently he lives in Roseanne. So how *did* he figure out Laurent was working for Vaike?"
"Magic? He might have Ricken working for him." Lucina theorized.

"Or, you know, just asking the right person. That works *wonders*." Reflet chuckled mischievously.

Chrom's eyes narrowed. "I have a feeling I should be *scared* when you say something like that."

"Oh? We've gotten acquainted rather quickly then, it seems." Reflet stated with a giggle.

...

"...oh, *seriously*." Reflet chuckled. "Legalising weed in Ylisse. Now I'm interested."
"...I have absolutely no idea what that is." Chrom scratched his head. "Is it something you eat?"
"It might have something to do with that plant Miriel seems to be experimenting with as a side project." Robin noted. "She claims it could be used as an anaesthetic for eye surgery."

"I know where you got *that* line from..." Reflet mused with a smirk.

Lucina blinked. "More to the point, how could one *smoke* that? Wouldn't that cause fires and burn things?"
"Good Naga, Lucina." The female grandmaster sighed somewhat fondly. "Someday, I'll have to bring you over to *my* Ylisse and *show* you what we mean by weed-"
"You will *not* do that, Reflet." Chrom responded firmly with a sharp look towards her.

Reflet sighed and chuckled, patting the Exalt on the back. "I was *kidding,* Chrom. I'd prefer our rating stay at a nice 'T'~"

"If that means what I think it means, I somehow doubt that." Lucina remarked.

"Heh. You're right not to trust me~ I'm a *dangerous* girl~"

Robin grumbled, shaking his head and looking aside. "To think *she* is my female self..."

"Just *how* in Naga's name do you accidentally *kill* the head of a nation?!" Robin cried, exasperated. "That should not be physically *possible*!"
"And it wasn't even *Vaike* who did it, too." Reflet whistled. "Go figure."

"...you know, my story self probably did not envision this happening when he sent you off." Chrom mused. "Definitely not."

"...this sounds like a twisted plot from those suspense books Mother enjoys." Lucina remarked, rubbing her chin in thought. "Just...how was it *possible* to accidentally kill an emperor?!"

"Ask Sully." Reflet responded. "Aaaand, as expected, me being a devious little minx, I figure out how to turn murdering the monarch of a country into a political advantage.

Exactly what I was thinking."
"If you were after my throne, I'd be *horrified*." Chrom responded, shuddering. Reflet merely shot him a sinister stare, giggling in a manner reminiscent of Tharja.

"Oh, dear *Chrom*, I'd be far worse than *that*..."

"..." He swallowed nervously. *'What was I thinking, letting this madwoman live with us? It's like having Sumia and Tharja's lovechild living in the room underneath us...*

...and considering she's already befriended Sumia and scared the hell out of Tharja, this is a bad situation indeed.'

...

"Heh. This version of me is even more kinky than I am." Reflet frowned slightly. "Interesting. Must investigate further."

"A scheming Reflet and a prankster Reflet..." Lucina shuddered. "...I think that'd be worse than two Justice Cabals..."
"Are you *seriously* implying two Noires, two Morgans, two Todds and two Henrys are better than two of me?" Reflet raised an eyebrow, genuinely curious.

The princess' eyes widened in realisation, before she looked away. "Actually, you have a point..."

"A feather duster?" Reflet raised an eyebrow. "Sumia, you *pervert*.

I *love* this Sumia! She's more fun and more scheme-y than our Sumia!"

"With the slight problem that that Sumia *hates* you, I think you'd probably get along well." Robin remarked drily, looking back at the screen.

"...oh, good Naga, a debate between Chrom and Reflet. This ought to go well."

Chrom raised an eyebrow. "Wonder what kind of dirty tactics we're both going to try?"
"Eh. Not much you can really do in a debate unless you force your opponent into an uncomfortable position verbally." Reflet frowned. "This is why I never got involved in politics. It was never *fun*."

Lucina audibly sighed. "As much as I dislike Tharja, I feel sorry for her trying to take care of Vaike..."
"You dislike Tharja?" Robin tilted his head. "Why?"

"She knows no boundaries." The princess stated calmly.

"By that, you mean 'she gropes your Robin shamelessly and interrupted your first kiss'." Reflet pointed out with a giggle.
Chrom stared at Lucina.

"You and Robin kiss-"
"Reflet dosed us with love potion. It wore off. I have absolutely *no* interest in Robin!" Lucina said, somewhat more forcefully than needed.

"Indeed, and I-I myself have no interest in your daughter!" The male grandmaster added, just as forcefully.

Reflet rolled her eyes. "Really, you two couldn't sound more rehearsed if you *tried*."

Chrom facepalmed. "I don't know what you're on about."

"Oh, good, this'll be hilarious when it all spills over..." Reflet sighed with a giggle, shaking her head at the pair.

...

Robin clapped slowly. "Credit where credit is due, you and Chrom sure know how to *completely* avoid the subject when you need to."

"I'm not sure that's a compliment." Chrom gave him a dubious stare, frowning slightly. "I'm starting to think that Outrealm politicians are slimier than ours- and given that one of the Hierarchs tried to sell me out to Gangrel, that would be a slimy bunch indeed..."
"You don't know the half of it." Reflet scoffed. "You *really* don't want to know why it's called Severa*gate*, for example."

Chrom raised an eyebrow, filing away the curious discussion of the etymology of '-gate', before staring at the bottom of the chapter.

He felt his eyelid twitch.

"...good Naga, my story self has his foot permanently *dug* into his mouth."
"Wait, *what*?!" Robin stared at the argument as well. "In *what* world does that sound like anything *logical*?!"

"Sadly, in the Outrealms, some people are legitimately of the persuasion that that certain crime needs to be somehow 'legitimate' to garner any consequences." Reflet commented. "How thankful I am for managing to find the nice Outrealms..."

"...well, Father, your story self just dug himself a deep grave." Lucina noted.

Chrom merely placed his head in his hands. "Indeed, he did. Now *everyone* is going to hate him..."

"Wooow." Reflet whistled. "You recovered quickly."

"Indeed I did." Chrom looked somewhat neutral. "As to whether or not that's a *good* thing..."

Lucina nodded, agreeing with her story counterpart's sentiment. "...as much as our Ylisse is insane, ifknowing how pregnancy works is *progressive* there, I'd be sad too."

"..." Robin stared at the screen. "So...your Morgan...is Chrom's son and NOT Owain's?"
"...WHAT?!" Chrom's cheeks turned red. Reflet merely tapped her chin, shaking her head.

"I dunno. Chrom's not my type. He's cute, and pretty good husband material; strong, brave, adorkable and loving...but I'm happy with Gaius, thank you very much.

Oh, and the occasional fool-around with Sumia~"
The Exalt, unflappable leader of the Shepherds and the man who stood before the face of the Fell Dragon itself, was reduced to a stuttering mess by a story implying adultery between him and a woman he knew to be completely insane.

"I-I would...I mean...I'd *never* cheat on-"

"Father, don't worry, we know you'd never attempt to cuckold Mother." Lucina placed a hand comfortingly on his shoulder.

"...does it still count as cuckoldry if the married couple agreed to it and they were both involved in the act?" Reflet inquired wistfully.

Robin gave her a deadpan glare.

"I *really* do not want to know what prompted that question, Reflet..."

...

"...I don't even know *what* to say to that." Reflet scratched her head. "Apart from the fact that apparently all Begnion senators in this fic are complete monsters and racists."

"...Priam being a lion Taguel makes *complete* sense..." Robin noted with a slight shudder. "It would certainly explain his obsession with meat."

"...well, I can't say I didn't expect Lon'qu to punch you in the face, Father." Lucina admitted. "You *did* exploit his daughter for political gain."
"All the more reason for me to rethink the concept of a democratic government." Chrom sighed, rubbing his temples. "All this scheming brings back memories of the war as it is..."

...

Reflet shuddered in horror. "Oh good Naga, Godoka and Haruhi, not *Gheb*."

"The Bastard of Rigwald." Robin remembered his epithet from one of the Magvelian histories he'd studied in his spare time. "I'm guessing you've met him in person."

"Unfortunately." Reflet muttered. "I regret not hexing him into a twig when he tried to cop a feel. Or calling in a debt from an old wizard friend of mine."

"Understandable. It seems his atrocities are known throughout the Outrealms..." The male grandmaster sighed. "And not undeservedly."

Chrom nodded slowly. "Is it bad that I can imagine any profanity Sully utters in combat as one she utters in bed?"
"Must be hard for Stahl. Or Virion. Or whoever's the lucky groom." Reflet quipped.

"...the fact that Ylisse is relying on *him* of all people to keep order summarizes the situation in Magvel." Lucina remarked. "Seriously, *how* did it get so bad?"
"When you leave a ditz and a yandere in charge of an empire, you don't get good results." Reflet shrugged. "Just the way things work."

Robin exhaled. "Well, we finally finished reading this satire..."

"I guess I'll leave a review!" Reflet chimed in, taking over the keyboard.

From: **Tactician-chan**

Awesome satire. Also, you got it all wrong, I'd probably go for Brady or something, Owain's cute, but not my type.

Just kinda turned off by some of the issues here; hitting too close to home- but otherwise, nice fic, well done.

Love, Reflet (or Robin, which ever one you prefer)

PS: Chrom is not pleased.

"I...guess that settles our argument." Chrom announced, turning to Robin.

Robin nodded. "If attempting elections in Ylisse was bad *there*, I can only imagine how it would end *here."*

"Probably with Henry summoning hordes of zombies, Tharja attempting to kill everyone else to make you Exalt, Robin, and the Cabal sabotaging everything for fun." Lucina theorized. "And that would just be the *first day*."
"That settles it, democracy in Ylisse can come when its heroes aren't completely insane." Chrom declared. "Otherwise, there probably won't *be* a Ylisse if that happens..."

Robin nodded. "Yeah."

Surprisingly, for once, hilarity did not ensue.

That was another time.

END

A/N: A shoutout to HellfireSupremacy for letting us do his fic, and next chapter...the one you may or may not have been waiting for, Lucina Reacts to Puella Magi Madoka Magica! Why? Because screw it.

So, I hope you enjoyed that, leave your ideas, criticisms, comments, thoughts, reviews and suggestions, and I hope you have a GREAT day! Until next time!

Chapter 24: Lucina Reacts to Madoka Magica!

Lucina Reacts to Puella Magi Madoka Magica!

A/N: Welcome, one and all, to Lucina Reacts! Now, this is not Puella Magi Lucina Magica- although I just have to write this now, because having Homura!Lucina save Madoka!Olivia sounds like an excellent idea- but this is the closest you're getting to it for now.

To anyone who hasn't watched it, it is totally a family-friendly heartwarming anime which all the kids would love! Just like Validar is the best candidate for Father of the Year!

DISCLAIMER: Fire Emblem belongs to Nintendo, otherwise Glass would be a legacy character in Awakening.

Puella Magi Madoka Magica belongs to SHAFT. Spoiler warning!

All mentioned franchises and characters belong to their respective owners.

Morgan rubbed her eyes, staring at the laptop screen.

"...you know what, we really need our own version of this 'TvTropes' thing." The tactician mused. "Sumia would really love that.

And I just realised I just spent *two hours* scrolling through it without doing anything productive...on second thought, our own version of this might not be the best idea. Nobody would ever get anything done..." Morgan sighed, lying back in her chair and looking about the room. "...maaaan, I really have to get a move on to getting Father and Mother together."

She whipped out a book with a drawing of Lucina and Robin kissing- provided courtesy of Sumia, of course- affixed to the cover, labelled 'Shipping Diary'.

"If there's one thing that I learnt from that Valentine's Day fiasco..." The tactician muttered darkly, remembering how her counterpart and the seemingly sweet Noire managed to out-gambit her. "...it's that these things are *really* useful to have."

She flipped through her diary, which contained a record of the many attempts she'd tried to get Lucina to admit her feelings towards her father and vice versa.

"So...last time with the water buffalo and the barrel of Feroxi beer didn't work..." Morgan bit her lip, thinking carefully. "...hm. I'll have to repay Basilio for that beer, but...hm, maybe if I apply a *hex* to the bed next time, trouble being where I'd *get* said hex-"

Suddenly, the door opened behind her to reveal Lissa and Henry dragging Lucina and Olivia into the room. Morgan instantly hid her Shipping Diary -lest Lucina found and destroyed it- in her robes.

"Aunt Lissa, this is absolutely absurd!"

"Oh come on! It's just an innocent story! It's like those bedtime stories Sumia always loved talking about!"

"Reflet suggested it." Lucina reminded her. "I'm not exactly confident."

"W-why am I h-here..." Olivia inquired, clutching the folds of her dress.

"Because Maribelle's boring and didn't want to join us!" Henry said cheerfully.

Lissa frowned. "She's usually a lot more chatty, but for some reason, she was avoiding me...I wonder why."

Morgan looked up. "Hey, what're you all doing here?"

"Reflet claims this 'Puella Magi Madoka Magica' is the greatest comedy of all comedies!" Henry declared. "And I'm bored, so we're watching it!"

"I decided to join in." Lissa shrugged. "Frederick was being boring and didn't want to have another tea party with Maribelle and I."

"I wonder why," Lucina remarked darkly.

Lissa pouted, crossing her arms. "T-that's hardly the way to speak to your aunt! M-Meanie!"

"..." Lucina sighed, looking to the door. "...well, at least I can-"

Suddenly, screaming ensued from another part of the castle. Lucina, unfortunately accustomed to random bouts of screaming in the castle, identified today's victim as Cordelia.

The ensuing laughter was Todd's. Severa was likely cursing him out as they spoke.

Lucina shut her eyes. Now there was definitely no chance she was going to escape this.

She sighed exasperatedly. "...Aunt Lissa, did you at least bring snacks?"

"Crumpets, scones and chocolates!" The cleric showed her a bag of the aforementioned snacks, smiling brightly.

Olivia frowned. "W-what's going on? W-why aren't we leaving?"
"The Cabal are up to something again." Lucina muttered darkly. "As usual."

She locked the door and shoved a chair in front of it before Henry could head out.

"No! I-I want to know what they're doing!" The dark mage whined. "It sounds *fun*!"

"I am attempting to make the problem go away, not exacerbate it!"

Lissa stomped the ground indignantly. "Y-you sound like Maribelle now! You're no fun, with all those big words and your killjoy attitude..."

"...you're supposed to be my aunt and I have to lecture you." The princess rubbed her temples.

As much as her social ability and experience was lacking, she was pretty sure that having to lecture someone who was supposed to be your *aunt* wasn't normal.

Morgan cracked her knuckles. "So, I guess we're all watching this 'Madoka Magica' thing?"
Olivia nodded shakily, taking a seat. "I-I suppose...t-there's nothing else t-to do..."

"Excellent." Henry rubbed his hands together, snickering gleefully. "This is going to be *awesome*..."

Lucina turned to Morgan. "Please, *please* tell me you're not willing to go along with this."
"...I'll look for it in what Todd calls *high definition*." Morgan offered. "I heard it's much better in quality than *standard*..."

"What's the difference?" Lissa tilted her head.

As Morgan explained, Lucina's hopes sank.

"...once again, I'm stuck between a rock and a hard place..." The princess sighed. "Well...at least it could be worse.

I could be locked in a library, dosed with aphrodisiac and forced to k-kiss...R-Robin..."

"...hm." Henry frowned. "There's nothing funny about this..."
"...intriguing." Lucina rubbed her chin at the falling buildings and the pink-haired girl running. "This scenario seems familiar..."

Lissa scratched her head. "Eh? I'm confused."

"That white rabbit cat thing rubs me wrong for some reason..." Morgan rubbed the back of her head.

"...I dunno. I like him!" Henry laughed. "Kyu...bey? Coobie? I'll call him Coobie. It's easier to say!"

"Oh, that Madoka girl reminds me a little of Olivia!" Lissa chuckled. "Doesn't she?"

"Naga, you're right!" Morgan laughed. "That's pretty funny. Guess that makes Sayaka, erm...hm. She reminds me a little of Tharja, but I'm going to say you, Lissa."
Olivia merely nodded, paying rapt attention to the events on the screen.

"Mami's so cool~" Lissa squeed. "Best dressed, cool weapons! She's like a more awesome Maribelle!"

"She's giving off Reflet vibes." Morgan mused. "I wonder why..."

Meanwhile...

Elsewhere in the Reactsverse, Yang and Mami simultaneously sneezed.

Back at the palace...

"Homura kinda reminds me of you for some reason." Morgan looked over to Lucina, who blinked.

"I don't see how she reminds you of me, Morgan." The princess scoffed. "I would hardly shoot an innocent creature out of the blue..."

"I don't know!" Morgan rubbed her chin, looking at the screen. "My genre-savvy sense is triggering here."

"Kyubey's all creepy!" Henry giggled. "I like him already!"

Lissa shrugged. "He is kinda cute..."

...

"Explosions!" Henry cheered. "EXPLOSIONS!"
Lissa's eyes were practically sparkling in amazement. "Mami's so cool~"

"I don't get it." Lucina scratched her head. "...what's Homura doing, and why is contracting bad?"

Olivia shrugged. "M-maybe it's b-because...c-contracting d-does something to you?"
"It can't be that bad!" Henry laughed. "It means you get to cause pretty explosions and make people's blood spill around things!"

Morgan chuckled. "I'm *really* seeing the similarities between you and Homura, Lucina. I wouldn't be surprised if she was a time-traveller or something..."

Lucina scoffed. "That's highly doubtful-"

"I'm curious. When does Madoka blow stuff up?" The dark mage wondered. "She should blow things up. This...anee-meh...it's named after her, right?

If blowing things up is what magical girls get to do, then I want to be one!"

Lissa giggled. "I don't think that's how it works, Henry."

"Maybe I'd get a third arm! Or tentacles?"
Olivia shivered. "...wh-what? T-tentacles?"
"All flail-y and stabby!" Henry giggled insanely.

Lissa shook her head, sighing. "Silly, if it's scary, Mami is so cool, she'll make it all better!"
Morgan twitched. "Why do I feel like someone's already said that before?"
"I don't know." Lucina looked suspiciously around. "Do we know a Mami or..."
"The name doesn't ring a bell..." Morgan frowned.

...

After the infamous twist of episode three...

"...M-Mami?" Lissa stared at the screen, eyes wide and mouth agape in shock. "...s-she can't j-just die...right? T-that's just a joke...r-right?"

Henry was next to her, laughing raucously, completely insensitive to everyone else's shock and surprise.

"Oh my...oh Naga!" The dark mage wheezed out, shaking his head. "That was hilarious! Reflet was right; that was the *best* joke I've ever seen!

They made us all think she'd come out alive but then *poof*! *Chomp*! Off with her head!" Henry gestured in the air.
"Whoever wrote this is the *best comedian of all time*!"

Lucina frowned at Olivia, who had fainted into her left arm. "I don't understand how you people are so scared. It's just a silly cartoon."

"B-but Mami..." Lissa choked out. Henry, on the other hand, applauded Lucina.

"See? Lucina has a sense of humour!"

"That wasn't funny either." The princess gave him a deadpan glare.

"...you're right. It was *hilarious*!"

Morgan merely stared at Henry, mute at his insanity.

"...what is this even..."

Lissa let out a choked sob, drowned out by the dark mage's hysterical laughter. "...Mami..."

Olivia looked worried. "N-now who's going to defend the city i-if there's no magical girls..."

"...erm, that weird Homura girl?" Morgan pointed out. "Although, what *is* she playing at?"
"This reminds me of you back when you were all 'mysterious' and 'secretive'." Lissa pointed out, shoving a crumpet into her mouth. "I can see what Morgan was talking about."

Lucina had a flat look on her face. "I don't understand what you mean."

"Well, you always did all of this stuff to Chrom, didn't you?"
"That's completely different!" The princess protested.

"See? She even ran off from Madoka's kindness and stuff!" Morgan pointed out. "It was totally you and dad!"

Lucina blushed profusely, crossing her arms. "W-where did R-Robin get into this?!"

Olivia sighed dreamily. "I sympathise w-with Sayaka...s-she just wants to protect Kamijou...like I-I want to protect...G-Gaius..."

Lissa gave her a deadpan look. "I don't think that's healthy at all."

"O-Of course it's h-healthy!" The dancer protested. "...s-she just wants to protect h-her lover..."

Henry laughed. "*Completely* healthy! She's right!"

Morgan facepalmed, shaking her head. "You two are as bad as Tharja."

"...this Kyoko girl is about as foul-mouthed as Sully." Lucina remarked. "And even hungrier."

"Sully would kill us if she heard us talk like that about her," Lissa chuckled.

...

"Magical girls can't be saved?" Lissa frowned. "I don't like the sound of that."
"Neither do I..." Morgan nodded slowly. "This series is a whole lot creepier..."

Henry, meanwhile, was wolfing down crumpets and scones like there was no tomorrow.

"This is the funniest comedy I've ever seen!" The dark mage declared, his voice muffled by a mouthful of pastry. "It just keeps getting better and better!"

"Good Naga, how selfish." Lucina muttered angrily. "This Kyoko girl would risk people's lives for her own?"

Morgan frowned. "Well, it's a sound strategy to do that kinda thing, hoarding Grief Seeds to restore magic."
"Hehehehe, screw Coobie, Kyoko's the best character!" Henry cheered. "So much fighting-HOMURA WHY DID YOU STOP THEM"

The dark mage pouted. "S-so boring!"

Lucina sighed exasperatedly. "Please, tell me this cartoon will end soon."
"There's about six more episodes."
The princess had a look of mixed horror and irritation.

"Crivens."

...

"Aaaand the more Homura says, the more similar she and Lucina get." Morgan mused. "Seriously, she knows more about things, she's got only one goal, she kicked everyone's backsides...and she's holding secrets which nobody knows about."

Lucina scoffed. "I still don't believe I'm anything like Homura. I would-...wait, you...dammit."

"See? I shut down your protests before you could even get them out!" The tactician declared. "I'm just too savvy!"
Lissa laughed. "A *real* savvy person wouldn't have ended up being played by Todd and Noire..."

Morgan pouted, offended. "W-why must you s-say so, G-Great-Aunt?!"

Henry grumbled. "Madoka! You boring person! W-why would you st-...wait...why isn't Sayaka moving?

Oh...oh wow!" The dark mage started laughing. "...that's just *hilarious*! Nyahahahahah!"

Olivia trembled. "W-wait...s-so...t-they..."
"They need Soul Gems to live." Lucina repeated, unaffected by the revelation. "Unsurprising, considering they're called *Soul Gems*."

Lissa held up a finger. "W-wait, so everyone in this series were zombies?"
"Indeed."

Henry cheered, still laughing. "The. Best. Comedy. EVER!"

"Does anyone else think Kyoko's in love with Sayaka? No?" Morgan looked around her fellows curiously.

"I think they might be." Lissa shrugged. "They certainly act like it..."

Lucina nodded at the screen, sighing. "I sympathise with Kyoko. Such disaster in her life would drive anyone mad."
Henry chuckled. "I know how that feels!"

"You're not supposed to be happy that you know how an orphan whose father killed her whole family feels!" Morgan snapped.

"No, I'm just happy because I want to be!"

The cleric facepalmed. "You know, I'd argue against that, except that sounds like perfect Henry."

Olivia shuddered at Sayaka's rampage against the Witch. "...w-will she be alright..."
"Nope! She's doomed! Dooomed!" The dark mage let out a raucous laugh.

...

Henry was too busy laughing at the next episode's twist to be able to say anything coherent.

Lissa and Olivia were reduced to mute shock.

Lucina was, in contrast, completely unfazed"...huh. So they turn into Witches."
Morgan stared at the princess, shocked. "...h-how can you be so *calm* about this?"
"I have multiple reasons." The princess reminded her. "One being the reason you came to this time to begin with."

"Wow. Nothing affects you at all except Robin, huh?" Morgan tilted her head. "That's really...something."

"W-what gives you the idea that R-Robin makes me r-react?!" Lucina snapped, blushing.

The tactician closed her eyes and crossed her arms. "I rest my case."

Henry wiped his eyes, rubbing the tears away.

"This is the funniest thing I have ever seen! How are you people not laughing?!" He looked genuinely lost, unable to comprehend why everyone else was shocked.

...

"Coobie, you utter genius!" Henry praised the creature, clapping. "That was utterly *genius*!"
"What kind of monster..." Lucina clenched her fist. "...how could he simply do that to innocents?"

"It's all for the good of the universe, apparently." Morgan said with an undertone of disgust. "...yep, I can see why Reflet would recommend this series.

And I don't think Miriel should be let anywhere near this series. Seriously, she'd understand all this 'entropy' talk and probably *agree* with him or something..."

"Or attempt to find out how to find this Kyubey creature and dissect him for science." Lucina pointed out.

"That too."

"I *must* meet the creator!" Henry declared. "I *have* to thank him for writing this funniest thing since dead people!"

Lissa huddled together with Olivia, a look of terror on her face.

"Everyone's going to die. Absolutely everyone...", the cleric declared, shaking her head.

"T-there's no hope left..." The dancer added. "W-why..."

Lucina sighed. "I doubt the creator was going to end this with the end of the world."

"That would be *awesome*-"

"No, Henry." Morgan gave him a light slap on the back of the head before shaking her head, exasperated. "I don't think the *end of the world* would be *awesome*."

"My head feels tingly now..." The dark mage rubbed the spot where Morgan had slapped him. "Do it again!"

"I knew it!" Morgan declared. "Homura's a time-traveller, just like Mot-I mean, Lucina!"

"I still don't see the similarities." The princess shook her head. "Just because we both travelled back in time to save our loved ones does not make us similar."
Morgan sighed at her, shaking her head. "We've spelt out the similarities for you. I bet you Reflet's even *met* this Homura person and told her about you!

And I expect Henry to start laughing any minute now...Henry?" Morgan looked over to the dark mage, who had his face hidden in his robes.

"Oh Naga, are you *crying*?!"

"Of course not!" Henry laughed, pulling his tear-stained face from his robes. "I'm perfectly fine! Absolutely ship-shape! Nothing wrong whatsoever!"

"He recovers quick." Lucina remarked drily, prompting Morgan to give her a quizzical look.

"Is that what that was? I don't think that counts as recovering."

Lissa and Olivia, meanwhile, were bawling their eyes out, hugging each other tightly.

"It's just so sad..." The cleric blubbered. "...she can't ever save Madoka and it's just so *sad*!"

"...I-I k-know how h-her devotion feels..."

...

"And so, the most powerful of Witches has arrived." Lucina sighed, shaking her head sadly. "...one can only hope Homura can challenge her fate..."

"Yeah..." Morgan nodded slowly, nibbling on the last scone. "...although the odds aren't with her."

"Well, you always *did* say 'let's even the odds'..."

"True. Maybe she'll do it."

Henry was no longer laughing, instead paying rapt attention to the events on screen. Olivia had long fainted, as Lissa was fanning her with a book to keep her cool.

...

Lucina simply stared at the screen.

"...Madoka...she challenged fate...and..."

"She became hope." Morgan chuckled. "It seems they did it in the end...but she doesn't exist anymore."

"Just like Robin..." Lucina stated, sighing sadly.

Morgan grinned. "...see? That's more reason to say Homura's exactly like you! Her love interest even sacrificed herself and made herself not exist for the good of the world like yours did!"
"I have said this a *thousand* times, I-I'm not i-in love with Robin!" Lucina snapped, blushing and shaking her head. "A-and I came back in time to save my father, not Robin!"
The tactician shrugged. "Same difference."

Lissa smiled tearfully, as she and Olivia had been crying happily at the ending.

"...maybe they'll get back together one day..." The cleric stated hopefully, partially to console her dancer friend.

Olivia nodded, sniffling. "...I-I hope so..."

Henry leaned back, sighing. "That wasn't funny..."

"...Henry, are you *crying*?" Morgan stared at the dark mage.

"W-what?! I-I don't know what you're talking-"
"Oh Naga, you were actually *affected* by that! I'm telling everyone!"
"I-I'm fine! Honest!"

Lucina facepalmed.

"Even this dark anime or whatever utterly failed to halt the chaos for more than mere seconds." She shook her head, looking out the window of the room to find Todd fleeing the castle grounds with some sort of picture book, followed by a very embarrassed-looking Cordelia giving chase on a pegasus.

"...and it's still not safe to leave this room."

Shaking her head, the princess resumed her seat, and calmly tried to tune out the chaos around her as another typical Ylissean afternoon proceeded.

END

A/N: Alright, alright, next chapter, Lucina Reacts to Original Characters!

I hope you enjoyed that, leave your ideas, comments, thoughts, suggestions, criticisms and reviews, and I hope you have a GREAT day! Until next time!

Chapter 25: Lucina Reacts to OCs, Part 1!

Lucina Reacts to Original Characters!

A/N: Welcome, one and all, to Lucina Reacts! Now, for those of you thinking 'yay, Marth', nope, not those kinds of original characters. We're talking outright original, fanmade characters. Yes, the ones people keep complaining about that are complete ripoffs of canon characters, but 'better'. Yes, the ones which badass authors like Gone2GroundEX use so awesomely because they are amazing at writing. Tropes are tools, ladies and gents, and this one's a trope like any other.

DISCLAIMER: Fire Emblem belongs to Nintendo, otherwise there would be a PokemonxFire Emblem crossover already (I choose you, Nowi!).

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"Chrom," Robin called out as he walked into the royal study. The Exalt looked up from his book, curious.

"Robin? It's early. What brings you up here?"
"I...received a report from Themis." Robin explained quickly, producing a letter from his robes. "It's about Emmeryn."

"Oh." Chrom looked somewhat deflated, hoping it was something less serious. "...well, what about her?"
The grandmaster gave him a faint smile, easing his suspicions.

"She says she's starting to...remember."

"Remember?" The Exalt's eyes lit up. "What do you mean?"
"She thinks she's remembering bits. More of her childhood. Nothing yet about...four years ago." Robin exhaled.
"Thankfully. Emmeryn says she wants to talk to you, to see if she can get any closer to remembering more."

Chrom looked stunned, mouth agape in shock. "O-Of course! W-when is she coming?"

"I'll let her know by pigeon." Robin nodded. "It'll get there by noontime, and she'll be here in the afternoon."

Chrom stood up, slipping on his royal garb. "U-Understood! Me and Sumia'll ready the tables right away!"

"Right. I'll see you later, Chrom." The grandmaster adjusted his greatcoat slightly and walked out.

He sighed when Chrom was out of earshot.

"I'm sorry for lying."

Robin wisely- specifically, upon Sumia's advice- decided to leave out the second part of the news; that Gangrel would be coming. The former Mad King had been put to work rehabilitating the former Exalt- he had requested it, wanting to do everything possible to make up for his crimes, and nobody else was able to take care of her, so Robin had acquiesced to Gangrel's request to take care of her, albeit reluctantly.

He'd proven a surprisingly excellent healer, all things considered. Robin still had Kellam check on them regularly, just in case.

Speaking of Kellam, however, Robin immediately perked up.

"Kellam, report in." The grandmaster commanded, turning to where he believed Kellam was. "And please, try to speak up. I'm sorry if I didn't hear you the first time.

The knight stepped forward from the pillar now in front of him, a neutral expression on his calm face. "No problem, Robin. I'm guess you want to know about the Cabal's activities?"

"No, Morgan. Is she doing something insane?"

"Not at the moment, sir." Kellam sighed in relief. "She's busy persuading Lucina to read fanfiction with her."

"No doubt one of my daughter's schemes..." Robin sighed, chuckling and glad for the change in tone. "Just make sure she doesn't do something insane. Emmeryn's visiting the castle to talk to Chrom and see if she can...remember."

Kellam raised an eyebrow. "Emmeryn?"

"She believes talking to Chrom might help her remember. She's starting to remember more, lately." The grandmaster explained. "Can you make sure they don't do anything silly?"
"Well, she always did like Morgan." Kellam mused.

"By that, I mean *no blowing up the castle and pumping it full of aphrodisiac*."

"Ah, yes. Always a pleasant, wholesome daily activity." Kellam remarked drily. "I'll make sure they don't cause too much chaos."

With that, the knight lumbered off, seeking out Morgan's usual haunt. Robin exhaled, tutting.

"You know, apart from a couple of incidents- and damn it, Lissa, stop encouraging them by selling them *lustweed*..." The grandmaster muttered, still remembering the tittering laughter of the girl as she joined the Cabal for a round of laughter after feeding Kjelle more truth serum and shoving her in a room with Severa. "...it's been calm around here.

...dammit, I know something stupid's about to happen. I better start getting Libra and Cordelia on this.

Something tells me I'm not going to like what happens today."

Robin, looking around, prayed to Naga he still had those aspirin confectioneries as he made haste back to his study.

At least if he was inside, he could deny responsibility for the insanity.

"But why, Lucina?" Morgan pouted, kneeling at her side. "Whyyyy?!"

Lucina closed her eyes. "Because, Morgan, I know you're going to show me something that is perverted and pairs me with your father- w-whom, I must add, *I have no interest in*!"
"If you really didn't like him, then you wouldn't need to insert the fact that you don't like him in everything I do." Morgan reminded her. Lucina blushed, shaking her head rigorously.

"B-but everything you do is constantly implying I like your father! W-which I don't!"

Morgan scoffed. "Whatever. I was going to show you original characters today."
"O-Original characters?" Lucina paused. "I...am not sure I know what you mean. That term is vague."

"...you know, characters in fanfics that the authors make out of whole cloth?"

"...you mean like that Mary Sue?" Lucina's eyelid twitched at the thought of someone like Lia appearing and attempting to seduce Robin.

Not that she cared, of course. She merely wanted to protect her friend from danger.

"Err...those are worse." Morgan shook her head. "I mean proper ones."

The princess nodded, understanding. "Oh. So like the character my mother wrote into a narrative about the Radiant Hero and his beloved Soren, trying to get them together."
The tactician raised an eyebrow curiously. "That's...close enough. I suppose you're not completely clueless. Your mother wrote this stuff long before I was born, after all..."

Lucina sighed, rubbing the back of her head. "...and you aren't going to stop until you get me to read fanfiction with you, are you?"

Morgan held up a thumb in approval. "Yep. Right in one. You know me too well!"

Lucina looked irritated for a moment. "...and I already know how persistent you are...fine."

She closed her eyes, sighing and giving the tactician a small smile. "Let's start then. Maybe we can finish one before lunch, eh?"
"Yaaaay!" Morgan hugged her side cheerily. "You're the best!"

"...d-don't push your luck." Lucina uttered out. "I'm just tired of being bothered constantly to read fanfic with you..."

The tactician whipped out the laptop. "I pulled this *all* the way from the room we keep this in!"

"Wait, *h-how*?!" Lucina stared at her in shock. "We had Vaike-"

"Chain this old thing to the table?" Morgan held up a shattered lock of chains. "Yeah, these were hard to break."

Lucina exhaled sharply. "...you know your father's going to scold you for that?"

"Eh. He can do what he wants." The tactician shrugged. "I can deal with it."

Morgan typed in names rapidly into the search bar. "Right, let's see...original characters..."

"...you know, Morgan, I'm curious." Lucina held a finger up. "So, why the sudden interest in original characters?"

"Well, you know." Morgan shrugged casually. "This is all new to me, this fanfic stuff, the Internet and all. I've been using this thing for research and I really wanted to find out more about this."

"I see. That's...logical, of you."

"Not everything I do is driven by madness and desire to see cute pairings happen." Morgan explained. "I'm just a normal girl, most of the time."
"I'd like to see that-" Lucina scoffed, and was about to finish up with a cutting remark, before a wall of bright light filled the windows of the room they were in.

Morgan flinched at the light. "Gah! W-what is that?"
"I don't-"

Kellam burst into the room, staring at Morgan. "Morgan, what did you do?"

"M-me?!" The tactician was taken aback. "I...t-this wasn't me! It wasn't me this time, I swear!"

Lucina nodded, confirming her protests. "She's been with me for two hours. It wasn't her."
"Sorry, I have slight difficulty believing that the Justice Cabal are *not* behind a random huge explosion going on outside." The knight darkly remarked. "If that isn't Morgan, what is that?"

The light faded. Lucina stood up, her hand grasping the handle of Falchion. "We should go check it out, make sure nobody's hurt.

I don't think the Cabal's responsible for this one. Not this time."

Kellam sighed, banging the bottom of the lance on the floor as he waited for Lucina and Morgan to gather their weapons and start heading out.

"The *one* time I hope it's the Cabal behind something, it's worse. So much for a peaceful morning.

Robin's going to kill me."

"Huh?" Lucina tilted her head. "Why?"
"Emmeryn is heading in to talk to Chrom, see if it'll help her remember more than she's already figured out." Kellam explained, causing Morgan to stare at him in surprise.

"Wait, Great-Aunt Emmeryn's coming? Crap! Err, we'd better figure out what's going on then, don't we?"

Lucina nodded slowly. "Morgan, are you sure you're feeling alright? You aren't *this* concerned about anyone else. And she isn't your great-aunt."

Kellam's eyes narrowed, if it were possible. "You know, she could've been talking about Cynthia."

"T-that's not what I was saying!" The princess snapped.

"Yeah, but, come on. I've obligated to give her some slack." The tactician explained. "You'd all have me hanged if I didn't.

Let's figure out what's going on, eh? Clean up the place, save the world and go to school before she gets here."

Kellam looked around the room. "So, a princess in romantic denial, an insane prankster and me.

If this is what's going to save the world, then Ylisse is screwed."

Meanwhile, outside Ylisstol...

One person stood up, dusting the dirt of their cape and patting their sides to make sure his *completely original* swords Missiletainn and Tyrfang were still in their scabbards at his side. His hair was messy and red, and his Chon'sinese coat was as crimson as his locks. He had but one aim in sight; to heal the wounded heart of his beloved Lissa.

He was the *completely original* character Lon'mu, who had served as Khan Basilio's bodyguard back in his own home realm after a difficult childhood in the slums of Chon'sin, where his beloved female friend Ke'mi died protecting him, making it impossible for him to speak to women. He had since then honed his skills to the point that he could beat Grima alone, and did so.

He had absolutely no idea who this 'Lon'qu' person that the Anna of his world spoke of was, either.

He looked around, realising he was just outside Ylisstol. The swordsman clenched his fists.

"...Lissa." He muttered. "I need to find her." Lon'mu drew Missiletainn and walked into Ylisstol, looking up at the palace.

"I have to protect her. I can't lose her like I lost everyone else."

With a conveniently-placed dramatic wind, he advanced towards the palace, a mission in mind.

Meanwhile...

"Good Naga, please not be bad, please not be *bad*..." Lucina muttered as she, Kellam and Morgan headed out to the courtyard. "Please be only a mere kitten..."

Kellam shook his head. "I doubt it's just a kitten, Lucina. The world we live in, we're not exactly lucky with the stuff that happens to us."

Morgan shook her head. "You do realise that if we get Emmeryn hurt here, Chrom's going to kill us all, right?"

The knight sighed. "I know that. Robin's going to kill me too."

"Hang on." Lucina held up her hand, stopping the rest. "Is that Lon'qu?"

"Huh?" Kellam looked down at the man in the red coat, storming up to the castle, with a sword that resembled the one Owain mistook for Mystletainn. "...what's he doing here?"

"I thought he was training in the castle." Lucina nodded, remembering seeing him earlier in the morning, hacking a training dummy to bits with a wooden sword.

"...I don't think that's Lon'qu." Morgan held up her finger.

"Huh? But he looks like-"
"Lon'qu wears blue. And he'd never use Owain's sword, either. Too weak." The tactician pointed out. "He likes Killing Edges more.

I think whatever light that was that shone into our library spawned our cheap Lon'qu ripoff."

Kellam scratched his head. "You think? That sounds a little far-fetched, but..."
"W-wait!" Lucina stopped them from heading down. "Is that Maribelle he's about to run into?"
Morgan perked up.

"Maribelle, you say?"

"Yes, why?"

The tactician grinned. "Well, then it seems our work might be done for us."

Back with our unfortunate newcomer...

Lon'mu looked irritably at the palace. He knew Lissa was in there, and he had to get her to elope with him and have a

family and such- the one thing that he'd always-

"Lon'qu? What are you doing out here? I thought you spent your mornings training."

He jumped back, realising Maribelle was next to him. Cringing, he glared at her.

"W-woman! S-step back from me! You know I-I can't t-tolerate-"
"Yeah, yeah, you've hit me on my poor head enough with your wooden swords by accident to hammer that message in." Maribelle waved him off irritably. "What are you doing? Perchance, are you *drinking* this early?"
"Grgh. None of your business." The *completely original* swordsman waved her off.

"How uncouth!" The lady snapped. "I am *asking* you a polite question, Lon'qu! Have you forgotten o-our lessons?!"

"...wait, did you call me Lon'*qu*?"

"Of course!" Maribelle responded. "What do you want me to call you, *gynophobe*?"
"...my name is Lon'*mu*." Lon'mu responded irritably. "As much as I keep my distance from you, you should know enough about me-"
"Lon'mu? Oh, wait. You must be from one of those blasted Outrealms that that pervert Reflet came from." The lady grumbled. "Of course."

"And there is no way that this 'Lon'qu' is anything like me. You must take me for some cheap *clone*-"
"Cheap clone? I will assure you, *you* are the cheap clone of our Lon'qu!" Maribelle retorted. "How *dare* you pretend to look like him?"
"Pre...tend?" The *completely original* swordsman shook his head, confused. "Look, I do not *care* for your antics. Just help me find Lissa so I may profess-"
"Profess what, love?"

"Yes. How did you-" He stopped dead.

Maribelle's eyelid twitched for a second, before she glared up at the man.

"...y-you...cheap clone...are going to *dare* to...*confess*...to Lissa?"
"...and what will you do-"

"Insolent cur! I will teach you to steal *my* Lissa! *THORON!*"

"Eh-"

The *completely original* man was sent flying towards the castle by a blast of lightning. Maribelle dusted off her Thoron tome, crossing her arms.

"How *dare* he?! *Nobody* is allowed to *simply confess* their love to *my* Lissa!" The lady remarked indignantly. "They have to *ask my permission* first! And then we must see if they're a good match!

Not that there would be a better match than myself for dear Lissa...n-not that I-I would *pursue* her, or anything...goodness gracious, *no*..." Maribelle muttered to herself, blushing.

"Excuse me."

"Eh!?" The noblewoman jumped, hiding her Thoron tome. It would just be *unsightly* for her to be seen zapping potential riv-*undesirables* trying to court her *best friend*, and so Maribelle was mortified about who had potentially witnessed her outburst.

"W-what do you want? What did you see?"

"I saw nothing, woman, now hurry up!" The new presence snapped- judging from her voice, it was a woman, around Lucina's age. Maribelle seethed at their impoliteness regardless.

She turned around, growling. "Look, I don't understand just *who* you think you are-"

The woman behind her crossed her arms, adjusting her own brown Plegian greatcoat- different in style from Robin and Reflet's, of course, but with telltale markings identifying it as Plegian craftmanship- and the Ylissean Guard halter underneath. A short rapier was at her side, and her hair was hidden by the feathered hat common to tricksters- like the time she'd seen Gaius playing at being one. She had sharp grey eyes- eyes that reminded Maribelle of someone.

Of course, she was still indignant about being interrupted.

"Tch. What do you want anyway?"
"The Ylissean Palace. Do you know where it is?"
"You're in Ylisstol." Maribelle retorted, now somewhat puzzled. "...what do you mean by-"
"I don't have time, *woman*. Where is the palace?"
"On the hill behind me!" The noblewoman snapped. "Now, young lady, you *will* have to tell me your name so I can chastise you suff-"
"I don't have time for this!" With that, the newcomer stormed off, leaving a shocked Maribelle in her wake.

"N-now just wait a minute! G-get back here! I am *chastising* you! Do you know who I *am?!*" She roared, waving her fist.

To be continued...

A/N: The second part will be released tomorrow. This was meant to be one chapter, but I didn't think the second half was sufficiently built up enough, so I'll write in some more before I end it, yes?

So, I hope you enjoyed that, leave your ideas, comments, suggestions, criticisms, reviews and thoughts, and I hope you have a GREAT day! Until next time!

Chapter 26: Lucina Reacts to OCs, Part 2!

Lucina Reacts to Original Characters, Part 2!

A/N: Time to finish what I started yesterday. And to deflect suspicions, no, I wasn't insulting Lon'qu/Lissa, just people who ship OCs with canon characters with no reason apart from similarities to their favourite canon characters. I do like the pairing myself, but I must let it be known, I prefer Lon'qu/Cordelia~

Either way, you people are going to kill me for the ending of this chapter.

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Lon'mu pulled himself up outside the gates of Ylisstol. He shook his head, trying to get the buzzing from being struck with a Thoron tome.

"Gragh...Maribelle...why didn't she know who I was?" The *completely original* swordsman pondered briefly, before shaking his head and pulling himself up. "...no matter. I need to find Lissa, quickly.

Maybe she can explain this situation to me-"
He was interrupted by running into Frederick, who was taking a break from protecting Lissa. He looked down at the man running into him, barely stopped due to his armour.

"Lon'qu? What are you doing?" Frederick called out. "What are you-"

"Why do you people keep calling me Lon'qu? I am Lon'mu-"

The knight stepped back, examining him. "Lon'mu-oh, good Naga. You're an Outrealmer, aren't you."
"Outrealmer? I don't know what you're all talking about!" Lon'mu cried indignantly. "You are all out of your minds! You don't know who I am-

J-just get Lissa! She'll know me!"

Frederick's instincts immediately kicked in. He knew there was something very, very wrong with the situation. He knew Lucina had seen something like this happen before, and things usually went horribly wrong when someone claimed to be in love or the lover of one of their own.

Frederick immediately pulled out the legendary Gradivus, assigned to him by his liege Chrom for his services to the throne- and also because giving it to Sully would most likely break it, which would not be popular with anyone, for the spear WAS after all a treasure of ancient Ylisse.

The *completely original* swordsman drew Tyrfang and Missiletainn in response, readying himself for battle.

At that point, Frederick immediately lost any sense of threat he may had had from this intruder.

"...is that Owain's sword?"
"No! This is the *true legendary sword* Missiletain!" He roared. "And I will use it to protect my Lissa from-"

Frederick immediately closed the distance between them both and jammed the bottom of the spear into his gut, forcing the swordsman down, before pushing him back.

"And another thing. Lon'qu would've managed to strike me down by now." Frederick commented drily.

'*Thank Naga all of the chocolates and tea Lissa forced me to partake of hasn't dulled me any*.' The knight thanked his lucky stars for such an occurrence, before he advanced upon Lon'mu.

The swordsman looked up at him, wiping his mouth. "How...dishonorable-"
"Silence." Frederick pointed his lance at him. "As soon as I find someone to help me, you'll be on your way back to your rightful Outrealm."

Unluckily for Frederick, however, the chaos in the castle hadn't stopped simply because some stranger had walked into the palace. He was reminded of this fact in the form of a murder of Risen crows suddenly flying through the halls, clawing and biting at his armour.

"Gah!" The knight fell back, batting the birds away from himself and dropping his lance. "Blasted dark mage...

HENRY!"

"Nyahahahahahahahahah!" The dark mage's piercing laugh could be heard through the palace.

Lon'mu took this opportunity to flee the scene, picking up his swords and using the ravens as a distraction to escape the scene.

Minutes later...

Lucina, Kellam and Morgan happened upon Frederick being set upon by crows.

"Sir Frederick!" Lucina cried, drawing the Parallel Falchion and hacking at the crows, while Morgan set at it by blasting the crows with her tome.

When the crows had dispersed, the princess offered the beleaguered knight a hand to help him up. "W-what happened?"
"I-I found an Outrealmer claiming to know lady Lissa and attempted to a-accost him..." Frederick wheezed out, tired from flailing about in heavy armour and keeping the crows off of him, as he took Lucina's hand. "...and suddenly Henry summoned these blasted crows..."

Morgan sighed. "Dammit, Henry..."

"We're trying to find that Outrealmer." Kellam explained hurriedly. "Lady Emmeryn is coming to the castle this afternoon, and we're trying to keep the usual chaos out of her sight."

Frederick's eyes widened. "L-Lady Emmeryn?! Why wasn't I informed of this?"

"Maybe Father didn't want anyone knowing about this." Lucina explained. "You know what happens when the Justice Cabal hears about visitors."

Frederick exhaled, exasperated. "Yes, I know what happens, as the unfortunate Khan Flavia found out the last time she paid us a visit..."

"I still remember the water buffalo..." Lucina shuddered, shaking her head. Morgan, on the other hand, was grinning.

"That was a *genius* scheme..."

Kellam lightly slapped Morgan on the back of the head. "Yeah, I don't think we all share that same opinion.

Anyway, if you could grab Sully and Stahl and tell them about this before Lady Emmeryn gets here, I think that'd be nice."

"Yes." Frederick nodded hurriedly. "I believe that'd be a wise choice.

I still cannot believe Lord Chrom left *me* out of his plans..." The knight muttered as he picked up the Gradivus and walked off to find the two cavaliers.

As he did, Lucina looked to Kellam and Morgan. "It seems our target's disappeared..."

"Dammit...if he's looking for *Lissa* of all people, Chrom's *definitely* going to kill us..." Kellam swallowed. His ability to remain unnoticed was untested against the brotherly rage of the Lord Exalt, and he had no intention of testing it anytime soon.

"I guess we have to find this guy before he finds Lissa..." Morgan concluded. "At least he should be a pushover."
"If experience is any testament, then yes," Lucina sighed in relief, thankful for something going right for her. "I believe he will be."

Kellam raised a finger. "Or he'll be stupidly powerful and you'll wish you had a kitten show up."

"Kittens are much better, that is true." The princess nodded. "And...if I have to say it...a little *cute*..." She blushed slightly.

Morgan grinned. "I guess Father knows what to get you when you get married."
"MORGAN!" Lucina shrieked, to which the tactician responded with a shrug.

"What?"

Kellam facepalmed, familiar with this particular routine already.

'*Lucina; a master of swordsmanship, but absolutely **terrible** at sorting out her feelings.*

At this rate, I'll have to be paying Lissa for that bet...'

Meanwhile, at the road to the castle...

Maribelle chased after the newcomer, hefting her dress up to keep it clean.

"W-wait up! Let me chastise you!"

"I haven't got time for this!" The woman growled back, adjusting her hat. "Look, I have to stop that Lon'qu ripoff before he does something stupid, and there's someone I need to talk to when I get to the palace."

Maribelle's indignation simply increased.

"Well, t-that does not mean you should be so *rude* to me-"
"You know what, I think you can emotionally handle having someone be a little rude to you, considering you just *zapped* someone for trying to steal Lissa."

The noblewoman stopped, stomping the ground in annoyance.

"N-nobody has the right to c-court my Lissa without my permission! A-As I said-wait." Something occurred to Maribelle, something that should've occurred to her immediately.

"...how do you know Lissa?"

The woman turned around, adjusting her feathered hat and looking apologetically at her.

"Look, I need to get to her. I need to talk to her, okay? I'm sorry if I was rude, but I need to warn her about something." She sighed, rubbing the back of her head. "I can't tell you how, you wouldn't believe me."

"...well, that wasn't so hard, was it?" Maribelle crossed her arms, sighing. "If you insist, I will take you to her."
"Thank you-"
"But can I at least have your name, young lady?" Maribelle inquired. "If I am going to take you to the Lord Exalt's sister, after all, I must know who you are, and why you have a halter of the Ylissean Guard."

"...Fiora. Call me Fiora." The woman stated calmly. "And this halter was a family friend's. Now can we go?"

The noblewoman raised an eyebrow. "Fiora? Like the ancient Elibean Falcon Knight of legend, Fiora?"
"Yes, her! A family friend recommended the name, it's a little embarrassing, now can we please *go*?! I'm running out of time and if that idiotic Lon'qu clone comes near her, then she might end up not listening to anything I'll say!"

Maribelle was taken aback, but sighed and began walking forward. "...I...fine. Just try to keep up with..."

Fiora was already halfway up the road to the castle, leaving her behind.

"...me." The noblewoman exhaled.

"The cheek of young women nowadays. They can't wait up for their elders."

Meanwhile, in the palace...

Lucina used a wall for support, breathing heavily. She, Morgan and Kellam had been wandering around the palace, attempting to find the Lon'qu lookalike and neutralise him- to be precise, Kellam was looking for him, while Morgan was looking for Miriel, for when they inevitably did find him, in order to send him back to his Outrealm.

"Naga..." The princess breathed out irritably, exasperated. "Why can't I have a normal day for once? A normal day would

be nice, one where Morgan isn't trying to pair me with...Robin...and one where the Justice Cabal isn't perpetrating an antic, and one where people do not appear out of nowhere to-"

"Excuse me. Do you know where the Exalt's sister might be?"

Lucina turned around to see a woman, about her age, clad in a mixture of Plegian garb and an Ylissean Guard halter, with a rapier at her side, approaching her. Her feathered hat hid her hair perfectly.

"...the Exalt's sister? Why?"
"I need to talk to her," the woman explained. "And I don't have much ti-wait a minute."

Her calm expression suddenly twisted into a glare. "What is that on your waist?"

"...the Falchion. Why?"

She drew her rapier, pointing it at her. "Thief!"

"...thief? What are you talking about?" Lucina was taken aback. Surely it was common knowledge that as the daughter of the current Exalt, she owned a copy of the Falchion.

"How dare you pretend to not know?!" The woman seethed as she pointed her rapier at the princess. "...I must defend Ylisse's honor.

I, Fiora of Ylisse, challenge you to a duel!"
"I do not have the time for a duel!" Lucina snapped. "There is a-"

Suddenly, Lon'mu ran past them, looking around and calling for Lissa. Fiora glared at his back, lowering her rapier.

"...you're looking for him too?" Lucina inquired. Fiora nodded slowly.

"Unfortunately. He's going to spook Lissa into not talking to me if I don't." The woman adjusted her hat. "That's why I need him beaten."

"I need to get him out of here. We have a visitor to the palace coming and I would prefer not to have him disturb her with his insanity.

If you want, I can help you fight him. I can explain this situation later." Lucina offered her hand to the newcomer. Fiora studied it suspiciously, before taking it slowly, shaking it.

"Fine. But we are having our duel after this, understood? You're still a filthy thief."

The princess ignored the insult. "Call me Lucina."

"That name...doesn't ring a bell." Fiora admitted.

"I don't think it would." Lucina sighed, nodding slowly. "Let's just go after him before he does something that might jeopardise our visitor's safety."

In the court gardens...

"Naga damn it, Lissa!" Lon'mu cried. "Where are you? I need to get you out of here! I need you to-"

A light voice humming began sounding behind him. Lon'mu turned around to see Lissa, skipping across the courtyard happily.

"...Lissa!" He called out. "Over here!"
The cleric turned in his direction, tilting her head. "...Lon'qu?"

"...Lon'qu? I don't under..."

Lissa paused, uncertain. "Lon'qu. That *is* your name, right? You're not an amnesiac, right?"

"Lissa, look, I don't know what world we're in, but everything is wrong." The *completely original* swordmaster threw himself at Lissa's feet, looking up at her. "Nobody knows who I am, and they mistake me for someone called 'Lon'qu'..."

"...oh Naga, now I know what Lucina was talking about." The cleric muttered. "Look, you're not Lon'qu, are you? You're a ripoff! A fraud!"
"What? B-but I don't-"
"And while I admit, the real Lon'qu is *dreamy*..." Lissa sighed briefly. "...you are not him. And I'm not in love with you. I'm not your Lissa."

"...but that is-"

"And moreover, you're merely a cheap copy of *me*."

Suddenly, a pair of strong hands picked up Lon'mu. Lon'qu glared at him angrily, turning his imposter around.

"Eh? W-who are you? Y-you look exactly like me!"

"The question is, why do you look like *me*." Lon'qu intoned. "I do not know who you think you are, or what your name is, but you most certainly aren't me.

I would never act so lovestruck about Lissa anyway. The woman is far too mad for my tastes."

"Hey!" Lissa snapped indignantly. "I'm not that insane!"

"Why you..." Lon'mu growled. "I assure you, *I* am completely original! And unique!"

He kicked his counterpart in the knee, forcing him off and drawing his swords. "And I will prove it by besting you in battle?"
"Two swords?" Lon'qu looked irritated. "What do you think this is, some sort of fantasy story?"

He unsheathed his own Killing Edge, glaring back at his *completely original* imposter's two swords.

All glitter and no gold. Nothing reliable. He could tell that from cursory inspection.

On the other hand, the blade he had in his hands had accompanied him from Chon'sin when he left to seek his fortunes and hone his strength on the Ylissean continent. This blade had joined him in service to Khan Basilio, back in the days when the Khan had ruled Regna Ferox, before Lucina had bested him, and it stayed with him throughout his service to the Shepherds, albeit in pieces, broken from the clash with sacred Falchion, harder than any mortal blade.

As a birthday gift, Robin- with help from Cordelia, of course- had had it reforged, back during the war. It was stronger than any other blade of its kind, reforged with Ylissean blade forging techniques and stronger steel than in Chon'sin. Lon'qu had since kept the blade at his side, the finest sword he'd ever seen crafted.

He had named it *Kusanagi*, in honor of one of the legends of his homeland- a blade that was sharper than any other, that slew giant serpents with the ease of cutting grass.

Lon'mu backed away from Kusanagi, holding his swords up to protect himself. "T-that inferior blade will not protect you from-"
"*Be silent*."

Within a blink, Lon'qu had already entered the space between him and the imposter. He hadn't the time for dramatic speech; it didn't suit him. The swordmaster swung Kusanagi at Lon'mu's side, only for the imposter to counter with one of his own swords.

"How dishonorable!" The *completely original* warrior cried.

"Then stop talking. Give me the honor of a quick fight."

Lon'qu twisted around and smashed the flat of his blade at him into his side, catching him off guard and forcing him down, coughing. Lissa stood back, shocked.

"Lon'qu! What's going on?"
"Get Lucina. Quickly." Lon'qu commanded hastily. "She's dealt with this situation once already-"

"You don't need to get me." Lucina rushed out, the Falchion drawn, with a woman Lon'qu had never seen before following her with a rapier. "What's going on?"
"This...*imposter* claims to be me." Lon'qu brusquely remarked. "He has been educated."

"Gragh..." Lon'mu muttered. "...*you're* copying *me*. I'm *completely original*."

"..." The princess exhaled sharply. "...we're going to need Miriel to send him back to his Outrealm, aren't we?"
"Outrealmer...well, that would explain it." The swordmaster sighed, sheathing Kusanagi. "So-"

Suddenly, Lon'mu tackled him to the ground, forcing his counterpart down, before drawing his blade on him.

"Easy!" The *completely original* swordsman cried. "If you were not an imposter, you'd have expected that! Now, to claim my rightful place back from this imposter-"
Lucina pointed the Parallel Falchion at him. "Get away from him, or, Naga help me, I will *cut you down* where you stand-"

"Oh, shut up already! You sound like a parrot!"

Fiora leapt from behind Lucina and slugged Lon'mu in the face with a gloved fist as fast as Lucina could blink.

The imposter hit the floor, and the newcomer cracked her knuckles.

"Idiot." The woman sighed, before turning to the princess. "I guess you and I both know Miriel."
"Unfortunately." Lucina frowned. "As much as I don't trust her methods, she's the only person who knows how to send people through the Outrealms easily. We're locating her as we speak."

"Lissa!" Chrom stepped into the courtyard suddenly. "I need you to-Lucina! What's going on?" He looked over at Lon'qu and his unconscious clone on the floor, the trickster-garbed woman and Lucina.

"...I don't want to know, do I?"

Lucina merely shook her head. "...just pretend this never happened and don't say a word to-"
"Our duel will have to wait, Lucina, because that reminds me." Fiora turned to Lissa, giving her a short bow. "Milady, hello. I need to speak to you, if you could spare me a little time."

"Huh?" The cleric tilted her head. "I don't...know who you are. Why do you need to talk to me?"
"Look, I'll make it clear as soon as I can-"

"C-Chrom?" Emmeryn stepped out from the palace, stumbling slightly and surveying the scene with an unsure expression. "...w-what is...happening?"

Fiora's eyes widened in shock.

She dropped her rapier to the floor. Lucina stared at her as she rushed to the former Exalt's side, helping her up.

Fiora's expression immediately changed from serious to concerned.

"W-what is...wrong?" Emmeryn looked up at her, smiling slightly.

"...Mother?"

END

A/N: I BET YOU DIDN'T EXPECT THAT, HUH?! HUH?! Good! Because I didn't either! I just liked the idea of having a Future Child show up from one of the SpotPass characters who *wasn't* Morgan, given we already have two Morgans. Next chapter, Lucina Reacts to Wham Episodes!

Also, go on, kill me, I'm ready for it. I knew it might happen the moment I introduced Emmeryn's future child.

So, I hope you enjoyed this chapter, leave your ideas, comments, suggestions, reviews, criticisms and thoughts, and I hope you have a GREAT day! Until next time!

Chapter 27: Lucina Reacts to Wham Episodes!

Lucina Reacts to Wham Episodes!

A/N: Welcome, one and all, to Lucina Reacts! As you can see from the title, the whole of this chapter will be taken up with reacting to the wham episode that was last chapter. Like, seriously, who expected Fiora to be Emmeryn's daughter? Not even I did~

...what? She was supposed to be Aversa's. No joke. I'm serious, she was supposed to be Aversa's.

DISCLAIMER: Fire Emblem belongs to Nintendo, otherwise the Tactician/Grandmaster class would be able to access Dark Magic tomes.

All mentioned franchises and characters belong to their respective owners.

"...did you just say...Mother?" Lucina stepped back, her eyes wide. "...Fiora...you're...Emmeryn's daughter?"

Fiora turned to Lucina, sighing and rubbing the back of her head. "I...suppose I should've introduced myself better. I suppose my full title is necessary for full identification, in case Mother needs further proof of who I am.

My full title is Princess Fiora of Ylisse, Heir to the United Throne of Ylisse and Plegia, Heir to the Line of Anri and Exalt-to-be. I am the rightful wielder of the Falchion, which is why I called you a thief, Lucina.

Only one of royal Ylissean blood may use that sword. And there's no way you are-"

"United Throne of Ylisse and...Plegia?" Chrom repeated, uncomprehending. "N-no way. You can't be. You're lying!"

Fiora glared at him. "I do not *lie*, Uncle. I'll prove who I am."

Roughly, she moved the sleeve of her Plegian coat to reveal her bare shoulder, where the Mark of Naga was present, clear as day.

It was clear Fiora wasn't lying about being an Ylissean noble. The proof was right there.

'*She could be a distant cousin, though,'* Lucina thought carefully. *'After all, Aunt Lissa lacked it entirely, despite being direct descendants.'*

"F-Fiora..." Emmeryn looked at her apologetically. "I-I'm sorry...you...must be mistaken. I...am not...your mother."

"T-that's okay! I expected this might happen, so I brought proof." The duelist sighed, before rooting in her coat and taking out a medallion, embossed with the Mark of Naga, which surrounded the Mark of Grima, the Plegian coat of arms.

"Here, Mother!" Fiora offered it to her, a hint of desperation in her voice. "See? T-this is the medallion you and..."

She slowly stopped, realising where she was. Emmeryn frowned, placing a hand on her cheek.

"...I'm sorry. I...do not recognise...your medallion. You...must have...the wrong woman."

Chrom drew closer, staring at the medallion closely. "...Plegia and Ylisse are two sovereign nations. I am the current Exalt, not my sister, and the King of Plegia is-"

That moment, Morgan and Miriel stepped forth from within the castle.

"Lucina!" The tactician called. "I have Miriel here! Where's the...wait. Who's she?" She pointed at the dumbstruck Fiora.

Miriel surveyed the scene, adjusting her glasses, her eyes settling on Lon'mu, who curled up in his sleep, groaning, before staring at Fiora.

"Another bearer of the Mark of Naga." The sage noted. "Intriguing. It seems today has brought more mysteries to decipher."

"She claims to be Aunt Emmeryn's daughter..." Lucina stated, staring at Fiora as she gazed at her medallion, horrified.

"...d-doesn't...exist?"

Miriel looked over to Chrom. "Do you wish me to confirm her claims? I have the magical means that I've been wishing to test out.

I've recently been working on an invention that allows me to verify her claims. I would like to put it to the-"

"N-no..." Fiora shook her head. "I...I'm not lying. I swear...I am-"

Lucina grasped her shoulder. "We believe you, but...your story doesn't add up.

The Thrones of Ylisse and Plegia are still separate, and as far as we know, Emmeryn has nobody close enough to her to facilitate friendship, let alone romance..."

Morgan quietly contained her surprise. She, Kellam, Sumia and Robin were the only ones aware of Gangrel taking care of her. Chrom hadn't been informed- he would probably have struck Gangrel down for going anywhere near her.

'*Plegia...no way...*' The tactician mentally processed the events. '*...that would mean...*'

"We believe you, but we ask, for the sake of consistency, that you submit to a test." Miriel requested, adjusting her glasses. "We know you're exactly who you say you are, but I would be more comfortable having outside confirmation."
Fiora gripped the hilt of her rapier, gazing at Miriel intensely for a moment. Miriel held the gaze with an impassive expression, unaffected by the intensity of the glare.

The girl faltered, looking away, having clearly forgotten what kind of person Miriel was. "...fine. I'll submit to these tests. I maintain that I have spoken nothing but the truth, upon the honour of my royal house and family."

"Excellent." Miriel calmly took out two sharp, thin copper prongs, causing Fiora to stare at them in horror.

"What are *those*?!"

"Hold still. This will only take a moment." She turned to Lissa. "You may want to ready yourself to heal, milady. I'm not sure how much these will hurt. I have only tested them out on myself."

"...d-did you have to make those things look *that* sharp?!" The cleric cried.

"Sharpness is a physical property. I can hardly control if an object appears to be sharp."

Morgan rolled her eyes. "As always, Miriel's contraptions are either going to really hurt someone or are going to be absolutely useless..."

Minutes later...

"Well." Miriel wiped the blood from the prongs with a light napkin as Lissa carefully administered healing magic to Fiora, who winced as she felt the energy wash over her wounds, knitting skin back together.

"It seems that there are two outcomes possible here." The sage explained to Lucina, Morgan and all others present. "The first one is that Fiora genuinely believes that Emmeryn is her mother, and that she is indeed the Princess of Ylisse. In that, we can assume that she is entirely under the delusion of so."

Fiora glared at her angrily. "I told you, Miriel, I'm not *lying* about what I said. I have sworn upon-"

"You didn't let me finish." Miriel held up a finger. "The other outcome is that you have travelled back in time, similarly to the other future children, to avert the Fell Dragon Grima's destruction upon your world. Unlikely this conclusion may seem, however, I have sufficient reason to believe in it."

Chrom tilted his head, scratching her head. "How did you figure that?"
"Simple. Firstly, the Ylissean Guard halter she wears is scuffed, in such a manner caused by disuse. This implies that the Ylissean Guard was never mobilized to fight a war, unlike in our timeline. This would corroborate her story that Plegia and Ylisse were allies in her time.

Secondly, take a closer look at her clothing in general. I noted that it seems covered in grey dust, almost like ash. This would imply she has recently been near a fire or surrounded by burning objects. It would be reasonable to assume, at this point, that since there has been no fire of note in Ylisse in the past week, the fire would have been in her timeline.

Thirdly, her eyes are bloodshot and her general posture matches that of one who has not had any rest for a week. This would match my hypothesis; that she came back from a future where Grima destroyed her world, thus causing enough

destruction to necessitate her being unable to rest at all.

Finally, nobody in Ylisse, except ourselves, is aware of the situation of the Future Children. The resources needed by someone to fake being a future child- of a woman who did not have one- would require one of us to participate. And apart from the Justice Cabal, none of us would have such a motive- and even then, none would attempt to target Emmeryn."

Morgan nodded. "It's true. Our code of honour prevents us from targeting. It just wouldn't be *right*, you know?"

Lucina stared at her. "I can't believe *the Justice Cabal* has a *code of honour*..."

"We must therefore go by Oswin's Razor." Miriel declared. "To put it into layman's terms, when we hear hoofbeats, we must think horses, not zebras. Although in most situations, an imposter might be the more obvious conclusion, taking into that we currently house several future children, including Lucina and Morgan, we must therefore logically conclude that Fiora is, as she says, Emmeryn's daughter.

Chrom stared at her. "I...I don't think I understood half of that."

"She basically just said that there's more than enough proof to say that Fiora's exactly who she says she is." Morgan shrugged. "Not that hard to understand."

Emmeryn hugged her robes tighter to herself. "E-even so...w-why w-would she appear here..."

"Perhaps she was attempting to travel back in time, like I did." Lucina explained. "And then she ended up travelling *sideways* rather than *backwards*- so to the next Outrealm, rather than backwards in her own timeline.

I don't understand it much myself. We'll have to have our real experts explain."

"Real...experts?" Fiora raised an eyebrow. "You're telling me Miriel isn't the most intelligent person around?"

"I am exceeded in knowledge of the Outrealm by two people in particular." The sage explained. "I think we must introduce you to them."

Lucina already looked exasperated.

"Naga help you."

Todd and Reflet stared at Fiora carefully, rubbing their chins in near perfect sync.

"You're telling us she's Emm's daughter?" Reflet looked over to Miriel, Lucina and Morgan, who nodded.

"Yeah." The princess nodded slowly. "I'm...finding it hard to believe myself."

Todd laughed slowly. "Huh. United House of Ylisse and Plegia...guys, is Chrom anywhere near here, by any chance?"

Lucina looked outside the door, slowly shaking her head. "No, why?"

"Chrom's going to kill him if he finds out." Todd laughed. "You wouldn't believe me if I said this, but Fiora's dad...

Fiora's dad is Gangrel."

Fiora's eyes immediately shot up, and a small smile grew on her face. "Papa?"

"G-Gangrel?!" Lucina yelled, taken aback. "T-The Mad King? Impossible."

"Not impossible." Morgan shook her head. "Gangrel's been the one taking care of Emmeryn ever since we got her back from that village.

Perhaps those two are starting to get a little closer than Father thought..."

"A-and my father wasn't told?!"

Reflet crossed her arms, shaking her head. "Are you kidding? Chrom would rather die than let Gangrel anywhere near her."

"She's right." Robin stepped in, leaning on the doorframe. "Look, if Chrom knew I let Gangrel take care of Emmeryn, he would likely strike him down where he stood.

I had to."

"You had to?" Miriel raised an eyebrow.

"None of you had the time to help out except him, and Emmeryn needed someone to help her heal." The grandmaster admitted. "I couldn't tell Chrom."

Lucina looked somewhat concerned. "Who else knows?"

"Sumia and Kellam."

Fiora spoke up. "...wait. Why would Chrom strike down Papa? He and Gangrel are...good friends, almost like blood brothers. Chrom would never do anything to hurt him."

"..." Todd looked somewhat disappointed. "Guys, mind if I, err, explain this to her? You may want to get out of the room for a moment. This'll be bad."

"No." Lucina shook her head. "Let me explain."

Reflet shrugged and walked out. "Good luck, Lucy."

With that, the other occupants vacated the room after her, leaving the two princesses alone.

When they were alone, Fiora gazed at her intensely. "I demand an explanation. What is going on, and where am I?"
"You...travelled back in time to escape Grima, correct?" Lucina inquired flatly.

"Yes."

"I did too." Lucina responded. "It's my turn to introduce myself, I suppose.

I am Princess Lucina of Ylisse, Heir to the Exalted Throne of Ylisse, Heir to the Line of Anri and Exalt-to-be. I'm Chrom's daughter."

"Chrom's...daughter?"

"In this timeline, whatever happened in yours, that allowed Plegia and Ylisse to ally, never happened." The princess shook her head. "Plegia and Ylisse have been at war until two years ago.

Here, Gangrel was...a mad tyrant-"
"No." Fiora shook her head hurriedly, tears welling in her eyes. "He'd never do that. He's a kind man. He became the King of Plegia to protect his people from Valm-"

Lucina clenched the hilt of her sword tightly. She had to be harsh. She couldn't sugarcoat it.

She didn't know *how*.

"And Emmeryn never met him until four years ago, where Gangrel was responsible for almost killing her."

Fiora stared at her, shocked. "...Papa...nearly killed...Mother?"

"...I'm sorry." The blunette shut her eyes. "It's what happened here. Chrom became Exalt, and then married S-"
"Cordelia, right?"

Lucina looked at her opposite. She was looking to her pleadingly, as if to beg for any sign of normality for her, any sign that her timeline would happen.

She had to tell her no.

"...no. He married Sumia. She is the current Exalt-Consort. Emmeryn is currently recovering from her near death from Gangrel."

"W-what?"
"She has amnesia. She barely knows who Chrom is."

Fiora was silent for a while afterwards, looking down.

The air was full of tension between the two princesses. Lucina, for a moment, felt as if Fiora was going to draw her rapier, challenge her to a duel- anything to preserve her honour, to feel as if everything was normal and right for her.

The moment passed. The duelist sniffed.

"So...is that it, then? Is my timeline...doomed?"

"It wasn't doomed-"
"Lucina, I can't wield the Falchion."

"Sorry?"
"I can't wield it. It didn't find me worthy." Fiora repeated. "I went back to try to find Chrom and have him seal Grima, in the hopes that I could *save* my parents, save Ylisse and Plegia, save everyone I knew.

I went back and instead of going back to my time, I went to another world, one where I *can't exist*." She looked up at her, tears running down her cheeks. Lucina swallowed as she realised how much her eyes resembled-

'*My own*.' Lucina noted, staring into them. Apart from the lack of the Mark of Naga and the grey color, they were identical to her eyes. *'This could've been me.*

I could've ended up in her timeline, away from anyone else I really knew.'

"My father...a villain...my mother...damaged..." Fiora muttered. Lucina exhaled.

"...you are right. About your father."

"H-huh?"
"Even here, Gangrel became the King to restore order and to protect them from Valm by allying with Plegia and Regna Ferox." Lucina explained, in an attempt to comfort her. "He...lost his way, and is atoning for it by helping to heal my aunt."

"...so...he's still...a good man?"

Lucina sighed. "I...in good faith, I wouldn't be able to say that. But yes, Gangrel is trying to atone."

Fiora rubbed her teary cheeks with her glove. "That's...good to hear.

I...guess I have to...leave? But if my timeline doesn't exist anymore, then-"

"No." The blunette shook her head. "I won't allow it."

"Huh?"

"You can stay here." Lucina reassured her. "I understand your pain.

I could have been in the same position, if my travel in time had gone awry. I can't deny you refuge."

"You would...host me here?"

"Well, I'd have to ask my father and mother, but you could stay here."

Fiora sighed, staring at her for a moment, before wiping her nose on her glove. "...well...I...my gratitude, Lucina."

Lucina smiled. "You are, after all, my cousin. I cannot simply deny you hospitality."

The duelist scoffed. "...heh. You call yourself my cousin."

She drew her rapier, pointing it at Lucina.

"Having my existence all but denied is saddening, and I prefer to solve my sadness through duels. Will you oblige me, Lucina?"

Lucina drew the Parallel Falchion, standing up and readying herself to duel. "I don't normally approve of play duels...but I gave my word to fight you.

And I will keep my word."

"Heh." Fiora smirked. "Then show me your skill. Prove your honour, and prove to me you're worthy of being the next Exalt!"

The two girls rushed at each other, swords in hand to duel and-

---

Minutes later, outside the room...

"Maaaan." Todd cried out, disappointed. "I missed the best duel ever! The two Exalts-to-be from different timelines, giving it their all, proving their worth against each other!

Why can't we have anything fun, like in Elf's *other* fics?!"

Fiora scoffed, breathing heavily. "Heh...you likely wouldn't have seen much. Lucina fights like a beast."

"A beast?" Lucina looked confused. "I...hardly used claws and teeth to fight."

Fiora gave her a look as if to ask if she was serious. Robin sighed, chuckling.

"Lucina, sadly, doesn't grasp metaphor too easily." The grandmaster admitted. Lucina crossed her arms, embarrassed.

"R-Robin, I-I'm...learning..." Her cheeks reddened slightly as she looked away.

Todd rolled his eyes. "Please. Even if Robin hadn't told her, she'd find out eventually."

Reflet, meanwhile, flipped through a diary, presumably Fiora's. "And you say...you were travelling with companions?"
"I...I suppose they could've been from...the Outrealms, as you call them." Fiora stated. "I haven't heard of these places before, but I think the explanations were helpful. But yes, I wasn't alone when I entered the gate.

I ended up with other children. Anna had the gall to take pictures of us with that accursed Snapshot Tome."

"Like these?" Reflet whipped out some of the aforementioned pictures from her diary. Todd's eyes suddenly widened, shocked.

"G-give me that!" He grabbed one, staring at it. "...n-no way!"

"Huh?" Fiora stared at him. "What's wrong?"
"Is that *her*?! I mean, the hair's more *white* than *pink* and she looks like a Dark Flier, but-"

"She...claimed to be the daughter of some woman called Aversa." The duelist explained. "I don't know who she is, but..."

"She's my- well, Robin's, but also technically mine- adopted sister." Reflet chuckled. "If or when she shows up, this'll be *interesting*."

Todd looked disappointed. "Man, I was hoping she'd would show up in this story and practically own you all...oh well..." He handed her back the picture. Lucina swore she could hear the words 'no ultimate gamer' under his breath as he handed it back.

Lucina sighed irritably. "More future children...I can already see this going wrong." She rubbed her temples. "Naga help me."

Suddenly, Cynthia popped up on Fiora's shoulder. "Hee~eeey cousin from another timeline~ I'm your cousin, Cynthia! I'm Lucina's sister!"

"Err..." Fiora looked somewhat confused. "Nice to-"

"Would you like to meet the Justice Cabal?"

"Exhibit A." Robin muttered irritably.

"The...Justice Cabal?" The duelist stared at her. "I'm not sure I-"
"It'll be fun!" Cynthia squeed happily, grabbing her hand.

"U-unhand me!"

"Come on, it'll be fun! Let's go!" The hyperactive girl dragged her away, laughing maniacally as she did so.

"Let me go! W-what kind of demonic strength are you *mustering*?!"

Lucina lightly tapped her forehead on the nearest wall. "Fiora's going to regret living with us by tomorrow morning. I know it."

"At least she doesn't seem like the kind to dip into the Cabal's antics." Robin reassured her. "If we ever find one who *is*-" "The world will end."

Todd raised his hand. "Hey, wait. How are we going to explain the whole 'Gangrel-is-Fiora's-father' thing to Chrom?" Robin gave him a dark look.

"We won't tell him. I don't like lying to Chrom, but...I'd prefer it if Gangrel wasn't horribly murdered."

Reflet tutted. "Right, might not make good press to have our Exalt murder him in cold blood."

"And how do you think Emmeryn's taking it?" Lucina inquired.

"Surprisingly well. She said she'd do her best to make her feel at home." Robin explained. "At least she did end up remembering more about her past after all that madness.

She remembers a little about Phila now. She knows they were close, once, but she doesn't know what happened to her."

"Cordelia's old captain..." Reflet nodded. "I see. Not too much, but it's close."

"I suppose." Todd shrugged. "Well...I suppose we'd better get going then."

"And keep an eye out for more future children." Robin pointed out. "Although Aversa's going to kill us if she finds out she has one..."

Reflet smirked. "Oh, right. She'd probably go along with how that *ties her down* or something before taking care of her anyway.

Pfft. Woman thinks she's sexy, she should look at *me* first."

With that, another typical afternoon at the palace ensued, and Fiora was unfortunately introduced to the Justice Cabal with a series of pies to the face, upon which she challenged Cynthia angrily to a duel.

She declined.

END

A/N: A nice Dangan Ronpa shout-out here for Thalmor, who I've recently been made aware is a fan of the series, and also one of my most regular reviewers. Also, a spoiler for the rest of you as to who one of the next future children might be- Aversa's, to make up for the fact that Fiora ended up being Emmeryn's.

For the curious, Fiora's class would be Great Lord (given that she'd basically be Lucina's equivalent), not Trickster. Gangrel gave her that fashion style.

Anyway, next chapter, Robin Reacts to Harems. Yes, Lon'qu and Lucina will be present.

So-WAIT STINGER

Emmeryn sighed, shivering slightly.

"Today...has been...confusing." The former Exalt sighed, wrapping her robes tightly around herself. "Too...confusing. I...must...get my...bearings?"

She turned behind her. "Is that...right?"

The former Mad King of Plegia stepped forward, making sure Chrom wasn't around. Robin had told him to keep an eye out for the Exalt, lest he find out. The grandmaster did say he'd tell Chrom when he felt Chrom could handle it, so at least it wasn't too bad for him.

"...yes." Gangrel sighed. "You're right."

Emmeryn gave him a sweet smile. "T-thank...you."

Gangrel cringed, stepping away from her. "G-gah..."
"D-did I..." Emmeryn's smile faded. "Do something...wrong?"

"Q-quit smiling at me like that..." The king muttered. "I-I feel like a fool...y-you fool..."

"I was only...s-saying...thank you."

"Just save your thank you's for Robin." Gangrel coldly- or at least, as coldly as he could muster- responded. "I don't need them."

"Y-you always...say that." Emmeryn exhaled. "But...I know...you want to be thanked. Y-you...always go a little...red when I do..."

"I-I never did something like that!" The king snapped angrily, only causing the former Exalt to go into a fit of giggling.

Gangrel sighed at her. "...damn you and your giggling..."

'*Stupid girl. I...I don't care if you thank me. I-I don't care at all! Stupid...grah. And that girl...Fiora...*

...Reflet's boy claims she's my daughter by her...n-no.' Gangrel shook his head.

'*I-Impossible. I would never...f-fall in love with her. Her behaviour irritates me...and Chrom would likely have my head- not that I care...'*

The king exhaled as he watched Emmeryn giggle blissfully, his eyes narrowed.

"...it's getting late, Emmeryn. We should be getting back home."
"A-alright." The former Exalt calmed down, breathing deeply. "But...w-will you...join me for dinner, at least?"

If Gangrel was drinking something, he would have spat it out.

"What?!"
"I-I was...offering it to you..."

"Tch." He waved her off. "I'll...eat by myself. I get paid enough by Robin to eat where I please anyway. Chrom would likely have my head."

"Oh." The former Exalt sounded disappointed. "...I guess...w-we will meet...later."

"Don't sound so sad. You don't need me there anyway." Gangrel scoffed, beginning to walk off. "I'll see you outside the gates."

'*Not like I wanted to eat dinner with her anyway.'* The king thought. *'S-she'd irritate me too much.*

*Yes, that's it. She's far too **irritating***.'

Okay, enough Emmeryn/Gangrel ship tease.

So, I hope you enjoyed that chapter, leave your ideas, comments, suggestions, criticisms, reviews and thoughts, and I hope you have a GREAT Easter! Until next time!

Chapter 28: Robin Reacts to Harems, Part 1!

Robin Reacts to Harems!

A/N: Welcome, one and all, to Lucina Reacts! The madness can only get worse from here. Other future children, ship tease out of the wazoo- there can really be only one conclusion to this. More madness.

The Justice Cabal (and I) are going to have *a field day* with this. An absolute field day with this insanity. Shippers, you may begin drooling. Everyone else, you may begin laughing at Lucina.

DISCLAIMER: Fire Emblem belongs to Nintendo. Otherwise...err, some sort of joke about Fire Emblem if. Probably.

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"Hehehehehehe..." Morgan giggled, clinging to the rafters in the kitchen, clutching a vial of specially made love potion. Specifically, Cynthia, with much pestering and pleading, had managed to borrow Laurent's notes on potionmaking. Specifically, the ones allowing a potion's effects to be directed towards a singular target, using a part of their body- a principle gleaned from the dark magicks Tharja loved to practice.

In this case, they'd used it to target Robin. Morgan had acquired a bit of her father's hair and placed it into the love potion, making anyone who imbibed it become immensely lustful for him.

As it so happened, Lucina was on kitchen duty tonight. She'd insisted to do so tonight, in order to brush up on her own cooking- which, while not bad, was mediocre- as a favour for her parents. Morgan and Noire, her current accomplice, were currently waiting for the opportunity to spray the potion on Lucina, thus making her drop everything to find Robin and thus finally get them together.

"Yes...tonight'll be the night." Morgan giggled. "Finally, Mother and Father will *admit* they love each other and I can finally collect on my bets!"

Noire shivered, huddling closer to the tactician. "M-Morgan...is this really...the right thing to do?"
"Oh come off it, Noire." She sighed. "They definitely love each other. Have you seen the googly-eyes they give each other? The amount of times they literally blush and pretend nothing's going on when it actually is?

And also, I'd rather like to be born, Noire."

"B-but don't you think t-this is e-extreme? J-just let it progress naturally..." Noire suggested, causing Morgan to give her an incredulous look.
"Those two are dense when it comes to each other. At this point, nothing short of threatening to kill them if they don't admit they love each other is extreme." The tactician rolled her eyes. "How can any one couple be so dense..."

"F-fair enough..." Noire nodded slowly, before sneezing somewhat audibly. Morgan's eyes widened as Lucina stopped stirring the stew she was cooking for dinner.

"Hm? Who sneezed? What's going on?" The princess began to look up, prompting Morgan to pull Noire back and hide her from sight. The girl squeaked into her sleeves, but the noise was thankfully muffled, as the tactician watched the rafters, looking for any sign of people crawling upon them.

"...huh." Lucina frowned. "...I must be hearing things..." Sighing, she went back to stirring the stew, unaware.

Morgan sighed in relief, relinquishing Noire from her grasp and allowing her to breathe freely. "Dammit, Noire, that was close."

"S-sorry, Morgan..." The girl said shakily, frowning.

"It's alright. Just try not to do it so loudly next time, okay?" The tactician shook her head and continued staring down at Lucina.

"Alright, now if only I could get her to just move into position so I can-" She paused, looking left.

Noire was twitching quite violently, worrying the tactician- she knew exactly what was going to happen.

"Err...Noire-"
"YOU CANNOT SILENCE A WAR GODDESS LIKE ME! BLOOD AND THUNDER!" The insane girl roared and pumped her

fists, jostling the potion out of Morgan's hands.

"Noire! What are you doing?!" Morgan yelped. "You're gonna get us caught!"

"A WAR GODDESS LIKE ME IS NOT CONCERNED WITH MERE MORTAL FEAR!"

The potion tumbled in the air, falling towards the bowl.

"Lucina!" Sumia called from the kitchen entrance.

"Yes, mother?" Lucina turned towards her, missing the moment when the potion cracked open on the side of the bowl, discharging most of its contents into the stew. The glass bounced onto a nearby table, skittering to a stop next to a bowl of fruit.

"And no, mother, I don't have an extra hairband. I think Aunt Lissa might have one, though!" Lucina called back, looking back towards the stew as her mother shouted her a 'thank you' and left.

Morgan looked irritated.

"Well, in hindsight, I should've expected something as cliché as that to happen." The tactician sighed, exasperated. "Thanks a bunch, Noire."

"I NEED NONE OF YOUR GRATITUDE!" Noire roared boastfully. "I WILL A-aaachoo!" Her other personality had reasserted itself, rubbing her nose.

"...I-I think I caught a c-cold..."
"Dammit, Noire. You just perpetuated the most irritating cliché in these schemes ever." Morgan muttered. "Now we have to stop people from EATING that! There's no way Lucina's going to-""

"I-I-"

"Lucina! Is that stew ready?" Sumia called over from the doorway. "Sully is starting to get hungry!

And we all know what happens when she gets *hungry*."

The princess shuddered. "...alright. Let's get going."

She carried the bowl of stew out, as Morgan watched it leave the kitchen, dismayed.

"...craaaap."

Noire sniffled. "What have w-we done..."

"...dammit. Laurent is going to *kill* me. And so is Father..." Morgan shuddered. "I say we cut our losses and get *very* far away from the palace. *Very* far away.

Right now. Let the *sane* people finish the job for us."

Noire looked around helplessly. "B-but...I thought we were-"
"Sane, reliable, and more importantly, *not responsible for this mess.* We gotta go!" Morgan grabbed Noire's hand and pulled the archer with her as she fled the scene from the rafters, scrabbling for safety.

Lucina took one last look inside the kitchen, suspicious.

"Mother..." The princess inquired, as Sumia poked her head in with her. "Was there anyone in here with me?"

Sumia briefly studied the rafters. She'd been in on the plan with the love potion, and was waiting for it to kick in on Lucina.

"...no, why?"
"Mother, what was that look?"
"Nothing, nothing. It's just...I think I saw someone up there. Lucina, do you feel any different?"

Lucina studied her fingers and hands, before blinking briefly. "...no. Mother, what's going on? Did the Justice Cabal put you up to something?"
"No, no." The pegasus rider shook her head. "Not at all. Just...a hunch, is all."

"...right..." Her daughter studied her suspiciously. "Well..."

Sumia nodded. "Well, I'll go check on Stahl, see if he wants any. Are you okay serving it out by yourself?"
"I'm fine." Lucina nodded. "I've already eaten, anyway."

Sumia smiled at her. "Alright. See you in a bit, Lucina."

With that, she strolled away from the kitchens, weaving through the corridors to reach the meeting point just outside the main entrance to the palace, where Morgan and Noire were supposed to meet her.

'*Dammit, Morgan...'* The pegasus knight grumbled. *'What are you doing? I thought we had a plan?*'

...

She encountered the pair just outside, heading for the pegasus stables.

"Whoa, whoa, whoa!" Sumia ran after them, waving her hands. "You two, where are you going?"
"Getting the hell out of dodge, as Todd likes saying." Morgan stated, breathing heavily from running. "You know the love potion?"
"Yes?"
"M-my other side..." Noire started, sneezing halfway through. "K-kinda k-knocked it o-out of Morgan's hands..."
Sumia stared at them. "Wait, wait. Where did it-"

She stopped. She'd realised where the potion went.

The stew.

"...Robin's going to kill us all."
"And Laurent." Morgan added. "We robbed his notes for this."

"...move aside, girls. I need to grab my pegasus."

After dinner...

"I must say." Cherche whistled, as everyone present partook of Lucina's stew. "Where did you learn to cook that well?"
"I...suppose I inherited it from my mother." Lucina rubbed the back of her head, blushing slightly. "Although Sir Frederick is a surprisingly good cook. And a teacher of cooks."

"Frederick seems to be quite the man, no?" Cherche chuckled, looking over the small dining hall at everyone eating the stew. "I would have had some, but I have already eaten."

"A shame." The princess frowned. "My skill could've been put to the test with one truly skilled at cookery."

"Perhaps you don't need *me* for that..." The dragon rider laughed good-naturedly. "My, my, your diners seem to be enjoying your cooking. *C'est magnifique!*"

Lucina looked over at them- most of them, from the big eater Sully to the notoriously unpleasable Virion were eating the stew with gusto and ecstatic expressions upon their faces.

The princess chuckled slowly. "Yes...yes they do."

A blushing Lissa suddenly bumped into Lucina. "H-hey, Lucina."
"Huh? Aunt?" The princess looked at her strangely. "Are you alright?"

"I-I'm fine." Lissa giggled. "Where's Robin?"

"...erm...he's um...in his office. Why?"
"Okay." Lissa nodded, panting as she walked off. Cherche chuckled.

"The atmosphere must be good enough that she broke out the wine, no?"

"Aunt Lissa doesn't drink." Lucina muttered as she watched the cleric stumble off to Robin's office, as if driven by an urge of some sort.

Cherche froze. "Wait...if your aunt does not drink..."

Lucina held up her finger, realising something. "Hey, Cherche. Have you seen my mother anywhere?"

"...no. Why?" The dragon rider suddenly realised there was something very off. "...Lucina, what was in that stew?"

"Oh *gods*, what did she and Morgan do..." Lucina looked in horror at everyone eating the stew. She noted several people had already gone missing.

She ran in, her eyes wide in horror.

"Everyone! Do *not* eat that stew! Do *NOT EAT THAT STEW*!"

Meanwhile, in Robin's office...

Robin tutted, dipping his quill back into the ink bottle. One of the few inventions he was looking forward to from Miriel was a quill that contained its own ink supply- she claimed it would save on ink bottles and make writing more efficient in general, but first, she needed to find an efficient way of mass producing the nibs.

"Right." He rubbed his temples, looking over the finance report he'd received from Anna, currently his appointed financier. This report was for all of the pay packets for the rudimentary Anti-Justice Cabal he put into place to regulate the Cabal's actions as well as independent agents like Tharja, consisting of Kellam, Libra, Cordelia, Lon'qu and Panne. They'd all offered to do it for free, as a favour to a friend, but Robin insisted, considering the nature of the Cabal's antics, so they settled on a small pittance compared to the pay they received as emissaries and servants of the Royal House of Ylisse- or in Lon'qu's case, Basilio- if he felt so inclined.

Panne insisted right back anyway. She wanted to make sure the Cabal's antics were regulated after the infamous carrot incident.

"...so, a total of about three hundred and seventy gold pieces to cover all of their pay..." The grandmaster noted. "Alright. I'll just have Anna look over the savings and-"

"Heeeeee~eeeeey Robin." Lissa stumbled into his office, her hands hidden behind her back as she smiled coyly at him.
"What'cha doing?"
"Just taking count of the finances." Robin sighed, ignoring the cleric's blushing, heaving face. "How are you, Lissa?"
"Just...fine." She giggled. "Say...Robin, have you been working out with Sully?"
"Sully?" The grandmaster raised his eyebrow. "No...why?"
"You seem a bit...bulkier. I like bulky." Lissa chuckled.

"...Lissa, what's going on." Robin paused. "What are you-"

The cleric suddenly latched onto him, rubbing her cheek into his sleeve.

"I just *loooove* smart, strong people like you~"
"Gah! L-let go of my arm!" Robin wrenched his limb away from her, causing her to pout, disappointed.

"Y-you don't find me pretty?"
"N-not what I said! Lissa, what's gotten into you?"

"Heeheehee..." The cleric smiled at him and prepared to leap at him. "Come on, Robin~"

Luckily, the grandmaster was prepared for such a situation, after the multiple times Tharja had snuck into his office to try and kidnap him. Drawing up one of the hexes he'd drawn, Lissa was suddenly beset upon by multiple tiny threads holding her away from him.

"Eep!" Lissa squealed, struggling in the threads.

Robin immediately stepped out of the office, dusting himself off.

"What *has* gotten into Lissa..." He shook his head. "I have to find Lucina. She might know what's going on-"
"Onii-chaaaaan!"

"Wha-OOF!" Robin was suddenly glomped by the dark mage Aversa, who was rather fearsomely snuggling her head into his chest.

"Onii-chaaaan..." Aversa looked up at him. Robin's eyes widened as he listened to her voice. It was normally quite low

and sultry- befitting of her position as a seductress-but at this moment, it was high-pitched and childish.

"Why won't you love me, onii-chan?"
"Onii...chan?" Robin scratched his head. It was probably one of those weird Outrealm anime terms only Todd and Reflet knew. "...what the-"

"Aversa will only love onii-chan! Am I the only one in your heart, onii-chan?"

Robin shoved her off of himself. "Aversa, first Lissa and then you?!"

"Lissa?" Aversa's glare soured. "S-she should stay away. Onii-chan belongs to me and me alone!"

The grandmaster felt a shiver flow down his spine as she began to slowly wander towards him.

"...right, Onii-chan? *Right*?"

"Tch. Get away from him."

"Huh-"

Aversa was suddenly blasted back by a shot of Goetia, the darkest magic known to most average sorcerers. She collided with the back wall, grunting.

Tharja slowly advanced towards her, growling.

"Robin is *mine*, you oversexed deviant." The dark mage glared down at her with all the hatred she could muster. "*Mine*."

"Ugh...onii-sama is mine..." Aversa grunted, pulling out her own tome, Aversa's Night.

"Let's see about that." Tharja clenched her free hand into a fist. "Robin belongs to nobody except *me*."

Robin shook his head and took the opportunity to flee the scene and find Lucina immediately.

'*How Aversa knows those weird Outrealmer terms is beyond me.*

Regardless, I have to get to the bottom of this. First Lissa, then Aversa...please tell me that's it...'

"Hey." Robin felt his blood run cold as he turned around to see Sully.

"...y-yes...Sully?"
The cavalier crossed her arms, huffing. "You. Me. The bench. Right now."

'*She certainly doesn't mince words...wait, wait. Even **Sully**?!*' Robin was taken aback.

"Did I fucking stutter? You. Me. The bench. Right now." Sully slowly advanced upon him hungrily.

Robin fumbled for a Thoron tome or a Levin Sword- anything to keep Sully off of him.

'*Oh Naga...*' He had a sudden realisation. *'I left my tomes in the office with...Lissa...*'

"Come on!" Sully complained. "You scared or something? Let's do it!"

"...eheh. Sully, I-"
"I'm **not** taking no for an answer." The cavalier made that emphatically clear by extending her arms to catch him, should he run.

Robin was running out of corridor to back away into- the wall was right behind him, and Sully was covering all possible exits.

'*All my studying of tactics and strategy has **not** prepared me for this nonsense...'*

To be continued...

A/N: And the madness will carry on next time! Now with 100% more Lon'qu whining! And 100% more jealous Lucina!

So, I hope you enjoyed that, leave your ideas, comments, suggestions, criticisms, reviews and thoughts, and I hope you have a GREAT day! Until next time!

Chapter 29: Robin Reacts to Harems, Part 2!

Robin Reacts to Harems, Part 2!

A/N: Welcome, one and all, to Waifu Simulat-I mean, Lucina Reacts! Last time, we left poor Robin at the mercy of a very lustful Sully. However shall we leave him this time? I don't know, at all! I write all of these by the seat of my pants! And with some annoyance when people leave me comments without reading the chapter's text closely!

Yes. I'm not in a good mood. Unfortunately ;-;

DISCLAIMER: Fire Emblem belongs to Nintendo, otherwise Aversa would be best little sister.

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"S-Sully!" Robin laughed as the cavalier backed him into a corner. "P-please, t-think about this logically-"
"I don't *want* to think about this logically!" Sully growled. "Now *take me* on the fucking bench!"

'*Dammit! What in Naga's name is going on here?*' Robin thought as the cavalier drew within arm's length.

"Sully, eheh...I-let's calm down and think about what it'd achieve-"
"I don't need to-oof!" Suddenly, Sully fell onto the floor in a heap, unconscious.

"E-eh?" The grandmaster stepped back as her head fell just short of his boots.

Cordelia gave her an irritated look, a broom in her hands.

"That's not just a little irritating, Sully."
"Cordelia!" Robin sighed in acute relief. "Thank Naga, you saved me!"

"I just came back from dinner." The pegasus knight admitted. "I was going to clean up the arsenal when I ran into this."

Robin rubbed his chin. "Dinner..."

"Huh?" Cordelia looked confused. "What did you just-"

"Cordelia, were Lissa, Aversa, and Tharja with you at dinner?"

"Err...Lissa and Aversa were, Tharja was doing her...whatever she does." Cordelia answered, her features contorting into a frown. "Why?"
"...and what was for dinner?"
"Beef stew. Plain beef stew, made from fine Ylissean Brown beef and carrots. Why?"

Robin tapped his chin slowly, examining her features for any signs of weirdness."Did you have any?"
"...yes?" Cordelia raised an eyebrow. "Only a little. I'm trying one of Sully's diets for building muscle."

Robin stepped back from Cordelia. "Erm, Cordelia...do you feel any different?"

"...no, not at all."

"Let me rephrase that. Do you feel the urge to take me on a bench, right now?"

"...no..." The pegasus knight gave him a strange look. "Robin, you know full well that I'm-"

"...Did you see who cooked the stew?"

"Lucina did. She wanted to." Cordelia stated, before pausing. "Wait, wait, you don't think Lucina-"
"No, Lucina would never do that." The grandmaster shook his head. "I'm wondering how you managed to resist the effects of whatever's in that stew, but Lissa and Aversa- and Sully here- just tried to ravish me."

"So...like Lon'qu." Cordelia muttered with just a little hint of jealousy. "...you think it might be the Justice Cabal?"
"If whatever they cooked up was aimed at me, I'll wager that it was my *lovely* daughter." Robin sighed in exasperation. "Lucina was the target, but...it went wrong. Horribly wrong."

Cordelia leaned on her broom. "That makes sense, actually. None of the Cabal were at dinner..."

"Thank Naga." Robin swept his eyebrow, relieved. "Chrom would likely kill me if Cynthia were to be found trying...what Sully just did."

"Robin!"

Lucina ran down the hall, staring over at Robin and Cordelia. "Robin!"

"He's fine." Cordelia called back as the princess rushed over, scanning him for any injuries. "I saved him from Sully here."

"Ugh...meat..." Sully murmured, unconscious.

Lucina sighed in relief. "I'm glad you're alright, Robin. Listen, I-"
"Yes, I know. The Cabal dosed your stew with love potion aimed at me." Robin nodded. "We figured it out."

Cordelia leaned on her broom, looking over at Lucina and Robin. "I'm going to find Kellam, Lon'qu and Libra and convene. You guys try to find Miriel or Laurent to see if they can fix this madness."

"Good plan." Lucina hugged Robin's arm to her side tightly. "Leave Robin to me. He's mine, and I can handle him."
"L-Lucina, y-you're holding me a bit tight..." Robin stated, blushing slightly.

"I-I'm trying to make sure t-that nobody takes you." Lucina stated hastily. "W-we know Aversa and Lissa are after you, a-and...w-we know how they are..."

Cordelia lifted an eyebrow. "Lucina, are you-"
"SHUT UP I DON'T LIKE ROBIN LIKE THAT"

"I was going to ask something else, but...alright." The pegasus knight nodded slowly and walked off.

Lucina exhaled, pulling Robin harshly with her. "Let's go."
"Lucina, you don't seem entirely-"

"I said *let's go*." The princess repeated irritably, before grabbing him and storming off to find Miriel.

Robin was guided roughly by the princess across the palace.

"So, err, Lucina-"
"Yes?" The princess responded hastily and tersely.

"...do you know who caused it?"
"My mother. Possibly Morgan." Lucina responded quickly. "They've been missing ever since I started serving dinner."

Robin looked concerned. "Hey, Lucina, it's not your fault-"
"I know it isn't."
"You seem mad."
"Mad?" The princess shook her head hastily. "I'm not mad. Why would I be mad? I-It's not like I care that people are trying to take you on walls.

I-I'm not jealous."

Robin shrugged, taking her words on face value. "Well, I don't know why you'd be mad. I-I mean, w-I'm not interested i-in you, and y-you're not interested in me, right?"
"Y-yes!" Lucina nodded hurriedly. "T-that's true!"

"Why waste such a beautiful person, no? You cannot keep him for yourself."

Robin was suddenly approached by a red-faced Virion, who chuckled at him and caressed his cheek.

"Virion! S-stop!"

"My, my, Robin..." The lord of Roseanne almost *purred*. "You seem radiant today...would you be interested in a romp around the-"
"Back off, Virion." Lucina, an angry expression on her face quickly punched him in the gut, sending him reeling.
"Oof! Princess, you *wound* me so..." Virion coughed, clutching his gut and shaking his head. "...but you cannot stand between destined lovers! It is written in the stars-"

Lucina punched him in the gut again, and this time Virion collapsed to the floor, coughing.

"Ah..." The archer wheezed out, breathless. "...it seems...another time then, Robin..."

Robin raised a finger. "You know there are more peaceful ways of stopping people than punching them, right?"
"He was getting too close for comfort."
"It was hardly a problem you needed to solve by punching someone, Lucina." Robin maintained, somewhat reproachful. "Are you *sure* you're completely fine, Lucina?"

"...p-positive. Let's just find Miriel before more people go after you."

Meanwhile...

Morgan, Noire and Sumia had readied their pegasi for flight. Sumia looked around suspiciously.

"...do you think Lucina sees us?" The pegasus rider inquired, to which Morgan shook her head hurriedly.

"Thank Naga."

Morgan nodded in assent. "Lucina would probably have our heads. She'd get all jealous about Robin..."

"Y-yeah..." Noire sniffled. "C-can I go home...I-I didn't d-do anything..."
"Noire, you're the *reason* this whole thing happened!" Morgan snapped. "As much as I like you, you *kinda* knocked the love potion into the stew!"

"I-I'm sorry..." Noire responded, frowning. "I won't do it again..."

"Stop right there."

Sumia froze, turning behind her to see Cordelia, Lon'qu, Kellam and Panne. The latter was hefting a Beaststone, growling at them.

"So. What unholy magicks did you use to bring this chaos upon the palace?" The taguel asked, staring at Morgan intently.

"...errm...it wasn't me and I didn't do it?" Morgan tried hopefully, before breaking down and going on her knees.

"IT WAS ALL SUMIA SHE THREATENED ME IF I DIDN'T DO IT"
"W-what?!" The pegasus knight looked shocked. "G-gee, thanks, ratting *me* out like that!"

Lon'qu glared at them. "Do you have *any* idea of how *irritating* it is to have women constantly hounding you?"

Kellam sighed. "And, of course, most of them are probably going to do something *severely* stupid in the pursuit of Robin..."

Sumia and Morgan backed away from them, chuckling nervously.
"D-dammit! I just want to be born!" The tactician complained. "I-I already have enough problems to deal with *without* a time paradox! R-right, Noire?"

Noire was gone, having fled in time. Morgan's spirit sank at being abandoned.

Sumia flinched at Cordelia's glare. "I just want those two to stop dawdling and *kiss* already! A-and I want grandkids!"

They cowered, trembling, as the four rounded on them, heavily frustrated by the shenanigans they had brought upon them once more.

Lucina looked around, making sure nobody else was present.

"Wait, Lucina." Robin inquired. "Just *who* ate your stew?"
"Aversa, Aunt Lissa, Sully..." Lucina started, trying to remember who she'd seen in the hall. "...Virion, erm...Nowi..."

"*Nowi*?!"

"There he is!" Lissa yelled from above.

"Onii-chan!" Aversa squealed happily.

Sully scoffed. "Get him. He owes me a screwing anyway."

"He's mine first. Back off." Tharja warned darkly. "I'm only doing this so I can steal him off of you later."
"Ladies...I believe I get to have my romantic romp with him first, as the beautiest of beauties, no?" Virion laughed.

Nowi, in her dragon form, was carrying the lot. She laughed.

"As if Nowi would let you have him! I'm the cutest one here! Clearly I deserve him more!"

Robin felt chills run down his spine as he looked up to see Aversa, Tharja, Lissa, Sully and Virion riding on the back of Nowi's dragon form, surging straight for him.

Lucina muttered something irritably under her breath and grabbed Robin's arm. "Q-quit staring at them and let's go!"

"G-Good idea!" Robin answered as he ran away and taking her lead. "...you know where Miriel's house is?"
Lucina looked around the hill leading away from the palace, looking over to the north of the city, where Miriel's house was situated not far from the palace proper.

"It's this way." The princess rushed in that direction. "Hurry!"
"G-grah! Lucina, you're holding me quite tightly! Are you sure everything i-is fine?"

"IT IS NOW STOP ASKING QUESTIONS"

Robin complied silently, still shocked at how irritated Lucina was.

'*...why is she so agitated? S-surely this situation isn't that bad, is it? She's not jealous, is she?*

N-no! Of course not! Why would Lucina be jealous? S-she doesn't l-love me like that...w-we're just friends!'

"Lucina...do we know anyone who wasn't affected by the stew?" Robin inquired as they ran down the stone path away from the palace to find the sage. "I know Cordelia had some-"
"Cordelia?!"

"Don't worry, she didn't try anything like Tharja did."

"*Good*." Lucina muttered. "Continue."

"Well, I know Cordelia's safe...you're safe, but who isn't?"

"Fiora, I know, went training with Kjelle somewhere to get away from the Cabal." Lucina counted off two people with her fingers. "The Cabal themselves are not to be accounted for."
"So, no Cynthia, no Owain, no Henry, no Severa. And no Todd, either." The grandmaster noted. "Alright, that who does that leave?"
Lucina mentally sifted through who she knew was in the hall. "...so, that makes for...*oh Naga no*."

"What?"

"*Walhart* was in there."

"W-Wal...hart?" Robin started trembling at the thought of the King of Conquerors pursuing him in the same manner Sully had just done.

"BEHOLD!"

Lucina and Robin slowly turned behind them to see a blushing Walhart, hefting his massive axe Wolf Berg on his shoulder, mounted on his large warhorse that he had named, for some inconceivable reason, *Sleipnir*.

"I, the King of Conquerors, have come to claim my consort, with whom I shall ride upon the world- and even the Outrealms themselves- in *GLORIOUS CONQUEST*!"

Lucina glared at him. "Oh, you know what, I'm sick of doing this."

Stepping in front of Robin, the princess drew the Parallel Falchion, staring down at Walhart with all the wrath she could muster.

Walhart charged at them, staring intently at Robin, before Lucina interrupted his line of sight. Suddenly, however, the King of Conquerors was brought to a halt, staring in horror at the princess' wrathful gaze. Something about it had pierced the haze that had clouded his mind.

"...w-what sorcery do you...have...to plant fear in the heart of the King of Conquerors!" Walhart boomed, pulling up his horse to turn away from Lucina.

"Stay away from *my* Robin."

"...grah..." The conqueror shook his head, turning around. "...it seems...I must retreat...but I will prevail another day, child!"

With that, Walhart, sufficiently deterred, fled the scene, leaving an irritated Lucina and a shocked Robin.

"D-did you just say *your*-"
"Y-you heard nothing!" Lucina blushed, shaking her head. "L-let's just find Miriel already!"

When they finally arrived at the house- it was an old house, somewhat in disrepair due to Miriel never maintaining it, with a relatively dirty exterior compared to the clean white bricks of the houses adjacent- Lucina and Robin found it shut, with a note on the door.

"Gone to collect...what in the name of Naga is Miriel doing collecting *cocoa leaves*?!" Robin cried, exasperated.

"Do we know where Laurent is?" Lucina looked around hurriedly. "Come on..."

"Heheh...you know, I never knew *I* could be so sexy~"

The door opened and Robin was yanked out of Lucina's grasp and into Reflet's grasp. The female grandmaster had discarded her heavy longcoat and shirt and replaced it with a very revealing bathing suit. Both could see plainly that Reflet's figure was...even better than Tharja's. Or Aversa's, for that matter.

Both Lucina and Robin stared at her, taking in her creamy skin, her toned legs and-

"Hehe...you like what you see?" Reflet said teasingly. "Especially you, Robin~?"

"N-not you too!" Robin cried, shortly before he was crushed into Reflet's considerable chest.

Lucina blushed. "G-get away from him! Y-you can't have him!"
"Oh, jealous, are we?" Reflet smiled. "I thought you were just friends~"
"W-we are just friends!" The princess snapped irritably. "Y-you're a *grandmaster*, it should be plain to you!"
"Well, you're either jealous of me or jealous of him." The female grandmaster chuckled. "And I can understand why you'd be jealous of me~

After all, not all of us can be blessed with such...*assets*..."

"A-Assets?!" Lucina blushed profusely. "T-that's absurd!"

"You know what I find to be absurd?" A boy's exasperated voice sounded out.

"Eh?"

"Reflet, you cannot simply sneak into Mother's house and strip to your underclothes." Laurent muttered, adjusting his glasses, tapping his foot impatiently. He was completely unaffected by her current lack of clothing- and very unimpressed. "Would you mind vacating the premises?"
"B-but Laurent...I-I must show my other self how much I love him..." Reflet gave him a longing gaze, pouting.

"N-no you don't need to!" Lucina snapped.

Laurent closed his eyes and pinched the bridge of his nose.

"...this is the Cabal again, isn't it. Well, we can confirm if they've infiltrated you with a love potion with a simple device I had the fortune of creating."

He slowly drew a very sharp, very spiky needle. Reflet stared at it slowly.

"Eheheh...Laurent...think about this for a second...t-that looks *very* sharp..." The female grandmaster looked around

helplessly.

"Well, if you're afflicted by that potion, then I have to concoct an appropriate cure, do I not? Why, it might consist of such mixes that even my mother might find vile-"
"OKAY OKAY I'M NOT UNDER THE EFFECTS OF THE POTION JUST DON'T TOUCH ME WITH THAT THING"
Reflet threw herself to the floor, begging and relinquishing Robin.

Lucina glared at her. "WHAT?!"

"...I just wanted to troll Robin!"

Robin gave her an irritated glare, his face red from having been stuck in her chest for a considerable amount of time. "I'm not exactly in the *mood* to be trolled right now.

I've run away from conquerors, dark mages, *dragons* and drunk archers all night. And Laurent, how would you know about the potion?"

Laurent sighed, shaking his head. "Cynthia approached me two days ago, begging me to give her the instructions to create a potion that was aimed at someone in particular.

Her begging became incessant, so I acquiesced simply to stop it. I regret that mistake, and for that, I duly apologise."

Lucina exhaled sharply. "...apology accepted. Are you working on an antidote?"
"Antidote would be incorrect. The proper word here would be counter-agent." Laurent corrected her. "Nonetheless, I have been at work since I realised what the Cabal was planning to do with my instructions.

I have a batch of the agent ready, but there is a catch."
"A catch?" Robin raised an eyebrow.
"The agent must be administered directly, bypassing the stomach entirely."
"Meaning?" The princess responded, not understanding.

The boy adjusted his glasses calmly.

"We will need to directly introduce the agent into their blood. I have prepared several needles with the appropriate agent.

We need to introduce it to them."

Robin raised a finger to question him. "Wait, why can't we just wait for it to wear off?"
"That is a viable option too. Are you willing to wait a week?"
"Those two planned to make me and Robin do...indecent things...for a whole week..." Lucina shuddered, shaking her head. "N-not that I want to...o-or anything..."

Laurent held up his finger. "No, the potion would wear off the moment the afflicted fulfils their desires with the target, so to speak."

Reflet scoffed. "Those fools. It wouldn't work anyway.

Lucina and Robin are far too awkward to ever do something like that. Even if they got *married,* they'd probably limit themselves to *holding hands*!"

Both turned to her, yelling in unison.

"IT'S NOT LIKE THAT!"

Laurent's eyes narrowed. "One might be unconvinced-"

"Nowi says HI!"

Suddenly, Nowi- and everyone on her back, crashed through the window into Laurent, knocking the mage aside with a grunt. Aversa and Lissa immediately leapt off, glomping Robin.

"Onii-chan, I've missed you so much!" The dark mage called, rubbing her cheeks into him.

"Teehee! You're so tough and so cuddly..." Lissa giggled into his arm.

"H-help me..." Robin wheezed out.

"Let go of him!"

Lucina jumped, turning around to see her father, his cape billowing behind him in a sudden convenient wind.

"C-Chrom!" Lissa yelped, unhanding the grandmaster. "W-what are you doing here?!"
"Y-you're not taking my onii-chan..." Aversa whimpered. Chrom shoved her aside, grabbing Robin.

The grandmaster sighed in relief. "Oh, thank Naga. Chrom, you saved me! I was-mmmph!"

Suddenly, the Exalt had pressed his lips upon Robin's, silencing him.

Lucina stared at the sight in horror, her eyes wide with one eyelid twitching.

"F-Father...?"

"I just...can't help it!" Chrom admitted, blushing. "Robin-"

"Dammit, not now, Chrom!" Robin grabbed his shoulders and shook him.

He himself was blushing, but this situation was even worse; now they were *definitely* playing into Sumia's hands. "Don't succumb to it!

It's exactly what your wife wants! Have you *seen* the amount of stories she writes about us?!"
"But...I-I don't-gyaaah!" Chrom suddenly arched his back, before slackening and falling unconscious. Lucina stood behind him, one of Laurent's needles in her hand.

"...cured him...but..." The princess shuddered. "...I have seen things I will *never* unsee..."

"...you know, that wasn't that bad..." Robin muttered. "...n-not that I like Chrom in that way..."

"He's free!" Sully yelled, pointing at Robin with a shuddering finger. "Get 'im!"

"I'm having him first." Tharja grumbled.

Aversa crossed her arms, pouting. "No, onii-chan is mine!"

"Finders keepers!" Lissa protested.

Virion chuckled. "Ladies, may I remind you that I deserve him more as the beautiest of beauties?"

Lucina felt something twitch in her temple.

"...you...are not having...Robin."

Tharja scoffed dismissively, drawing her Goetia tome. "What are you going to do to us, huh? You don't have enough needles-"

Minutes later...

"Wow." Reflet slipped on her Plegian coat as she watched the sleeping pile of women- and Virion- on the floor of Miriel's house. "...that was...surprisingly fast and brutal."
"Did you *really* need to jam the needle into Tharja's back that hard?" Robin inquired, as Lucina sat in the corner, crossing her arms and huffing.

"That was necessary."

"Her clothes aren't that thick-"
"THAT WAS NECESSARY." Lucina repeated, louder.

Robin looked aside at the practical destruction of Miriel's front room, his eyes resting on the sleeping Exalt.

"...I hope they don't remember anything when they wake up..."
"Yeah." Reflet whistled. "Man, Sumia would have a field day."

"N-not a WORD of this to Mother!" Lucina snapped. "N-not a word!"

"Okay, I won't tell her you went crazy jealous and basically stabbed Tharja with a needle when she tried to-"
"I WASN'T JEALOUS!" The princess countered. "I was just...w-worried! That's all, worried!"

"W-why would she be jealous..." Robin muttered, blushing. "...s-she doesn't like me like that anyway..."

...

"And I just thought, you two are completely dense." Reflet recounted, standing in front of the Justice Cabal.

It was the next day. Thankfully, most of the people who had partaken of the stew did not remember their actions, with only Walhart remembering a vague fear of Lucina for some unfathomable reason.

Sumia and Morgan were sentenced to being Miriel's assistants in whatever experiment she asked them to be in punishment for the shenanigans.

Morgan sighed. "Well...that backfired...and I don't think I'm liking the fact that Miriel's planning to use us for experiments on...what did she call it...cocoa leaves?"
"It seems so innocent but..." Sumia shuddered, shaking her head before looking back at Reflet.

"So, did you get anything out of it?"
"I swore to Chrom I wouldn't say a word. So I didn't."

Reflet passed her a picture taken from a snapshot tome of Chrom and Robin sharing a kiss. Sumia squealed in delight.

"YES!" The pegasus knight cheered. "Finally!"

"W-what about Lucina?!" Morgan cried.

"You two realise that love potions won't really work on them, right?" Reflet stated, shaking her head. "They're far too awkward to do something like that.

No, if we want those two together soon, we need to try less...lustful means."

"B-but those are boring!" Cynthia complained, stomping the ground indignantly.

Gerome closed his eyes. "Cynthia, you have to be more patient. They will get together at their own natural pace..."

"Well, boys and girls..." Todd stood up, laughing as he opened up a notebook in his hands.

"...I might have a plan or two in the wings to get our two adorably dense lovebirds together.

Give me a second to explain."

END

A/N: AHAHAHAHAHHA and a little shoutout to you yaoi fans. Next chapter, Lucina Reacts to Revenge Fics!

Yes, we're talking about the ones that bash Sumia for no reason. I hate those fics.

So, I hope you enjoyed that, leave your ideas, comments, suggestions, criticisms, reviews and thoughts, and I hope you have a GREAT day! Until next time!

Chapter 30: Lucina Reacts to Revenge Fics!

Lucina Reacts to Revenge Fics!

A/N: Welcome, one and all, to Lucina Reacts! Today, I am going to be tackling one of the most pertinent issues troubling us in the fandom at present in our run up to Fire Emblem *if* (not counting *if* itself, of course); Sumia bashing. Yes, I bring you the controversial banter. Flamers, I dare you to come at me.

Yes, a national treasure is being persecuted, by her enemies both domestic and abroad. Please, to support our cause of defending the majestic and adorable Sumia, adopt a Sumia plushie. You also get a free chart tracking the development of your Sumia every month and pictures.*

***That is, if Reflet doesn't buy them all. Reflet likes Sumia. *Very* much.**

DISCLAIMER: Fire Emblem belongs to Nintendo, otherwise they'd be selling official Sumia plushies.

All mentioned franchises and characters belong to their respective owners.

Any resemblance to any existing fics, comments or discussions are coincidental.

This chapter contains biased arguments. Please remember this is a work of parody. We take our work very seriously.

"...WHAT. WHAT IS THIS NONSENSE. WHAT IS THIS?!"

The first thing Libra heard, waking up, wasn't Tharja's scheming for once. Tharja was sound asleep, lying in bed, a baby blue blanket draped over her, as she hugged a Goetia tome to her chest and shifted quietly.

Libra had made that blanket himself for her, after she'd accidentally burnt hers in a ritual to summon otherworldly gods to make Robin love her. It was fine material, all things considered, and fine work from the monk's delicate fingers.

Sometimes, he forgot why he put so much work into protecting and helping Tharja out. Looking at her, he was constantly reminded of why.

However, today, it wasn't the dark mage's fault he woke up so early. Rather, it was Reflet's voice. It was rather ironic that she, of all people, was whining about nonsense, all things considered, considering what she was privy to just two days prior.

He still wondered how they'd gotten the stew to Walhart. He was, after all, a vegetarian; it would be one of the great mysteries of the world as to how it happened.

"No matter how many prayers I devote to Naga, I will never receive an answer as to why that woman decided to stay with us..." Libra sighed, wrenching himself out of bed and donning a simple white robe over his bare chest- he often slept without clothing, as being in a small enough room without sharing it with another was uncomfortably hot in a nightdress.

The monk gave Tharja one last look, to ensure she wasn't awakened by his movements, before walking up to where Reflet's shouting was coming from- likely the library. When he arrived, what greeted him was far less messy than expected- arguably, far worse than if it had been.

He was greeted with the grandmistress huddling herself in a corner, shivering and shaking.

"...Reflet, is everything alright?" Libra approached her cautiously. He'd learned not to trust her too much, given that it was, after all, *Reflet.*

She looked up at him, shaking her head. "N-no, Libra. I-It's all wrong!"

"What did you read? Was it something indecent about you?"
"N-nothing like that! I'd be cheering if I read that! Especially if it was Gaius..."

The monk gave her an unamused glare. "Then what, for the sake of Naga, was so shocking that you needed to yell loud enough to wake me up?"

"T-they did something terrible with me and my Sumia!" Reflet shoved the screen in front of Libra.

"Your Sumia?" Libra scratched his head. "If I recall, Sumia's married to *Chrom*, not you."

"J-just read it!" Reflet complained.

Libra acquiesced to the request, exhaling as he carefully looked at the screen.

It was a story, like the many that Lucina had- much to her chagrin- read from what Todd and Reflet called 'the Internet'. The title was wholly unremarkable to Libra.

It did indeed pair someone together- Reflet and Chrom; for some reason, Reflet was named 'Mary'. Sumia, meanwhile, had been twisted into nothing more than a hateful witch of a woman, constantly snapping at Reflet and plotting to steal Chrom back.

The monk's eyes travelled down the page and he found several insult filled fights between Reflet and Sumia. Sully would be disgusted at the insults- not because they were too close to home, but because they were terrible.

"...because I...had his kids?" Libra scratched his head, failing to see how that was an acceptable response to anything- at least, anything that he thought about. Reflet probably had a situation where that was the right answer, knowing her.

Finally, the ending had somehow devolved into Sumia stabbing Reflet to death, looking to Chrom desperately for help and being executed for treason and- Libra's eyes widened as he read this sentence, incredulous- "taking away the purest, most beautiful and kindest woman they had ever met."

All in all, even to someone as unversed in the world of 'fanfiction' as Libra was, it was clear the simple purpose of this story was to degrade and derogate Sumia.

"...I see what you mean." The monk muttered. "I'm confused as to how it scares you; seeing as you somehow made Tharja *fear* you. Why are you so horrified by it?"

Reflet gave him an equally incredulous look. "T-they made me say such crappy things! I-If I was going to insult Sumia, I-I'd use something better! You know, like 'Well, I'm in Super Smash Bros' and you aren't!"

"What, exactly, is *Super Smash Bros*?"

"Oh, right, you're-T-this isn't the time!" Reflet snapped. "J-just show this to Sumia!"

The monk raised an eyebrow. "And why are we going to show her a story that insults her?"
"So she can laugh at it!"

Libra scoffed. "I somehow doubt that Sumia will laugh at something-"

"AHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!" Sumia laughed uproariously, shaking her head at the fic, as Lucina, Libra and Reflet stood behind her, watching her read it.

"This is the funniest thing I've ever seen written!" She remarked, clutching her belly and struggling to breath for laughter. "I mean, seriously..." Sumia put on her best imitation of a high-pitched, nasal voice. "You're just a shitty little jealous obsessed girl who doesn't know when to quit.

Who came up with that? I'd totally have a better insult for Reflet! Well, okay, I wouldn't...but still!"

Reflet gave Libra a knowing look, a smirk on her face. "Eat your words yet, Libra?"

"Be silent." The monk remarked darkly.

The pegasus knight had to stop, wiping a tear from her eye. "...I'm sorry, did they intend to *offend* me with that?"

"Clearly so." Lucina noted. "I can't imagine a situation where you'd *stab* Reflet over Chrom."
"If Chrom was okay with it, I wouldn't mind sharing him with someone else, especially if it was Reflet." Sumia shrugged. "Just...I'd like to be told first."

"I love you too, dear~" The grandmistress blushed slightly, giggling.

Lucina frowned. "I still don't understand. Why would anyone waste their time to write a piece of literature wholly devoted to insulting someone, who to them, is completely fictional?"

Reflet sighed, shaking her head knowingly at Lucina. "Well, Lucina, there are people who just like doing that. You know about them too, don't you, Sumia?"
"Well, I haven't seen them myself..." The pegasus knight admitted. "But surely you know more about them, Reflet. You've lived quite a while in the Outrealms."

"True." Reflet nodded to that. "I have.

You see, Lucina, in every piece of fiction, you get people who don't like a character in it. That's normal, that's fine. Some of these people seem to think that then insulting, twisting said character beyond recognition and then doing everything in their power to make them look bad is somehow going to fix what they don't like about them.

Some of it is parody- and excellently written...but some...well...as you see, it's basically rushed out to fulfil their desire to bash a fictional character. It's all subjective.

They call this genre of story a 'revenge fic'."

"Who calls it that?" Sumia inquired. "I've certainly heard more...colorful...words for it..."

"The Magical Knowledge Bank of TvTropes!"

Lucina nodded slowly. "I see...I think it's completely pointless."

"Can I go now?" Libra inquired. "I have to make sure Tharja isn't doing something objectionable.

Granted, one may find it hard to find a moment she doesn't do that."

"Okay. Have fun *not* stalking your hot sex witch friend who you share a room *completely* platonically with." Reflet teased him as he left, winking.

The monk sighed, exasperated, before he walked out of the room.

"Anyway, Lucina. I just stumbled across this looking on the archives, but...I bet there's a lot going against you too."

"Why is that, exactly?" The princess raised an eyebrow, confused. "Why would people write revenge fics about me? Have I offended someone?"

Sumia giggled. "Oh dear. Are they equally as bad?"

Reflet shook her head. "Oh, *Lucina*. You're going to *love* this.

Some people seem to think you get in the way of their favourite pairing. They don't want you with Robin."

"Robin?! *Robin*?!" Lucina blushed, shaking her head profusely. "*W-why would I want to be with Robin?!* They can h-have him! I-I don't care at all! I-I'm not in love with Robin!"

The pegasus knight smiled. "Sure you aren't, Lucina. Say, Reflet, if you could show her, I'm going to go make sure Lucia isn't too bored."

With that, Sumia walked off to the room in the palace where Lucina's younger self was, leaving just Reflet and Lucina.

"Care to see?" Reflet grinned.
"N-no! I-I don't want to-"

"Too late." Reflet, having searched through the archive while Lucina wasn't paying attention, clicked on the one story she found.

"REFLET!"

Lucina scratched her head as she carefully read the story.

It was, as earlier, a simple story. It had someone else paired with Robin-Lissa in this case; while Lucina watched on the sidelines.

"...w-wait, why would I be jealous of Aunt Lissa?" Lucina held up her finger.

Reflet shrugged. "What matters is not the accuracy. What matters is that they get, as the name implies, revenge.

Granted, as we did absolutely nothing to people to warrant stuff like this, revenge makes no sense, but hey."

Lucina frowned. "...I am starting to believe our fans are illogical..."
"I know the feeling." The grandmistress chuckled. "Keep reading."

"...g-good Naga! W-why would I plan to do that to Aunt Lissa?! I...I would never dare! N-not even for R-Robin!"

Reflet facepalmed in disbelief. "Wow. Did these people actually *forget* you travelled back in time for your relatives?"
"Exactly! T-this is entirely illogical!"

Reflet continued reading carefully. "...oh, good Naga. You got into a shouting match with Lissa, too."
"...w-what did I call her?!" The princess stared at the screen in abject horror.

The grandmistress had to suppress a giggle. "...an...obsessive...idiotic...bimbo.

Never mind the fact I don't even think insults exist in your social vocabulary, the fact that..."

"W-who wrote this libellous story?!" Lucina snapped. "...I-I only care about Robin as a friend!"

Reflet stared at her, dumbfounded. "...you mean...you care more about the fact that they portrayed you as in love with Robin than the fact that they made you look like an obsessive douche?"

Lucina shook her head at the screen. "You know, I don't know if this revenge fic is intended to make *me* look bad or *Aunt Lissa*.

She seems as clingy as *Tharja*. About as obsessed with Robin, too..."

"At the risk of sounding like a mouthpiece for O-Elf-sama, at least have the freaking intelligence to make the person you're trying to make look better *be* better!" Reflet stated, laughing. "Oh Naga, you know what, I can't read this, I'm laughing too much."

"If you excuse me, I must leave a review *berating* the author for such a ridiculous premise!

I'm not interested in Robin, and if I was, I wouldn't compete with my own *aunt* for him!"

From: **Lucina**

This is a terrible idea. You make me and my aunt look terrible. I hope you are ashamed of yourself.

-Lucina

PS: I do not understand why you feel the need to write libel about me. I am not interested in Robin. At all.

Reflet pulled up a chair and sat down, leaning on it. "Well, Lucina, that's not the worst of it, either."

"Y-you mean there's worse?!" The princess looked at the grandmistress, shocked. Reflet merely nodded, sighing and shaking her head.

"...girl, have you *seen* the shipping here?"

To be continued...

A/N: Not my best chapter. I was just getting sick of all the bashing of characters in this fandom and felt like parodying it. Please, exile my lowly scum self to the depths of Hell for this.

Next chapter, Lucina Reacts to Ship-to-Ship Combat! Otherwise known as Lucina Reacts to Shipping Wars!

I hope you enjoyed this crappy chapter, leave your ideas, comments, criticisms, reviews, thoughts and suggestions, and I hope you have a GREAT day! Until next time!

Chapter 31: Lucina Reacts to Ship-to-Ship Combat!

Lucina Reacts to Ship-to-Ship Combat!

A/N: Welcome, one and all, to Lucina Reacts, now with 100% more forum trolling! By which we mean Reflet trolling. Which is arguably worse. Because unlike forum trolls, Reflet actually has vile dark magicks to kill you with.

Unless you offer up your Sumia plushies to her. Or your shirtless Gaius pics. She's not picky.

DISCLAIMER: Fire Emblem belongs to Nintendo, otherwise...errr...um...there's a Sumia joke to be made, I know it.
All mentioned franchises and characters belong to their respective owners.
Any resemblance to actual or fictional arguments or people is entirely coincidental.

"Shipping?" Lucina swallowed. She'd heard the word enough to start dreading it; in her mind, the word was not associated with angrily written stories typed out in the dead of night and unfortunate fanartists hounded by overly obsessed fans for drawing the wrong pairing together.

It was associated with being locked in castle cupboards and bedrooms, being dosed with love potion and being made to do indecent activities with Robin, the man she most certainly didn't have a crush on and had never once had any fantasies involving such activities with him about.

"...Reflet..." The princess inquired, reluctant. "...what do you mean by...shipping?"
Reflet smirked. "Pairing, thinking those two would be a good pair, matchmaking, starboarding, coupling, arranging marriages, call it what you like, dear."

"No, Reflet, I meant, *what* do you mean by shipping *here*?!"
The grandmistress grinned. "Oh, *that*. Dear, thank Naga you've never gone into a forum about Awakening before, because you'd be surprised."
"S-surprised?"
"You'd be surprised how much people care about the relationships of people who supposedly don't exist." Reflet remarked, sighing. "Here, here. I'd show you Serenesforest, but I have a feeling the people who frequent that wouldn't be very happy with Elf-kun if he did.

I'm going to show you a different FE forum instead."
Lucina shuddered, more than a little horrified. Pirates, bandits, the Grimleal, Outrealmers and the Risen, she could handle.

Shippers like Reflet? If only the Falchion worked against them, too.
...

"Reflet, what am I looking at?" Lucina stared at the laptop screen.
Reflet waved her hand with a flourish. "This, my dear, is a forum. Basically, think what one is in real-life, but put on the Internet."
"Oh. So much more full of people wishing me and Robin to do indecent things." The princess frowned.
"Contrary to reports, the whole Internet isn't full of Robin/Lucina shippers, although I WISH it was." The grandmistress retorted, somewhat dry in her tone as she wafted over to a thread.

"...good Naga. Who wrote that much on justifying pairing Robin with Olivia? W-why would he go with Olivia, even?!" Lucina inquired, a tone of indignation in her voice.

Reflet chuckled. "Relax, don't get jealous. Not like he's got eyes for anyone else anyway."
"QUIT TALKING LIKE THAT!"
"Dear, I'm the only person you confessed your love for him to-not that it wasn't obvious." Reflet reminded her, smiling.

The princess blushed. "I-I...I never..."
"You did. Now...oh dear." The grandmistress chuckled. "That got messy really quickly..."
"What?"

Reflet showed her the screen.

The thread had started with one relatively calm poster expositing on why he believed Olivia and Robin belonged together- a notion which Lucina most definitely did not believe was not true at all- with reasoned arguments and conclusions which the princess could not see any flaw in.

The response was not so reasoned. To be exact, to call it 'not so reasoned' would be akin to calling Tharja's obsession with Robin 'a minor interest' or to call Morgan's love of antics 'a mischievous streak'. The responses tended to push Robin and Lucina together, often laden with profanity and threats.

"Ooh." Reflet seethed. "Surprised nobody's called a Godwin on that one."
Lucina raised an eyebrow, somewhat confused and scared by the response. "Godwin?"
"I'd tell you, but we have a little ban on politics here and you wouldn't understand. It's the same thing with that one political satire fic we read."
"And who was that one person who cursed out p-pairing me with Robin and Lucina and tried to pair him with Tharja?! W-who's called *HinaNamiFan*?"

"That would be me, dear." The grandmistress revealed, giggling deviously. "I love screwing with rabid shippers! It's always so fun~"
The princess banged the desk with a clenched fist, blushing. "Why do people w-want to ship me and R-Robin so badly?! T-there is n-no evidence I'm in love with him w-whatsoever! I-I don't even f-feel romantic feelings towards him! N-not at all!"

"And now you see why they ship you with him. You're *adorable* when you deny it." Reflet teased her. "Absolutely adorable~"

Lucina glared at her. "I am not denying *anything*. I merely repeat the truth!
And the only thing I can say is that we're *lucky* that nobody tries this here."

"Lucina, you ever notice that when you say you're *lucky* nothing happens here, it happens? You should stop."
"Don't be superstitious!" Lucina folded her arms. "That's absurd."
"You travelled back in time trying to kill the Fell Dragon only to fall in love with him and have his kids. You have no right to call me absurd."
"I AM NOT IN LOVE WITH HIM!"
Reflet facepalmed. "Did you forget you confessed you loved him to my face? Or did you expect me to forget it?"

Lucina pinched the bridge of her nose, sighing heavily. "J-just...look, you never know who's listening. Okay? I know I did, but..."
"Well, you have a point. I'd probably listen in to your conversations if I didn't know too." Reflet admitted. "Still, at this point, you denying it is almost completely a moot manner.

And you probably just tempted fate into doing exactly what you just said it wouldn't."

At the Justice Cabal headquarters...

"ALRIGHT!" Morgan clapped her open palm with her fist. "We have a new threat to my parents getting together!"
"Pssst." Cynthia whispered over to Todd. "Hey, how's your plan going along?"
The tactician held a palm up. "It's coming, it's coming. Be patient."
"What threatens their relationship?!" Owain declared, indignant. "Who dares get in the way of true love?! WHO DARES GET IN THE WAY OF THE LOVE OF HEROES?"

Morgan sniffled. "Who would commit such a crime, indeed? I discovered that the *traitors* who dared go against us...would rather Robin gets with Tharja! Never mind the fact that I would probably be less adorable and less cute if Tharja was my mother, but Robin clearly belongs with Lucina!

And these traitors...are Laurent and Nah!"
Severa raised an eyebrow. "Wait, wait, what? Laurent?! I'd have thought he wasn't involved in these shenanigans.
It seems even our sanest men are...completely nuts." The mercenary looked disappointed. "Competely and utterly nuts. Damn it all."
Noire frowned. "...N-Nah doesn't seem l-like the type..."

"Well, she did!" Morgan cried, sounding distinctly betrayed. "And you know what else? T-they even left THIS for us!"

She held up a crude drawing of Tharja kissing Robin deeply, drawn on old parchment and with watered-down in.

"And THIS is an ultimatum! An ultimatum declaring war on our pairings!"
"YEAH!" Cynthia cheered. "You know what? I say we give those two a piece of our minds!"
Severa rolled her eyes. "You guys realise they're perfectly at their liberty to think that anyone's cute with Robin, right? It's a free country."

"W-when things are clearly wrong, like *that*, then no they are not!" The tactician slammed her fist into her hand again. "For this, we must strike back quickly!"
"My sword hand trembles at the call of war!" Owain roared. "They shall behold the strength of a thousand heroes!"

"Damn straight." The tactician nodded gruffly. "There's only one response to this madness! We must attack those two with all the antics we can muster!"

Todd held up a finger. "Wait up, Laurent and Nah aren't exactly the type to ship to begin with. How do we know this isn't some kind of bait by Robin?"
"Do you really think *Robin* of all people would sink to that level?" Severa scoffed. "Please, Todd."

"S-she's right...t-this is f-far t-too obvious to b-be a trap..." Noire nodded hurriedly.

Morgan stared at her comrades. "So, friends, who shall fight for the true pairing? Who shall fight and die for our ship?!

WHO WILL FIGHT AND DIE FOR THE RIGHT TO SHIP?!"
"BEHOLD! MY SWORD SHALL BRING AN INFINITE UNLIMITED FLAME UPON THE UNJUST!" Owain stood up, pumped for battle, his sword hand literally twitching with excitement.

Todd rolled his eyes. "I know we're sailing straight into a trap. I'm not watching this trainwreck."
"For once, you make a good point." Severa grumbled. "I'm staying here with Todd. This is going to be completely stupid."

"Oh come on, Sevvy!" Cynthia pouted. "Join us!"
"Sev...vy?" The mercenary twitched. "...n-never call me that again. or, the gods help me, I will slap you silly."
Morgan smiled deviously. "Excellent. We must move quickly then. We have plans to make, antics to set, shenanigans to prepare!

The hounds of war will not release themselves! Laurent and Nah, if you want to declare war on our pairing, then so be it! You'll GET a war!"

Later, in the palace...

"Why do you insist on, as you say, 'trolling' these people? Surely they will figure out that someone called 'HinaNamiFan' is deliberately saying things to incite anger and ban her from all the forums?" Lucina pointed out as she and Reflet walked towards the dining hall.

Reflet sighed, wagging her finger. "Dear Lucina, the first thing you learn about the Internet is that it's a beautiful place to do what you like. Nobody knows your name, and it's not like that's my only name there, too."
"Still!"
"They're idiots, and it's fun making fun of stupid people!"

Suddenly, the pair ran into Libra, who was breathing heavily, leaning on a wall.
"Lady Naga, give me strength..." The monk prayed, his eyes shifting up to Lucina.

The princess looked concernedly at him. "Libra! What has happened?"
"I was running to get Robin." Libra explained, punctuating each word with a deep breath. "You would not believe what it happening right now in the hall."

Reflet gave Lucina a knowing look. "Told you."
"We don't know if it's that yet!" The princess protested. "And that's stupidly absurd!"
Libra looked up at them. "*What* is stupidly absurd?"
"The notion that people might fight here for the relationships they believe are better than another!" The princess complained.

Libra gave her a curious look. Lucina's spirits sank.

"Oh, please tell me I'm wrong. *Please*."

...

"*In the dining hall...*

"MORE PIES!" Morgan called. "MORE PIES!" She laughed maniacally as a hail of custard pies fell upon two tables, placed to protect the people underneath them.

Nah hid her head underneath her cloak trying not to get splattered with pie crust, while Laurent calmly adjusted his glasses, watching his opponents attack.

"Intriguing." The mage mused. "Very intriguing, the methods of attack used..." He scribbled down something into his notebook.

"You should find us a way out of this!" The manakete screamed. "T-this is very, very bad!"
Cynthia raised her spear victoriously. "ROBIN AND LUCINA FOREVER! THEY BELONG TOGETHER! DOWN WITH THARJA AND ROBIN!"

"Do you yield, non-believers?" Owain called out tauntingly. "DO YOU YIELD?!"
Laurent poked his head over the defenses staring, directly at him. Morgan turned to Henry, who was responsible for lobbing pies at the group with Risen, raising her palm to signal a stop.

"Well, do you yield yet-"

The mage cut him off. "Owain, it is important to remember that your chosen candidate has hardly tried to court Robin, whereas ours has."
"IRRELEVANT!" The tactician responded. "They're adorable with each other and that's all that matters!"
"More to the point, Tharja has shown far more interest in Robin than anyone else." Laurent retorted. "And as you say, she is equally...attractive with Robin...as Lucina is.

Lucina is also highly unsuitable for-"
"THAT'S WRONG!" Morgan stomped the ground indignantly. "TAKE THAT BACK!"

"TAKE DOWN THE NON-BELIEVERS!"
"So it shall be." The mage pulled down his hat and ducked down behind the defenses again as more pies resumed hailing upon them.

He turned to Nah. "Very well. I knew this might happen.

Releasing the counter-attack plan."
"Y-you can't be serious!"
"The situation has escalated far beyond what I initially predicted. Perhaps it is time for a second look in hindsight. We cannot win this fight."

Lucina and Reflet ran in just in time to see the pies flying everywhere.
Reflet giggled. "Oh dear. I didn't think that was *literally* happening."

The princess facepalmed. "...can I please just...just flee the castle and never speak of this again? Why...Why does this happen to me?!"
"See? All this would go away if you just admitted you love Robin."

"NO IT WOULDN'T! N-NOT THAT I LOVE HIM!
The grandmistress nodded. "You're right, actually, it wouldn't. They'd just find another thing to slap each other over."

"YIELD!" Morgan cried. "LUCINA AND ROBIN IS BEST PAIRING! ADMIT IT! TAKE BACK YOUR LIES AND HYPOCRISY!"
"TAKE IT BAAAACK!" Cynthia yelled, picking up several pies and throwing it at them.

Laurent closed his eyes, taking out a small clicker he had fashioned from metal and wood.
"Here's to hoping this works." He pressed it.

Reflet's ears picked up a click.
"HIT THE DECK!"
"Huh-" Lucina only had time to utter in surprise before Reflet pulled her to the floor, hiding her head with her greatcoat.

Morgan looked up to the roof of the dining hall to see a flood of chocolate syrup approaching them. Her eyes widened briefly before the sweet, viscous fluid enveloped them all, coating the Justice Cabal in chocolate and sweeping away the Risen.

"...g-gah!" Owain pulled himself from the chocolate first, watching Laurent and Nah make their escape. "Y-you won't get away with this!"
"Tharja belongs with Robin." Laurent responded, with a hint of a smirk on his face, before pulling his manakete companion out and making an exit.

Morgan shook her fist at them, indignant.

"YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS, BLASPHEMERS!" She sighed, wiping the chocolate off of her face. She turned to Lucina, waving.
"Oh, hey, Lucina!" The tactician grinned. "We fought for the fact that you belong with Robin against people who'd rather that someone else has him!"
The princess glared at her, pulling the longcoat off of her. "I DON'T CARE THAT SOMEONE ELSE HAS HIM B-BECAUSE I D-DON'T LOVE HIM! A-AT ALL!

AND LOOK AT THIS MESS!"
Cynthia looked around, her eyes widening as she realised indeed what kind of mess had been made. She grabbed Morgan and Owain and ran out of the hall. Henry followed suit, as Lucina stared at them, dismayed.

"A-are you seriously leaving ME to clean up this mess?!" The princess exhaled, exasperated, and turned to Reflet. "Well, you wi-"
"Sorry, dear." The grandmistress adjusted her greatcoat and walked off briskly. "You're on your own."
"REFLET!"

END

A/N: I think you were expecting an actual shipping war? Don't be silly. I'm saving the big action sequences for the climax chapters. No point blowing them all here. Next time, Lucina Reacts to Fire Emblem if!

Obviously the trailers, although when or if the game comes out and I acquire it I may do a part 2 to that chapter.

Otherwise-STINGER TIME!

Unknown location...

"It seems we underestimated the tenacity of the Justice Cabal." Laurent adjusted his hat, taking it off and rubbing his fingers through his auburn hair as he waited for Nah, Kjelle and Fiora to take their seats.

"Underestimated? You got your backsides handed to you." Kjelle snapped. "What was that about? I thought you had that handled!"
"It seems that the righteous fury that I evoked by bringing up Tharja was stronger than I originally estimated." The mage nodded slowly. "My plan to gather data by deliberately taunting them was ill-advised, but ultimately fruitful.

Even if we retreated, we can consider that mission a success."

Nah frowned. "I was nearly pasted in custard pies, Laurent...and you know how much I hate custard..."
Fiora flicked a spck of dust off of her hat, looking up at Laurent. "I still do not understand why you invited me to this."
"Why, Fiora...you disapprove of cowardice, right?"
"I do indeed." The duelist nodded to him.
"And pranks, as they are a form of indirect assault upon a target, *are* a form of cowardice, would you agree?"
Fiora nodded slowly. Kjelle smiled.

"You and I will have to do some training, won't we?"
"Kjelle, was it?" Fiora inquired. "I see we will have to duel. I hear you're the strongest fighter around here."
"Fighting words." The knight's smile widened. "I like it."

Nah sighed. "Well, do we have a plan for next time?"
"We do." Laurent continued. "However, we will have to rethink our actions. Their response capability was far stronger than anticipated.

However, that is a matter for another time. I fear Henry has already figured out the general location of this area, and we may well be infiltrated if we do not leave soon.

For now, the Anti-Antic Alliance is dismissed."

So, I hope you enjoyed that chapter, leave your ideas, comments, criticisms, reviews, thoughts and suggestions, and I hope you have a GREAT day! Until next time!

Chapter 32: Lucina Reacts to Fire Emblem if!

Lucina Reacts to Fire Emblem if!

A/N: Welcome, one and all, to Lucina Reacts! Riding upon the hype train to Waifu Simulator- I mean, Fire Emblem if, I've decided to have our lovely Shepherds react to it.

Now, I COULD do a touching chapter where Robin, Lucina and the gang tearfully pass the torch to Kamui, Aqua and the new characters, advising them to be careful, so on and so forth, with crying on both sides as the Awakening cast congratulates the *if* cast before fading into the mists of time, never to have anyone care for them again as everyone goes to play the new game with the occasional nod to them here and there.

That's boring. I call dibs on it anyway.
Anyway, enough angst for one day, let's get this chapter on the road!

DISCLAIMER: Fire Emblem belongs to Nintendo, otherwise Kamui and Robin would be getting into a rap battle to see who is the best waifu. (I call dibs on this too and I put my bets on Robin/Reflet. Reflet would kill me if I didn't.)

All mentioned franchises and characters belong to their respective owners.

Morgan, Todd and Brady sat on a table, staring at each other intensely. The female tactician focused intently on the priest, who was sweating profusely, his eyes shifting between her and Todd.

"Y-Y'know...Ma n-never taught me how to do this..." Brady swallowed nervously. "T-this isn't right..."
"Shush." Todd glared at him. "This is far more serious than you think it is. One wrong step and Morgan may well have us both beaten."
The female tactician merely offered a devious smile. "Indeed I will. After all, it is all down to this final negotiation. Should I succeed, you two will go down in history as failures. The world weighs itself upon this decision."
"I...err...wouldn't call it that serious, would ya?" Brady chuckled nervously.

Todd looked up at both of them, before settling on Morgan. "Very well. This final negotiation...
...Morgan. Do you have any threes?"
"...damn it!" Morgan slapped the desk lightly, before passing him two threes, one of hearts and one of spades. "Damn you, Todd, you're a hard customer."

The male tactician merely smirked as he placed down a book of four threes next to seven other books of cards.

The priest exhaled. "Y'know, we shouldn't be treating a card game so seriously. There're real people who have real problems-"
"All the problems in this world are solved with childrens' card games!" Morgan snapped. "Or, well, they should be!"
"Yu-Gi-Oh apparently does that kinda stuff everywhere." Todd pointed out. "Alright, Morgan, your go."

"Err, Brady, any aces?"
"...go fish."
Brady fished out the final card, placing them in his set of two aces.

Todd studied the others' piles of cards, before looking back to his own. He smirked triumphantly. "Guess I win."
"Well, duh, you have like SEVEN piles!" Morgan pouted, discarding hers and crossing her arms, all but sulking. "T-that's not fair!"

"Quit yer whining." Brady remarked drily. "Least you actually *got* a full pile, you two robbed me of everything else."
Todd shrugged. "Thus is the dog-eat-dog world of Go Fish-"
Lucina walked in, staring at everyone slowly, before walking in slowly. "Good morning, all."
"Hey, Lucina." Brady nodded to her. The princess waved back.

"So, what are you all doing?"
"Playing the most dangerous game known to man, that decides the very future of the world!" Morgan announced. "Or Go Fish."

Lucina stared at them suspiciously, before turning to Brady.
"Tell me the whole truth, were they planning anything with me and Robin?"

"Errr, for once, they're not kidding. We really were playing Go Fish." The priest admitted. Morgan stuck her tongue out at

her mother.

"See, Lucina? Not EVERYTHING I do is trying to get you to admit you love Robin~"
"I'd say I don't love him, but you won't believe me."
Todd rolled his eyes. "I don't even think Lissa believed you on the Searoad when you saved him from that one guy and you were *crying* when you thought he'd died.

And yes, she told me. She even told me you were outright going to petition Naga for his soul back before Miriel confirmed he was alive."
"A-Aunt Lissa told you that? W-well it's a lie! I-I never did that! I-I wasn't worried! A-and any good friend would cry over him!"
"Errr, Ma said you said something about 'never getting to spend eternity at your side' when you thought he was dead." Brady pointed out, and the princess blushed redder.

"A-as a friend!"
"Friends rib each other and poke fun. They NEVER say that stuff." Todd pointed out. Lucina was about to retort with yet another obviously flawed denial which proved absolutely nothing before Reflet burst in, panting and holding out her beloved cellphone.

"Todd, you would not BELIEVE what I just got told!"
Lucina sighed. "Reflet, what is it this time-"
"Read the screen! Morgan, grab the laptop!" The grandmistress commanded.

Brady decided at that point that it might be wise to vacate the premises and did so, disappearing out of the room through the door.
Meanwhile, the princess closely examined said screen.

From: yang (work)

omd new if trailer came out reflet-chan you should totally watch it when you can

already saving up, rubes is going to kill me if i don't get if

hehehe i made puns :)

"If?" Lucina raised her eyebrow. "Are you sure that is not a mispelling of 'it'-"
"No, no, no, you're not getting it Lucina!" Reflet sighed loudly. "It's Fire Emblem if!"

Todd looked up. "Oh my god, is it out?!"
"No, they released a new trailer for it! Yang said she'd probably get it on the first d-"
"Hang on, Fire Emblem if?" The princess cut her off. "What do you mean by that? What, did the Outrealmers make another game based off our adventures again?"
"Fire Emblem's games are somewhat separate, and this one's got nothing to do with Ylisse or Plegia." Reflet explained.

"Just-I have to show you the trailers. Also, I'm somewhat sad."

"Huh?"

"Nintendo's already replacing us." The grandmistress mused wistfully. "Well, I guess the time of Awakening's over and all we'll really be able to do is watch the young 'uns come up and erase us from the public consciousnesss..."

The princess gave her a flat look. "Reflet, you are even more incompherensible than Henry right now, I have absolutely no idea what you just said."

Reflet shrugged. "Just me musing on the nature of video game characters. Carrying on, I have to show you what this game is, since you asked."

"I...suppose. It can't really be all bad, things considered." Lucina shrugged, unconcerned. "I mean, if this game is as new as this 'Yang' says it is and it doesn't involve me, there will be no shipping of me and Robin at all present."
"I have the feeling that if we told you ANYTHING didn't have you and Robin together you'd read it." Todd remarked drily.

Minutes later...

"Why am I here again?" Robin inquired as Reflet hastily entered in the search terms 'fire emblem if'.

Reflet rolled her eyes, as if the answer shouldve been obvious.
"You're the main character. Well, *we're* the main character, it makes sense that we watch the inaguration of the next generation!"
"Next generation? Like...Noire and Kjelle?" Robin scratched his head. Lucina exhaled.

"I don't get it either, so you're not alone."
"Alright!" The grandmistress whistled to get Todd and Morgan to gather over. "Let's see what it has. Todd, I know you haven't watched it, so this'll be new to you too.

Heck, we'll watch both trailers."

"There are two?" Morgan inquired. Reflet nodded.
"They released one just the other day."

...

If Teaser Trailer

"What unusual armor..." Robin noted as the armies of Nohr and Hoshino clashed within the intro. "It highly resembles that of Chon'sin..."
"MALE PEGASUS KNIGHTS?!" Todd cried, amazed at the seemingly male rider within the flaming battle. "YES! MY DREAM OF RIDING A PEGASUS CAN COME TRUE!"

"Wait, what IS that thing?" Lucina stared as a massive golem with a stone plate for a face interrupted the fight. "...is that..."
Reflet stared at her. "What, never seen a golem before?"

"Golems are supposed to be fairy tales and legends!"
The grandmistress gave her an incredulous look.

"If Ylisse doesn't know what the heck a GOLEM looks like, then Nohr- I think, it looks like it from the design- is probably far more badass than you guys...wait, wait!"

She held up her finger as the dancer in black appeared. She raised an eyebrow, whistling.
"Eeesh. Intelligent Systems really had to make her look hot, didn't they."
Lucina stared at her. "You mean to tell me that you're fantasising over a fictional character?"
"Dear, in a couple of months, she won't be fictional as far as the Reactsverse is concerned. I'm just calling dibs.

Yeah, that's right, boys, Sumia and Aqua are MY waifus. I call dibs!"

Todd nodded slowly. "She has a good point."
"Sometimes, Todd, you demonstrate so much wisdom and sense that I sometimes forget you're part of the Justice Cabal..." Robin sighed, rubbing his temples. "...and Reflet, quit drooling."
"Sowwy..."

Morgan nodded slowly. "I see they're just improving upon Awakening's gameplay. I like that.

Too bad they won't release it to Ylisse or something."
"Eh, Elf will find a way to get that in once he gets the game." Reflet shrugged.

Lucina raised an eyebrow as the dancer in black from earlier, now clad in white, was pushed into darkness while being strangled.

"That...seems very...odd."
"Huh. Alright." Todd blinked. "...I think we may have confirmation the protagonist might be trying to kill Aqua later on in the campaign."

Reflet suddenly snapped, glaring at the screen. "WAIT WHAT HOW DARE HE STRANGLE MY WAIFU I WILL GUT HIM LIKE A PIG"
"How do you even know their names?" Robin inquired, curious. Todd merely waved Reflet's cellphone.

"Google. You guys have a surprisingly good service for a vaguely medieval society with absolutely no Internet infrastructure whatsoever."

"I...guess?" The grandmaster blinked, not sure what Todd was even saying.

"Also, both kings being complete madmen ala Gangrel confirmed!" Morgan declared enthusiastically. "I think. The weird shadowy-glowy thingy around them makes them look evil."
"That reminds me of the Risen." Lucina pointed out. "...would they be undead?"
"Please, I doubt they're going to use zombies for the second game in a row." Reflet scoffed. "Anyway, onto the second trailer!"

...

Choose Your Path Trailer

"Alright, this...Aqua woman is...walking along the path, singing to herself..." Robin scratched his head. "You know, I don't understand how these trailers are supposed to work. I don't understand what's going on."
"S-shush!" Reflet snapped. "I'm trying to concentrate on the singing! There's probably some sort of hidden message!"

Lucina stared at her. "You can't be serious!"
"Not the first time someone would've pulled that off." Todd pointed out.

"Oh dear, someone probably pushed her in." Morgan remarked as Aqua hastily turned around before the logo appeared."...in hindsight, that's probably what happened, if that cutscene gets into the game."
Todd clapped at the next scene.

"Alright, whoever that Hoshido guy is, he's got balls, charging an entire army with what looks like a Levin Sword. Or a Levin Katana."

"Hoshido?" Lucina tilted her head.

"The two nations in this game are Hoshido- the guys who look like they're from Chon'sin- and Nohr- the guys who have armor from everywhere else and look vaguely Roman." Todd explained. "Apparently, the game's going to be about choosing between both of them."
Robin nodded. "I see...so...that would explain why it is called 'if'..."
"Like those accursed visual novels you introduced Mother to." Lucina muttered darkly.

"Accursed?"
"Well, she didn't start shipping me with Robin until after she played those!"
Morgan raised a finger. "Well, actually, she was shipping you and Robin ever since you formally joined them before the Searoad. She just wasn't open about it, what with Father disappearing for two years and there being a war and all."

"D-don't s-slander my mother like that! T-that's not true!" Lucina cried, blushing.

Robin frowned. "I don't know. That sounds like perfect Sumia to me..."
"The peace-loving Hoshido and the glory-loving No-oh, thanks, Intelligent Systems!" Reflet cried. "Go ahead, make the *Japanese*-based nation the peacelovers and the Western one the glorymongers! Gee, not anvilicious at all!"

"They don't exactly look different." Morgan pointed out. "I mean, apart from the armor and weapons, they don't exactly look evil in Nohr..."
Todd nodded at Morgan. "Too early to jump to conclusions, mom.

I bet you the Hoshido have some screwed up conspiracy in their royalty, like they only keep that peace because they never let the guys read literature or something."

Lucina tilted her head. "What?"
"You'd be surprised. A game actually used that plot. It makes sense in context."

"Alright, this game now has the right to be called Imouto Emblem." Reflet declared. "Not one, but *two* adorable little sister figures?

I know this is probably on some Tumblr somewhere, but I'd say it's more 'which little sister will you choose?'!"

Lucina chuckled- that was, after all, somewhat funny. "You seem to be taking this seriously.
"Damn straight! Fire Emblem is my home game series, after all!" Reflet declared. "I'm not going to be pleased if things are screwed up!

Now...which *imouto* to choose, the adorable Hoshido girl or the adorable-dammit, why can't I have both?!" The

grandmistress complained.

"They'd better come up with a third path for this crap."

"Oh dear..." Robin blinked as the wyvern rider on the Nohr side- Camilla, Todd explained was her name- approached the screen with her considerable assets being well-exposed.
Reflet stared. "Good Naga, those things are bigger than Tharja's-kyah!" He wrenched his arm away from Lucina, who had- from the looks of things, instinctively- pinched him.

"Lucina, be careful!"
"Huh?" The princess tilted her head.

"Y-you pinched me!"
"Oh..." She blushed slightly, looking away. "Sorry..."

"If they're fictional," Morgan smirked. "Then why are you jealous?"
The princess opened her mouth to retort, before realising she had none. She settled for huffing grumpily.

"Touche, Morgan." Todd stated, before looking over to Lucina. "That's what you say in these situations."
"Well, either way, my waifu is in both campaigns, I win!" Reflet cheered.

Robin nodded. "Alright, well, all well and good, but was there any reason I needed to be here apart from that inaguration?"
"Errr...yes!" The grandmistress explained.

Lucina gazed at her. "Wait, there's another trailer for this?"
"Well, not for this.

You guys hear about a game series called Shin Megami Tensei?"

To be continued...

A/N: Next chapter, Lucina Reacts to Shin Megami Tensei x Fire Emblem! Or the official title, Illusory Revelations #FE. Or as some people call it, Persona: Fire Emblem Edition.

As a fan of SMT, Persona AND Fire Emblem, I refuse to see that as an insult.

Also, sound in! How do you guys think I should handle the characters in *if* once it comes out?

Anyway, so, I hope you enjoyed that, leave your ideas, comments, criticisms, reviews, thoughts and suggestions, and I hope you have a GREAT day! Until next time!

Chapter 33: Lucina's Wonderful Birthday, Part 1!

Lucina's Wonderful Birthday, Part 1!

A/N: Welcome, one and all, to Lucina Reacts! Yes, I know I promised a Shin Megami Tensei x Fire Emblem chapter, but I can't possibly miss out on doing Lucina's birthday, come on! So, it's decided. This and the next chapter will be uploaded first, but the SMT/FE chapter will be chronologically first, which makes more sense in my head. Therefore, with that out of the way, I apologise for uploading this two days late, but real life and fanfic schedules make it hard for me to actually upload birthday chapters on the actual day itself.

So, with that in mind, let's get this chapter on the road!

DISCLAIMER: Fire Emblem belongs to Nintendo, otherwise *if* would have a piece of gear similar to Lucina's Mask.

All mentioned franchises and characters belong to their respective owners.

"Hm." Cordelia rubbed her chin as she examined the wall just outside the infirmary within the palace. "This...isn't clean enough."

Morgan looked dismayed, dropping her sponge back into the bucket. "N-not clean enough?! The wall is practically spotless!"

"T-there's one small speck!" Cordelia snapped back. The tactician stared at her as if she was insane.

"O-One small speck?!" The tactician cried. "Y-you can't be serious! It's just one little speck!"
"Specks bother me!" The pegasus knight retorted, blushing slightly. "J-just clean it!"
The tactician grumbled, grabbing a stepladder and reaching up to clean the speck. Cordelia nodded and walked off.

Although she was infamous for her perfectionism, Cordelia wasn't really all that bothered about the speck. She was just told to keep Morgan busy by Robin earlier that day, and although she'd asked-and had a vague idea of what to expect-she hadn't asked why, and Robin hadn't told her.

Cordelia exhaled, strolling calmly through the cool halls of Ylisstol's palace. She briefly wondered what Lon'qu was doing before being pulled to the side by a strong arm.

"Ah!" The woman squealed, before holding her hand over her mouth, embarrassed. That was rather unseemly, coming from her mouth. She was more than a little irritated by the surprise.

'*Alright, whoever grabbed me had better understand that there is a more polite way to approach others!*'

Her elegant face twisted into a glare as she turned to her assailant. "Now, you just wait a minute here, I-" She stopped when she realised who it was.

The hand that had pulled her aside was Robin, who appeared to be nervous and far less in control of himself as usual. Cordelia's look softened as a motherly concern took over.

"Robin?" The pegasus knight said, staring at him. "Is something wrong?"
"I...I can't do it."
"Huh?"
"I can't figure out how to throw Lucina a birthday party!" The grandmaster complained. "I...I don't even...I don't even know where to start."
"Wait...so that's why you wanted me to distract Morgan?"

"Of course! My daughter would probably suggest I use aphrodisiacs or love potions." Robin explained. "You know how she is."

Cordelia nodded slowly. "I see...but...wait, it's Lucina's birthday?"
"April the twentieth." The grandmaster said, nodding. "I...had to ask Chrom to find out. She's not really public about it."

Cordelia smiled. "I guess it's for a friend, hm?" Robin nodded, blushing as he rubbed his head.

"Y-yes! Of course! A friend."

Cordelia looked around to make sure none of the Cabal was watching, before gazing at Robin.

"Hm...I don't know Lucina as well as you. What do you suppose she'd like?"
"W-well that's the thing!" The grandmaster cried. "I've been her *friend* for several years and I know that she would likely appreciate it no matter what, but I just want to get her the perfect gift."

"Robin, calm down." Cordelia placed her hands on his shoulder. "You're fine. Lucina will like whatever you give her.

...but," The pegasus knight started, thoughtfully. "If it makes you feel better...I know she would like flowers. Sumia tells me that Lucia likes to pick the white flowers that grow outside Ylisstol, and Severa once caught her wearing one in her hair-"
"F-flowers?!" Robin blushed profusely. "Cordelia!"

"No, no, not in the romantic sense." The pegasus knight giggled at Robin's reaction- as much as she hated it, she found it adorable. "I mean, as a present. She'll understand. You two aren't interested in each other like that, right?"
"Y-yes! Of course! Lucina and I are just friends, nothing more."

Cordelia gave him a curious look. "...you know, you really didn't need to say it like that."

"L-like what?"
'Oh Naga, Morgan was right. He really HAS fallen for Lucina.' Cordelia mentally giggled. *'He doesn't even realise it, either...*

...I guess I'll help him hide his secret, but if he's this obvious, I don't know how long he'll be able to do it...'

"Never mind." Cordelia shook her head. "Listen, the best way for you to do this is to make sure you get someone who the Cabal won't be going after to get the flowers for you.

That way, they won't catch wind that you're getting these flowers for Lucina."

Robin nodded. "Excellent idea, Cordelia. I'll get Kellam-no, wait, Todd will likely notice him.

I'll get Maribelle. Well, that's my gift to Lucina settled." Robin sighed, smiling. "Thanks, Cordelia. I knew I could rely on you."
"Don't mention it." She smiled back. "Now, what other plans do you have?"
"I was thinking about a small party." Robin explained. "Chrom, Laurent and Lissa already know about the party and are helping me set up for it. It's in one of the rooms we know the Cabal doesn't know about, so we're unlikely to be spied upon."

"A small party?" Cordelia tilted her head. "I thought we were holding her one tomorrow already!"

"Yes, but this one has less likelihood of the Cabal getting involved."
The pegasus knight nodded, unable to dispute the comment. "Food?"
"Tasteful cuisine. I personally cooked it all." Robin explained. "I know Lucina likes beef. I also baked her a cake, too."
"I never took you for a baker." Cordelia chuckled. "I've known you for three years and I still don't know what skills you have."

"I took me three or four tries to make the cake." The grandmaster admitted ashamedly, blushing. "The first attempts were damp squibs..."
"I know the feeling." Cordelia nodded. "Well, Robin, I suppose I should help set up for Lucina's party, no?"

"You would? What about Morgan?"

"Eh." The pegasus knight shrugged, pointing at Robin's daughter, who was furiously scrubbing a non-existent stain out from the wall. "She'll be busier than expected."

"Hm. Devious. I didn't think you had it in you, Cordelia."

Cordelia chuckled. "Neither did I. I suppose it's just Morgan.

Anyway, you should probably show me to where this party is to be held. Is it to be a surprise?"

Robin nodded. "Of course."

"Alright! Now, let's get to work, eh?"

Meanwhile, in the Justice Cabal Headquarters...

"Four. Twenty. Lucina." Todd stated firmly, punctuating each word by pounding his hand with his fist. "Eh? Eh?"
"...you still haven't explained what we're talking about here." Severa grumbled. "Remind me, why did you idiots drag me out here again?"

Cynthia smiled. "We threatened to tell your mother about all the clothes spending you've been doing. And bill her for it."
"Tch." The girl rolled her eyes. "Why I associate with you idiots..."
"Anyway, I was thinking that since Miriel was experimenting with cocoa leaves, and it's the twentieth, it's time for the world to taste Four-Twenty Lucina."

Owain scratched his head. "You haven't explained what it is."
"Basically, we get Lucina stoned." The tactician explained. Cynthia stared at him in horror.

"A-are you suggesting we throw rocks at my sister?!"

Todd facepalmed. "Not that kind of stoned, Cynthia. Let me explain. You see, our first tack was using love potions to make her and Robin more lustful for each other.

The problem is that they're *already* that lustful for each other, they're just too damned *awkward* to ever act on it. So, we need a different plan. We need to reduce the feeling of awkwardness, and suddenly, they'll be all over each other. And then they'll have to admit they love each other!"

Owain clapped. "Such a method of allowing heroic love to flower heartens a man to listen to it! My sword hand quivers with anticipation!"

Severa crossed her arms. "And how do you plan on doing that, huh? Lucina doesn't exactly trust any of you."
"We don't need her to." Todd smirked, holding up a bottle of heavy brown fumes. "You see, I took the opportunity of bottling the fumes from Miriel's cocoa leaf experiments. These are reputed to have the effect we're looking for.

All we have to do is pump this baby into Lucina's room and we'll have ourselves a stoned Lucina."

Cynthia cheered. "And then she'll finally admit she loves Robin! Excellent job-wait, wait. We need to get them both stoned, right?"
"Of course." Todd nodded. "Mother tells me that Robin is setting Lucina a birthday party- in secret- for her to attend."

Cynthia pouted. "T-that's not fair! I want to be invited to the small party!"
"Well, Robin is supposedly going to pick Lucina up from her room in several hours. We just have to pump the fumes into the room and get them both stoned and we'll have our pairing at last!"

Owain stood up, pumping his fist. "Well, what are we waiting for?! Justice Cabal, let's go! We have lovers to get together!"

"YES!" Cynthia cheered. "TO LUCINA'S ROOM!"

Severa sighed, resting back in her chair as the others fled.. "That discount for every clothes store in Ylisse is starting to seem far less appealing than it did at first..."

Noire, who had spent the whole meeting sleeping on her shoulder, blinked awake.

"S-Severa...w-what did I...miss?" She sneezed, wiping her nose.

The girl closed her eyes, pinching the bridge of her nose. "Absolutely nothing important."
"O-oh. O-okay..."

One hour later, in Lucina's room...

Lucina sat on her bed, a wreath of flowers in her hands. She was threading the stems through each other, showing her younger self how to make one.

"You just have to carefully thread the stems through each other and tie them together like this." The princess explained. "See?"
Lucia stared up at her in wonder, gazing at the crown of flowers. "Wow...Cousin Lucy is really cool."

Lucina smiled. "I suppose I am. Here." She passed the younger girl a bunch of flowers. "Try it. My mother taught me how

to do this."

"Huh." Lucia nodded slowly. "My mommy's also good at making flower crowns! Our mommies are cool, huh?"

The princess nodded, chuckling. "I suppose they are."

Lucia giggled happily, before hugging Lucina. "Cousin Lucy, you're the best! I wuv you~"

Lucina awkwardly returned the hug. It wasn't out of lack of want to take the hug; but it was hard to react sensibly when you knew that this girl was your younger self.

With that, the young girl began hastily making a flower crown. Surprisingly, despite her relatively stubby fingers, Lucia was quite deft, and she managed to hook the flowers together to make a nice crown.

While Lucina watched this, she was pondering something.

'*Robin said to wait in my room for something...*' The princess noted, remembering what her *friend* had said. *'...I wonder if he's going to...n-no! Lucina, h-he'd never do that!*

A-and besides, w-why would I want him to? I-I'm not in love with him! G-gah, I have to quit thinking like that.'

Lucia showed her the completed flower crown. "Did I do it right, Cousin Lucy?"

Lucina smiled fondly. "Yes, Lucia. Yes you did."

"Yay!" The girl cheered, hugging her again before standing up. "I'm going to show Mama!

Why doesn't Cousin Lucy show Robin her crown?"
The princess blushed. "I...uh...well...I don't think he'd like it too much."

"Why?" Lucia tilted her head. "Robin always likes Cousin Lucy's things! He likes Cousin Lucy very much!"

Lucina blushed, shaking her head. "J-just go to Mot-Sumia already, okay?!"

Lucia nodded and began running out.

'*Cousin Lucy is so weird...why does she always go all red when Robin is around?'*

The princess sighed in relief as Lucia went out of earshot. "...good.

...even my younger self is trying to put me with Robin...w-why does everyone insist on putting t-two good friends together? W-we're just friends..."

Shortly, someone knocked on the door. Lucina jumped slightly, instinctively reaching for the Parallel Falchion, before realising she had slung it behind the door itself. She closed her eyes and sighed.

"...it's probably nothing." The princess remarked, before getting up and opening the door.

It was Robin. He smiled.

"Hi, Lucina."
"Oh!" The princess returned his smile, waving. "Hello, Robin. To what do I owe the pleasure?"
"I told you to wait for me here, did I not?"

"Yes...yes you did..." Lucina tilted her head. "Why, is something wrong, Robin?"
"No, not at all." The grandmaster stated. " Really, I was..." He blushed suddenly, looking away. "Um..."

Lucina gazed at him.

'*Dammit...*' Robin looked up again, staring at Lucina's face.

She really was pretty. Her pale skin really highlighted her delicate eyes, deep blue, with thin, equally delicate eyelashes, and she was just so beautifully *distracting-*

'*N-no! I-I don't think of Lucina like that! I-I just...I just have to tell her to come with me. I-I can explain to her when I get there.'*

"Well, Lucina...um..." The tactician rubbed the back of his head. "...you know it's your birthday today, right?"

The princess' grew wider. "You remembered."

"Well, Chrom told me." He admitted. "I almost forgot myself. I...have a gift for you, but you have to come with me so I can show you."
"A gift?" Lucina stared at him, shocked. "Why?"
"Well, y-you and I are friends, right?"
"Yes! Friends. Of course-"

Suddenly, the two were interrupted by a loud *whoosh*. Lucina was the first one to turn around to see what it was.

"Huh?"

It was a plume of brown fumes, and Lucina breathed it in as she inhaled in surprise. She started coughing, causing Robin to grab her and pull her down to the floor, covering his own mouth with his clothes.
"LUCINA!" He yelled, concerned as he watched the plume waft over his head and slowly disintegrate into the air around them. The princess continued hacking and coughing under his arms.

'*Dammit...Lucina, what did you breath in?! Lucina!'* The grandmaster thought, frantic. *'...s-she's not poisoned, right? T-this isn't poisoned gas, right?'*

"Ugh..." Lucina finally stopped coughing. She looked over at Robin.

"Lucina, are you alri-"

"...heeeey." The princess greeted him. Robin noticed something about her expression.

Her normally sharp expression had softened, to the extent that it had become somewhat of the opposite, with spaced out eyes and a somewhat goofy smile on her face, rather than elegant and refined as it usually appeared.

"...Lucina?"

Lucina poked his nose. "Boop.

I see...ponies in the air. Do you? They're really pretty."
"Lucina, what's gotten into you?" Robin shook her. "Lucina!"

"Maaaaan!" The princess complained, bobbing her head. "What is yoooooour problem? I'm trying to enjoooy the world. Let me seeee my pony friends!"

"...oh good Naga, what's going on." Robin just stared at his suddenly daydreaming *friend* as she sat on the ground, poking at imaginary ponies.

To be continued...

A/N: The next part will come soon, with more Stoned Lucina and more birthday celebrations!

So, I hope you enjoyed that, leave your ideas, comments, suggestions, criticisms, reviews and thoughts, and I hope you have a GREAT day! Until next time!

Chapter 34: Lucina's Wonderful Birthday, Part 2!

Lucina's Wonderful Birthday, Part 2!

A/N: Welcome, one and all, to Lucina Reacts! Firstly, WAHAHAHAHAHAHA!

Alright, now that I'm done teasing you with the prospect of stoned Lucina, now let's watch her screw up some more, eh? How WILL Robin manage to celebrate his wif-I mean, his completely platonic and not-at-all romantic friend's-who he most definitely does not have a crush on- birthday? WILL he manage to do it? Let's find out here!

DISCLAIMER: Fire Emblem belongs to Nintendo, otherwise every day would be Lucina Day (blaze it, son.) I'd make an appropriate Snoop Dogg reference here but I think the mods would kill me.

All mentioned characters and franchises belong to their respective owners.

No voice actors were deliberately insulted in the making of this chapter.

"...Lucina?" Robin stared at the princess, softly shaking her as she softly mumbled about ponies. "You can't be seriously doing this."

She poked his nose again, a dull, vacant look on her face. "Boop! Heehee~ Your nose is so soft. It's like a marshmallow!"

"Good Naga...what did you inhale?" The grandmaster stared at her, incredulous.

Lucina smiled dreamily. "You reaaaally need to try it out, maaaaan. It's like being in heaven, dood..."

Robin closed his eyes, pinching the bridge of his nose, before sniffing the air.

Lucina's room had a faint smell of burned tea leaves, yet stronger and somewhat fuller, reminding Robin of chocolate. He opened his eyes, thinking carefully.

'*...these must be the coca leaves Miriel was experimenting with. It seems their effects remove inhibitions...but also turn the person into a complete loon.*

Wait, inhibitions? If these fumes remove inhibitions then...I can only guess at one person who tried it.'

"Morgan. It has to be." Robin concluded, exasperated. "...of course, it has to be Morgan. Only she of all people would go *this* far to get me and Lucina to do something indecent...

...Lucina, get up. We're going."
"Huh? Where are we going?" The princess inquired as she was pulled out of her room by the grandmaster, who was stomping off in the direction where Cordelia had left Morgan.

"To find my madwoman of a daughter and make her fix this!" Robin snapped irritably. "She messed up your birthday plans..."
"Oh, that's right!" Lucina nodded slowly in realisation. "It's my birthday today...

...hey, listen, I could really go for some munchies...I'm really feeling cake." The princess gasped as she realised something. "Did they bake me a birthday cake?"
Robin blanched as he listened to his *friend* babble mindlessly.

'*She really is out of it...in any case, Morgan wouldn't have achieved what she wanted, thankfully. I-I mean, I-I don't like Lucina in that way, after all.*

Cordelia understands that, right? I don't unders-w-what am I thinking? T-this is irrelevant right now!'

Meanwhile...

Todd and Cynthia were perched outside Lucina's window, breathing heavily. The tactician looked in, not hearing anything. His spirits sank as he realised they weren't in the room, doing indecent things.

"...that didn't go like I think it should've." Todd sighed disappointedly. "Mission failure."

"WHAT?!" Cynthia cried, shocked. "Y-you mean-"
"Robin didn't get dosed and...Lucina's not in any condition to be even *close* to confessing her love." Todd explained, looking at the spare bottle of fumes mournfully.

The pegasus rider frowned. "Dammit! We were so close...so I guess your grand plan backfired?"
"Nah, this isn't my grand plan." The tactician admitted. "I mean, it's a *plan*, but not a grand one."

Cynthia held up a finger. "Wait. So, o mighty Todd, what *is* your grand plan?"
"You'll see soon enough, dear-"
"GET THE FUCK DOWN FROM THERE!"

The sudden admonishment from Sully surprised Todd. His foot slipped.

"Wah!" He cried out and fumbled for the ledge, only to miss and land onto the lawn below. Cynthia looked down, before jumping after him.

"TODD!" She landed deftly after him- a skill honed from jumping from pegasi to rain petals down upon her mother to make magnificent entrances- kneeling by him. The bottle of fumes had been cracked open, and the fumes had scattered.

Sully ran over to him, looking concernedly at him.

"Ah crap...is he hurt?" The cavalier inquired. "Todd! You alright? Wasn't that long of a fall? Crap."

Todd stirred, staring at Sully for a moment. Cynthia waited in anticipation to see if he was alright.

"Hey, Sully..." The tactician uttered softly. Sully raised her eyebrow.

"...from this day on, just Todd won't be tolerated."

"What." The cavalier's expression changed. "...who the hell do you think you are, Todd?"

Todd stood up, posing heroically towards the sky and giving Sully an intense glare.

"I would prefer it if you didn't call me by that name her. You should refer to me as His Highness, Todd *fucking* Haberk-"

Sully, taking in what the tactician had said, before delivering a punch to his face. She didn't even let him finish his magnificent declaration.

"Ow!" Todd cried, rubbing his cheek, before staring back at her indignantly. "I'm-"
"Just shut up!" Sully snapped and punched him again, knocking the delusional boy out cold. He mumbled 'Mother' under his breath as he curled up, clutching his cheek.

"He must've hit his head harder than we thought he did." The cavalier muttered to herself, rubbing her fist. "What, that a name of some Outrealm actor or something? The thing he was about to say.

Hell, who cares?"

Cynthia suddenly looked worried. "Uh, Sully! Carefu-"

"What-" The cavalier suddenly stepped on something fragile, feeling it shatter underfoot. "...eh?"
She'd stepped on all the bottles of cocoa fumes he'd taken with him to dose Robin and Lucina.

"Ahhhh crap-"

Sully didn't even have time to complete her sentence before her expression softened into a dull, vacant smile.

Cynthia was already halfway across the lawn, covering her nose as Sully breathed in the fumes. The clouds wafted their way into the palace.

"I shall heroically flee to fight another day!" Cynthia declared, but her voice was anything but heroic as she sought out her pegasus- and possibly some provisions for the next day or two while this whole thing was sorted out.

Meanwhile, in the palace...

Morgan sat by the infirmary wall, rubbing her sweaty forehead with a towel. The wall behind her had been scrubbed repeatedly to get that accursed speck out of the wall that Cordelia somehow saw.

The tactician never understood how she saw things like that. Probably all the riding on the back of pegasi and looking down upon the battlefield helped her vision out.

"Dammit...she's like a slavedriver when she wants things cleaned..." The tactician complained. "...it took me three hours, but I think I cleaned out that damned spot..."

Suddenly, she saw Robin dragging Lucina along towards her, looking irritated. Morgan raised an eyebrow.

"Huh? Is Father-"
"*Morgan*." Robin called out, irritated. Morgan frowned.

'*Oh. Not those two finally getting a room.*' The tactician was disappointed. "...yes Father?"
"Fix what you did to Lucina!" The grandmaster demanded angrily, pointing at the princess. She smiled vacantly at Morgan, waving.

"Hey. Do you know where the cake is? It's my birthday!" Lucina declared, before crossing her arms and puffing her cheeks out like a child.

"You know, the King needs munchies, and she wants people to make them for her! And the Kiiiing's word is law! Chop chop!"

Robin glared at Morgan. "*Fix this.*"
Morgan snickered at her, trying to hold it in and failing. Only after realising that her father's glare wasn't going away did she slowly stop laughing.

"...Father...I didn't do this."

"...d-don't give me that! Of course you did! This seems like the thing you'd do!"

Morgan pouted. "I can't believe my own father doesn't trust me...but one, *whatever* they did to Lucina, it doesn't seem to be helping you two actually admit you love each other, so I probably didn't do it.

And two, I've been stuck here cleaning up this wall for the last few hours, thanks to Cordelia!" Morgan snapped. "How does she even *see* those things?!"

"...wait, wait." Robin held up a finger, trying to understand the situation. "...you *didn't* do this?"

The tactician shook her head. "Of course not! It's not me this time. How could I have done it?!"

Lucina pulled Robin's arm out, clinging to it, causing him to blush slightly.

"Maaaan, you're so warm and soft..."

"L-Lucina, n-now is not the time to be doing that!" The grandmaster softly pried his arm out of her grip- or tried to, for the girl's grasp was like an iron vice.

"I'm cooooold!" The princess complained as she reached for his arm for several moments, before settling on wrapping her cape around herself.

Morgan giggled. "This isn't so-"
"You're helping me fix this." The grandmaster declared. Morgan stared at him, confused.

"What?! Why?!"

"You're being punished *anyway* with cleaning up the infirmary, Morgan. So, you can reduce it by helping me fix Lucina and make her stop."

"I'm the queen of the castle! I'm the queen of the castle!" The princess crooned, slightly off-tune.

Morgan chuckled. "She *really* is out of it, huh?"

"Well, if you *aren't* responsible for it, then who is?"

"The other Cabal members." Morgan shrugged. "You know, I'm not the only person in the palace who wants you and Lucina to get a room already. Probably Todd or Cynthia. Owain would probably jump in with his *sword hand* and declare you guys were too heroic of a couple not to be together."

The grandmaster looked aside, nodding slowly. "That...makes sense. Alright, I'll take your word for it, but I'll have you cleaning Sumia's pegasus' dung if you're lying to me.

In any case, now we must find Miriel and fix Lucina..."

Morgan nodded, snapping her fingers and agreeing with the conclusion.. "Right. She's done all the research, she might know how to fix it."

...

Minutes later, at Miriel's house

"Naga help us all." Robin declared, facepalming.

Miriel was slumped against the wall, her glasses sitting askew on her vacant smiling face and her books and journals lying in disarray across the floor of her room. On a desk was a small ceramic furnace, providing small wisps of cocoa fumes, and possibly how Miriel had become exposed.

Morgan chuckled. "Oh, Naga, not *Miriel* too..."

"How in Naga's name am I supposed to fix it without her?!" The grandmaster cried. "How?!"

Morgan picked up one of her journals. "She'll have made notes."
"Point taken." Robin nodded, before picking up a journal and flipping through it.

"Alright, four attempts and almost nothing on curing this madness." Robin sighed in exasperation. "Are you serious?"

Miriel poked at invisible bubbles in the air, before adjusting her glasses to see them clearly.

"Fascinating." The mage mumbled, her head slightly slumping onto her shoulder. "These bubbles seem to be multicolored...but I cannot seem to disturb them...no matter what I do...

...perhaps I should take a sample...for experimental purposes."

She looked up at Robin. "Ah, Robin. Can you grab me some needles? I require a sample of these bubbles."
The grandmaster gave her a flat look. "...what."

"Do you not see them? Even more intriguing. I may have discovered a new substance that may help my research into invisibility." Miriel noted, her eyes lighting up with excitement, lazily picking up one of her scattered notebooks and scrawling illegibly into it, contrasting with her normally tight, clear and concise writing.

"Heeeeey!" Lucina frowned. "I see the bubbles too! They're pretty!"

She poked one she thought she saw. "Boooop."

Robin, meanwhile, carefully flipped through another journal. "...the counter agent..."

"Is this what you're looking for?"

Laurent leaned by the doorway, carrying a phial of a translucent white fluid in his hand. Morgan looked over at him.

"Laurent? When did you get time to-"
"I was assisting my mother with the research. She thought the fumes of cocoa extract may assist in pain relief." The boy explained. "It seems that they have...other, unintended effects. I took the opportunity to make a curing solution to it."

"Heeeheee." Lucina giggled, pressing her face into Robin's arm. "You're so strong and warm..."

Robin blushed, swallowing briefly before looking to Laurent. "G-give it to Lucina, immediately!"

Morgan shook her head. "N-no! Don't! This is hilarious!"

"You know what would be fun? You and I, being boyfriend and girlfriend! That seems fun! Then we could poke at the

bubbles toget-" Lucina suddenly stopped, her eyes refocusing, and hissed as a small needle went into her arm.

Laurent sighed, pulling the needle out as the princess rubbed her head groggily. Robin supported her carefully.

"Ugh..." She rubbed her throat, coughing slightly. "What...what happened? Robin, I thought we were in my room-"

Morgan snickered, hiding her mouth. "You and Robin were together in a room together?"

Lucina shook her head quickly, blushing. "N-no! It wasn't like that! W-we were just-"
"My mother's cocoa extract fumes were stolen and used to drug you." Laurent explained. Lucina glared at Morgan.

"This was your doing, wasn't it?"

The tactician pouted. "You're mean, Mom. It wasn't me this time!"

"I-I'm not your mother, b-because I-I d-don't love Robin, a-and anyway, who *else* would've drugged me?"
"Don't look at me!" Morgan cried. "I'm not the whole Justice Cabal!"

Laurent nodded, adjusting his glasses. "Indeed. No doubt it was the work of Todd or Cynthia."

"Reflet?" Robin pointed out.

"Reflet's work is far more subtle, far more deceitful. " The mage pointed out. "No, this was overt, obvious and somewhat crude in the execution.

You three had better head back to the palace. I will attempt to make more."
"...more? We just need to fix your mother, right?" Morgan looked over at him, confused.

The mage frowned, and Robin and Lucina's spirits sank.

"I fear it has escalated beyond that now."

Over in the palace...

"And as the NEW Royal Highness, I, Todd Haberkorn, declare that every day must be dedicated to the activity of blazing it!" Todd declared, standing in the middle of the dining hall.

In front of him were Sully, Lissa, Tharja and several others, in various states of intoxication, sprawled out across the various tables, cheering the declaration.

"And then my second decree is that someone make me some hamburgers!" The tactician rubbed his belly. "I'm hungry for some munchies...

Oh, oh, better yet! Some paaaaastaaaa! Its-a-pasta day!"

The only person standing in the hall not under the effects of the fumes was Reflet, who was crossing her arms.

"So my son thinks he's his own voice actor when he's stoned. Perfect." The grandmistress sighed. "Why can't it work like that on Tharja or Lucina...

I feel bad about not fixing it, but what can I do?"

"Sempai, sempai, sempai, sempai..." Tharja mumbled, clutching a hastily crafted doll of Robin. "Seeeeempai!"

Lissa and Maribelle were calmly bobbing their heads to an unheard beat, their eyes vacant and dull.

Sully huffed, sighing happily. "That's the stuff. Man, I feel like I'm flying..."

"EVERY DAY IS FOUR-TWENTY DAY!"

Robin, Lucina and Morgan stood outside the hall, looking in.

"...is Haberkorn the title of his royal house?" Lucina tilted her head.

"No. It's an Outrealm custom called a 'last name'." Robin pointed out. "Chrom and I have been planning to introduce those in Ylisse.

Some of Reflet's associates in the Outrealms have them, although I certainly wouldn't expect 'Xiao Long' or 'Suzumiya' to be common..."

Morgan facepalmed. "Not only that, that's not even *his* last name. He stole it from his voice actor."

"I find it unfortunate that I know what those are." Lucina sighed. "I'm spending far too much time with you and Reflet..."

Robin rubbed his chin. "How best to get these people into the infirmary..."

Morgan raised a finger. "Father, how about we take one of the bottles of cocoa fumes?"

"I don't think that will solve the issue-"
"No, no. I mean, we lure them over to the infirmary with the bottle!" The tactician pointed out. "I mean, Todd's talking about making every day four-twenty day, so let's give him the opportunity!"

Lucina nodded. "You know, Morgan, that's not a bad idea. I'm curious, though."
"Huh?"
"Why are you helping us?"

"My aim is to get you and Father together, not to make you look like a fool, although your awkwardness about admitting it makes both easy to do at the same time." Morgan pointed out bluntly, before looking away softly.

"Well, only until you two get together, then my goal is to make you look like a fool."

Lucina's stare hardened. "How comforting."

Robin rubbed his chin. "But how to lure them over to us?"

Morgan smirked mischievously.

"I think I have a plan."

"...I know I shouldn't be scared, as that plan is not aimed at us, but I am..." Robin swallowed nervously.

"...fine, Morgan. Go ahead."

"*Excellent.*"

...

Minutes later...

"Man, making all these references tires a guy out." Todd sat down on one of the dining hall tables. "Maaaan, it's good to be the king-eh?"

He looked up, seeing a bottle of cocoa fumes hung on a fishing rod. Todd's eyes widened in shock.

"COCOA FUMES!"

Everyone looked up at the bottle, gasping.

"GRAB IT! WE MUST BLAZE IT"

"Fuuuuuumes!" Lissa squealed happily as she leapt after it. The bottle was swayed out of her reach, causing her to land on the stone floor with an 'oof'.

The occupants of the hall chased after the bottle as it flew out of the hall.

Morgan chuckled, sitting on the back of a water buffalo as she hauled the bottle behind the beast, with Robin and Lucina steering the bovine towards the infirmary.

"WHERE DID YOU GET THIS ANIMAL?!" Lucina yelled over the sound of stampeding people.

"I have my suppliers!" Morgan laughed maniacally, hefting the bottle over the heads of the afflicted. "I had a couple spare from my last scheme..."

Robin sighed, pulling on the reins. "I don't want to know what this scheme was..."

"Come on, maaaan!" Todd yelled after them. "Just pass the thing! Don't leave me hanging!"

"We're nearly there!" The grandmaster yelled. "Do I stop here?"

"Stop!"

Lucina's eyes widened. "Wait, why are we stopping? They'll catch us!"
"Trust me, Lucina! I know what I'm doing!"

Robin exhaled. "Here goes!"

He yanked on the reins of the animal, stopping its movement. The stampede advanced hurriedly towards them.

Tharja giggled. "Seeeempaaaai-"

"NOW!" Morgan yelled as the group was about to touch the bottle. Robin mustered all of his strength and yanked the reins to the left, forcing the buffalo to move towards the left and leave the door to the infirmary open, causing everyone to collapse into it in a heap.

"Gah! Todd cried out, pulling himself from the pile. "...maaaan, what was-GAH!"

He felt a sharp needle pierce his back, as Laurent injected him with the cure.

"...geeeaaaaah!" His back arched in pain. "...AVRIL LAVIGNE!"

He collapsed, unconscious, on the floor. Laurent looked over to Libra and Brady.

"You two know what to do."

"I'll handle Tharja." The older monk sighed, attending to his roommate, while Brady attended to the others.

As the others recovered, Lucina breathed heavily, leaning on the wall. "That was...close."

Morgan laughed maniacally. "I *finally* got to ride a water buffalo through the halls with Father's permission!"

Robin sighed, wiping his brow. "...that could've been far worse than it was...alright. Lucina..."
"Huh?"

"I was going to...show you something, but it might have to wait." The grandmaster sighed. "At least, until Lissa is ready."
"Huh?" Morgan tilted her head. "What were you going to show Lucina?"

Half an hour later...

Morgan and Robin guided Lucina carefully towards a seemingly abandoned part of the palace, barely frequented by anyone.

"What are you showing me here?" Lucina looked around cautiously. Robin smiled at her.

"Be patient. We're nearly there."
"Ooh! Ooh! Is it a love nest?" Morgan said teasingly.

Lucina and Robin blushed, embarrassed and stared at her. "M-Morgan!"

"Teehee~"

They stopped at a door with light streaming out from underneath. Robin inhaled.

"You ready, Lucina?"
"I...suppose." The princess nodded. "I think I'm ready."

She pressed on the door, looking inside. Her face brightened into a smile as she realised what was inside.

Chrom and Sumia were smiling at her, carrying a well-made cake. There was icing on it, meticulously used to write Lucina's name on the top, topped with strawberries and cream. Lissa waved at her, grinning. Behind them was a small table, set with the finest food Robin could cook up, with some help from Cordelia.

"Happy birthday, Lucina!" Chrom called over happily, before looking away, slightly embarrassed. "Uh, is this really how you do it? I feel odd."

"Reflet said this is how they celebrate birthdays in the Outrealms." Sumia chuckled. "I just wanted to test it out here.

Cynthia couldn't make it, by the way. Apparently she had to go off somewhere. We haven't seen her all day."

"This is..." Lucina sputtered out, taken aback.

"I...had the idea of holding you a birthday party on your real birthday before everyone holds the feast tomorrow." Robin explained. "I thought you might like it."
"Robin...I...you didn't need to do this for me." The princess responded, slightly embarrassed.

The grandmaster chuckled. "I do this for a good friend. I'd do this for Chrom any day, why not you?"

"Besides, you said it yourself! You haven't celebrated your birthday ever since you came back from the future." Sumia pointed out. "You deserve this, Lucina."
Lucina sighed, her smile growing bigger.

"...thank you, all."

"Don't thank us!" Lissa scoffed. "Thank your boyfriend. He had the idea first!"
Robin jumped, shaking his head. "I-I'm not her boyfriend!"

"Spoken like a true harem protagonist. Only without a harem." Morgan chuckled.

Robin also took out a small bouquet of flowers, handing them to Lucina. "H-here. Ylissean Whites."
"W-what?" The princess blushed. "T-this...I-I'm not-"
"N-not that way!" The grandmaster shook his head, blushing. "...Cordelia said you might like these, and I decided, p-purely as a friend...to get you these."

"...t-they're beautiful..." The princess took them, laughing. "...thank you."

She pulled Robin into a hug, pressing into him as hard as she could.

"You're the best...friend...I could have."
"...y-you too." The grandmaster returned the hug. The pair held the hug for slightly longer than truly platonic friends might do. Chrom cleared his throat loudly, causing them to relinquish each other, rubbing the backs of their heads.

"Heh...these flowers truly are beautiful." Lucina smiled, thanking him.

'*Dammit, KISS already!*' Morgan was dying to speak her mind, but she wanted to preserve the moment. It wasn't often that the two were not awkward long enough to share such affection.

Sumia clapped, giggling at the pair hugging.

"So, shall we dig in? We got all this food ready. It'd be a shame not to eat some!"

"Can I stay?" Morgan inquired. "Please? I won't do anything antic-related! Pweeaaase?"

Robin sighed, shaking his head and smiling good-naturedly.

"I suppose, Morgan. I suppose. You did salvage this situation."

Morgan pumped her fist in triumph. "Yes!"

Lissa cheered. "YAY! FOOD!"

With that, the family- plus Robin and Morgan- partook of the feast, talking and conversing happily with each other. All Morgan could notice, however, was Lucina and Robin.

For once, they seemed comfortable with each other, looking for all the world to be happy to be with each other, without the antics of her or anyone else. Lucina's smile was the cutest thing she'd ever seen, and Robin was, for once, not stuttering or denying that he loved her. He was comfortable talking to her.

Sumia was too busy talking to Chrom and enjoying the food, but Morgan wasn't. She noticed all the little cues- the little

blushes Lucina gave when Robin told her about small anecdotes, the smiles Robin gave when Lucina laughed her adorable little laughs, the relaxed tone in which they spoke.

'*...you know, I just wish they'd do this more often so I wouldn't have to try to force them together.*' Morgan sighed. *'I suppose...I'll leave them, just this once. They deserve this, and this is the closest I'll get to seeing Mother and Father together, for now.*

One day, I'll do it. They'll get together. And we'll be a family.

Until then however...we'll have to just keep on pushing them together with the right combination of antics. I'm looking forward to Todd's scheme.

If it's not this...I want to know what it really is. It'd better be amazing.'

END

A/N: Strangely sappy. But then, it's Lucina's birthday, she deserves something happy. She deserves just one chapter that doesn't end in antics. Don't worry, you'll have your regular antics back later.

Also, a free Sumia plushie to anyone who gets every single reference to the roles of the glorious Todd Haberkorn I inserted into the chapter. I mean every single reference. There are a lot of references.

Anyway, *next* chapter, Lucina Reacts to Shin Megami Tensei x Fire Emblem! Or Illusory Revelation #FE!

So, I hope you enjoyed that, leave your ideas, comments, criticisms, reviews, thoughts and suggestions, and I hope you have a GREAT day! Until next time!

Chapter 35: Lucina Reacts to Illusory RevelationsFE

Lucina Reacts to Illusory Revelations#FE!

A/N: Welcome, one and all, to Lucina Reacts! Just one more chapter before the first big arc- the culmination of Todd's plan, that is. That's right, soon enough, he will put his plan into action and madness shall ensue! Anyway, let's get on with this chapter, eh?

Also, Lucina's Birthday is chronologically AFTER this chapter. The next chapter will go back to the normal flow of time.

DISCLAIMER: Fire Emblem belongs to Nintendo, otherwise Robin wouldn't have been so shy to admit his love for Lucina in their supports (*drool*).

Illusory Revelations#FE belongs to Atlus and Intelligent Systems.

All mentioned franchises and characters belong to their respective owners.

Because the subject matter is quite polarizing, any opinion the characters express is entirely fictional and does not reflect the author's own opinions on the subject.

"Shin Megami Tensei?" Lucina raised an eyebrow curiously. "...Reflet, you realise that video games do not exist in Ylisse, correct?"
"Don't crush her dreams." Todd sighed, scribbling down on a sheet of paper. The princess gazed at it, realising it was some fanart of her and the dancer, Aqua, doing something...surprisingly decent.

Specifically, they were hugging each other and sharing cake.

"What? Everyone thinks Aqua's basically you with a light-blue wig and a dancer costume." Todd pointed out to the curious princess.

"Mother does look exceedingly like her..." Morgan nodded in agreement. Lucina was about to comment, before realising that trying to would simply exacerbate the situation and simply kept her mouth shut.

'*...if Morgan truly is my daughter...I-I will have to teach her discipline...*' Lucina thought, shaking her head. *'N-not that she is!'*

Reflet looked between the shaking Lucina, the chuckling Todd and a confused Morgan, sighing.

"Anyway, Shin Megami Tensei, or in the English translation, True Goddess Reincarnation, is an awesome RPG series based around the basic concepts of summoning demons using computer programs and choosing between causes to fight for, or making your own cause." The grandmistress explained. "The causes are usually Law and Chaos, and the one you make Neutral, although there's spinoffs like Devil Survivor which change the mechanics up, and Persona and Digital Devil Saga where that gets thrown out the window."

Lucina rubbed her chin. "I see. A similar concept to this 'Fire Emblem if' we watched?"

"Basically. Instead of Nohr and Hoshido, you have order-obsessed angels who want to make everyone into God's slaves and arsehat demons who want to throw the world back into a might-makes-right sort of thing.

And then you can tell them both to screw off and beat them all up."

"You know how freaking hard it is to get to that route?" Todd cried. "It's cool, but *hard*..."

Robin looked up at them. "And...so we are to be crossed over with such a series? I admit that the concept sounds interesting, but...

...I am not sure that summoning demons from computers is...something I want to be involved in."

"Especially considering what we know about the Internet..." Lucina added, shuddering.

Todd suddenly stood up and picked up the laptop, looking at it carefully. Morgan raised a finger.

"Todd, what are you doing?"

"I'm making sure this laptop isn't also a COMP or a Demonica or something." The tactician muttered, shaking the laptop and carefully clicking through it. "I mean, it's got emulators for every console known to man -I *think* I even saw *AMUSphere* capability in there- and it's got Internet connection in a world where there's not even a router in sight.

I'm not taking any chances with this borderline plot device..."
"Oh, Ushio-chan would never do that." Reflet chuckled. "She's not into demons."
"You...know who this Ushio is? The Ushio this computer belongs to?" Lucina inquired suddenly, her eyes wide with surprise.

Reflet merely wagged her finger, smiling enigmatically. "All will be revealed in good time.

Anyway, back to what I was saying. A couple of my associates over in the Outrealms told me they were doing some crossover stuff with Fire Emblem and I just thought I might check the trailer out.

I mean, I heard the Internet went mad about it, but I'm not sure what's up with that..." Reflet mused.

"I think we'd best check it out. You guys should too. This is, after all, our franchise."

Lucina shrugged casually. "Well, it wasn't as if I was going to do anything else with my day.

Alright, let's see what this is about."

Todd rested his head on his hands, leaning back. "This brings back memories of the days I spent trying to beat Shin Megami Tensei IV...

...I *still* hate Minotaur."

Minutes later...

"Oh boy." Reflet rubbed her hands as she waited for the video to load up, excited. "You guys have no idea how excited I am for this.

I mean, I knew this was happening two years ago, but they left it at that. If it is what I think it is, I'm hoping to be able to go all dark-crapsack-world-y and go fight demons with the likes of..." Reflet started drooling. "Ike..."

"Mother, you're going full fangirl again." Todd warned her, before nodding in assent. "Although...Lucina with a Demonica. Now THAT would be a sight."

"...I'm not sure I would want a computer that summons demons anywhere near me..." The princess remarked questioningly.

Reflet cheered. "It's on! Guys, let's watch! Let's-"

Her cheerful expression immediately vanished once the main characters appeared. Contrary to what she believed, it didn't seem like a crapsack world, nor did any of the characters seem to be wearing COMPs or any of the various demon-summoning devices within the series.

After all, no true crapsack world would have four clearly-healthy teens in completely normal wear-save one who resembled Marth to an extent- standing in front of what appeared to be a highly futuristic building.

Reflet's eyelid twitched as she paused the video. "...what...is...this..."

"Cool. They're making it seem all Persona-like." Todd noted. "Interesting approach."

"...t-this isn't SMT!" The grandmistress snapped. "W-what is this?!"

Robin raised an eyebrow. "Is this...not what you expected?
"OF COURSE NOT!" Reflet cried, angry. "T-this is too *modern*! Too *happy*! SMT is supposed to be *dark*! I SEE NOTHING DARK!"

Lucina facepalmed, exasperated already. "Reflet, calm down. This is nothing worth getting worked up about."

Todd pointed over to Lucina, nodding in agreement. "Girl's got a point. And besides, the game we're in didn't exactly seem like it'd sell.

Remember, this was going to be the last game. Knowing the good staff of Atlus, they'll probably make the game good enough that people won't particularly care."

Reflet breathed heavily, remaining silent. Lucina looked concernedly at her, waiting for her to move.

"...fine." The grandmistress relented, sighing. "...but when I get my hands on this game, it'd better be good, or I'm declaring antic war on Atlus."

Robin looked bemused. "I'm not sure that this *Atlus* entity would particularly care too much."
"I'll make them care. I'm a tenth-level Antic Mistress." Reflet declared proudly with a smirk. "As proclaimed by Lady Suzumiya herself."

Robin sighed. "I'm not sure I trust this 'Lady Suzumiya', whoever she is.

Let us carry on with the video, eh?"
Reflet obliged, unpausing the video.

Robin's eyes widened as he saw the woman jump in mid-air. "...Lady Caeda?"

"Caeda?" Todd raised an eyebrow.

"Yes, that's Lady Caeda, of the legends." The grandmaster nodded. "I'm sure of it."

Reflet shook her head. "Probably an expy of Shiida."
"...don't you mean Sheeda?"
"We're not having an argument on romanisation!" The grandmistress snapped irritably.

"Is that demon-like creature...Father?" Lucina's eyes widened in shock as a masked creature with a sword descended from above with similar garments to Chrom's own.

Todd squinted, looking closer at the screen. "...huh. That *does* look like Chrom.

Chrom as demon confirmed. Probably Famed race."

"...so my father is a DEMON?!" Lucina cried, looking at the screen intensely. Robin pulled her back gently.

"Lucina, I am *sure* they do not intend to offend you with this. After all, they probably intend to feature Chrom as a sign of respect to him, no?"
"If my father is to be an unholy creature, slain for no reason, then I must avenge this injustice-"
Morgan raised a finger. "Lucina, you haven't considered the fact that maybe the protagonists *summoned*Chrom to protect themselves? This *is* a demon-summoning franchise, after all."

Lucina stopped.

"...you...raise a good point. Fine, Morgan, I concede it to you."

Morgan smiled. "See? Not everything I do is trouble!"
"You make your own father struggle to believe that." Robin remarked tiredly.

The female tactician pouted, looking wounded.

"D-Dad...t-that's not fair!"

"I CALL DIBS ON THE PEGASUS RIDER GIRL." Reflet declared as the video went to focus on the woman Robin swore looked like Lady Caeda.

"Why are you 'calling dibs' on these people?" Lucina inquired. "Naga help me, what *is* a 'dib'?"

Todd sighed. "It's basically when people stake claims on things so everyone else can't have them. It's like putting a sign up, only cruder and more immature."

"What? I can't like a woman with a shapely body like my own?" Reflet responded defensively.

Robin closed his eyes, grumbling. "It seems every shapely woman with a large chest is one you must appreciate."
"T-that's absurd!" Reflet retorted. "I'll have you know that I don't exactly fawn over *Tharja*!"

"Heeheehee..." Tharja suddenly leaned in close to Reflet's cheeks. "I'll have that fixed soon enough..."

"T-Tharja!" Robin cried in shock. "W-when did you get here?!"

"Penguins, Tharja." The grandmistress pointed out calmly.

The dark mage stopped, staring at her in horror and walking back a step.

"You *wouldn't*."

"You remember what I showed you back when I came to live here?" Reflet giggled. "So, I'll say it again, dear, lest you forget that while you're a crazed sex witch, I'm a crazed dimensional traveller.

Penguins."

Tharja fled through the nearest window, cursing under her breath. Reflet smiled.

"Things *always* work out for me."

Lucina shuddered. "...what did you show her that made her so afraid of penguins?"
"Don't ask. You really don't want to know." Todd warned her.

...

"...is that Tiki?" Robin pointed at the stone tablet and the green-haired girl in the middle of the trailer. "...I admit, I've only known her while she looked older, but...I have seen the paintings of her younger self from aeons ago."

Reflet crossed her arms. "Caeda, Tiki, Chrom...this might be a *bit* more of a crossover than I thought...

I'm still going to prank the heck out of Atlus if this doesn't go right."

Morgan tilted her head. "...are those the idol singers you told me about, Todd?"
"What, like Risette, Chieri and Freya Schnee?" The male tactician nodded. "Yes, those are idol singers."
"Idol singers?" Lucina inquired. "What are those?"
"Singers with an emphasis on image and flashiness as well as skill in singing. Often young, female, and fairly attractive." Reflet explained. "Popular in the Outrealms.

You'd make a good one, Lucina."

The princess blushed darkly. "...y-you don't mean to say that you find me attractive?!"

"I would be lying if I didn't. I'm, after all, another version of Robin." The grandmistress pointed out teasingly. "I mean, don't get me wrong, I married Gaius, and Sumia would probably be my second choice, but if it wasn't them...

It'd totally be yo-"

She was interrupted by a slap on the back of the head by Robin, who was somewhat irritated, as well as embarrassed.
"Q-quit that."
The grandmistress winced, rubbing the back of her head."Alright, alright. I'm going to stop hitting on your girlfriend-"

Lucina and Robin both yelled at her in unison.
"She's not m-my girlfriend!"
"I'm not his g-girlfriend!"

Todd whistled whimsically. "Aaaaaand we hit another cliché on the 'romantic comedy' path. Next thing we know, Robin's going to stumble into her taking a bath or something."

Morgan giggled. "Oh, how fun would *that* be-"
"Don't you dare get any ideas, Morgan!" Lucina snapped.

Reflet gasped in surprise. "This game's in Shibuya?!

Man, I really need to get out of Ylisse and head off into the Outrealms again. I miss going to places like Shibuya."
"You've been there?" Robin inquired.

"Of course. Any self-respecting self-professed weeaboo makes a pilgrimage to Shibuya." The grandmistress remarked.

"That and Akihabara."

"There she is again!" Morgan called as the Tiki-like girl appeared on screen again. "...I think that may well truly be Tiki."

"Where IS Tiki, anyway?" Reflet inquired. "I haven't seen her since I got here."

"Well..." Robin shrugged, shaking his head. "...her ways are mysterious, but she occasionally shows up at the castle when she isn't busy."

"Gangrel?" Reflet's eyes widened. "...he's a demon too?"

"Or a Shadow." Todd pointed out. "You know, with the whole Persona-esque thing they're going for here.

Oh hey, Aversa's here, too!"

Robin shuddered. "Naga forbid she ever see this.

I would prefer someone not challenge her looks *again* by comparing her to a demon..."

Morgan nodded slowly. "And it seems class-changes change your hair color, too."

"That would be a strange side effect of a Second Seal..." Robin noted. "...but then this world seems far more futuristic than ours."

And as the trailer ended...

"...ARE YOU SERIOUS?!" Reflet cried. "This is Wii U *only*?!

That's it! I'm going to go over there right-"

Robin, Todd and Morgan restrained her, trying to stop her.

"L-let go of me! Unhand me! I'm going to visit the wrath of antics upon those fools!" The grandmistress protested.

Lucina sighed, exasperated at the display she saw before her.

"As collected as Reflet is about everything that isn't Sumia, I fear for these video game companies should she ever find them..."

END

A/N: And now that that's out of the way, next chapter, Lucina Reacts to Music Festivals! You guys familiar with my other fic Weiss Reacts should see where this is going.

Also, because I felt like it, here's a brief snapshot of how our Tiki lives her life. Since someone complained about Tiki not being in this fic...

Meanwhile, elsewhere in Ylisse...

"BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP"

"Ugh..."

The aeons-old voice of the goddess Naga herself, the very image of dignity and elegance, woke herself up from bed with dishevelled hair and bleary eyes.

As a cure for her heavy sleeping, Tiki had invested in one of Miriel's prototype gadgets, a device called an 'alarm clock' that would awaken her in the mornings as to not miss breakfast- a course of three full meals, for a dragon could not subsist on the same amount a mere human did- and allow her to keep a relatively normal schedule.

It wasn't working. The alarm clock had woken her up three hours late.

"...confound this new-fangled gadgetry..." Tiki muttered drily as she smacked the clock to silence it, taking care to restrain her strength as to not smash it against the wall like she had done to its predecessor.

"I am a centuries-old woman who can turn into a dragon and rain devastation upon lands like no other, but I can barely keep my own time." The woman shook her head. "I'll have to tell Miriel her clock isn't working right..."

The manakete pulled herself out of bed, putting on a small robe to allow her to go downstairs into her dwelling. Chrom had loaned her servants from the royal palace when she had chosen to dwell in a small house near Mount Prism in lieu of her former dwellings in Valm, so she expected them to have cleaned up already.

"What was I supposed to do today?" She pondered as she clambered down the stairs.

She snapped her fingers. "Oh, right. Help Say'ri plant more of those cherry blossom trees...

I do wonder why she insists that *I* should help her plant the trees in lieu of, say, Virion, but..." Tiki shrugged as she looked upon the table to see that it had indeed been cleaned up.

Her spirits sank as her belly began rumbling.

So, I hope you enjoyed that, leave your ideas, comments, suggestions, criticisms, thoughts and reviews, and I hope you have a GREAT day! Until next time!

Chapter 36: The Festival of Naga, Part 1!

The Festival of Naga, Part 1!

A/N: Welcome, one and all, to Lucina Reacts! Before we begin, I may have told a bit of a fib when I said 'music festival', as this is not *strictly* just a music festival. Doesn't mean there will be no music, but I will do my utmost to make certain gags come true.

Also, people who've read the Beacon Music Festival arc of Weiss Reacts, you know where this is going. Let the hype ensue.

DISCLAIMER: Fire Emblem belongs to Nintendo, otherwise there would be idol singer uniforms for Lucina, Tharja and Sumia (*drool*).

All mentioned franchises and characters belong to their respective owners.

"Owwwww!" Lissa pulled away her hand from an intricate glass ornament she'd lowered onto a table, having cut her finger. She sucked on it, wincing from the stinging pain.

"That smarts..."

Sully scoffed dismissively. "Wrap some cloth around your finger and quit crying about it. I've been carrying crap in here for the whole day."

"I'm not made for hard work!" The cleric cried in protest. "I'm made for lounging around and doing fun things!"

The dining hall of the royal palace was abuzz with life. Sumia, Libra and Cordelia had set about readying the kitchen for cookery, while Frederick, Stahl and Sully had been set about putting ornaments, plates and utensils upon the tables; Chrom had forced his sister to help when she tried to sneak out to avoid having to help out.

Everyone else, of course, was either helping out carrying things into the castle or doing other things that were far more important or related to the task at hand, save Miriel- and no soul was brave enough to venture to her home to disturb her from whatever experiment she was conducting.

Robin breathed heavily as he leaned against a wall, wiping his brow as he put down another crate of ornaments.
"Lucina, do you have any idea what this is all for? The nearest birthday I'm aware of is Donnel's..."
Lucina stared at him curiously. "Robin, do you not know what the next several days are?"
"Not at all. The significance was never explained to me."
"This week is considered sacred to Naga." Libra interjected calmly. "Every five years, the presence of the goddess is said to be closer to the earth than any other time.

Her presence is said to manifest upon the earth as lights in the sky at night, lights that resemble the facade of the holy dragon, the shape of Lady Naga herself. They are iridescent and faintly green, and they dominate the sky itself. It was thought that they were the goddess herself at one point.

This festival dates from the early years of Ylisse's existence, and called aptly, the Festival of Naga, or the Iridescent Festival."

Robin nodded. "I...see. I don't know how I could've potentially missed that..."
"The wars made it much harder to celebrate it." Lucina admitted. "It's excusable that you don't know what it is.

Libra sighed, fondly remembering previous festivals. "The Dragon Lights- as they are referred to- are of a great beauty equal to the stars or the Lady Naga herself."

"In your case, you find Tharja equally attractive." Morgan remarked teasingly, attempting to bait the monk. She was helping carry crates into the hall with her father and Lucina.

He merely chuckled good-naturedly. "Think as you will, Morgan. Tharja only has eyes for another, after all."

"Oh, one of those types, Libra? I never thought you the type." The tactician winked as she walked off with the crate, giggling to herself.

"You're far more touchy about the subject of your relationship with Tharja normally." Robin noted, smiling. "You must be fond of this festival."

"Well, it is, after all, a festival devoted to the very goddess I revere." The monk responded. "I must continue helping, and you should too. Until later, Robin, your Highness."

He bowed briefly to Lucina before walking off. Lucina turned to Robin after he had walked off, nodding.

"He summed up the festival better than I could." The princess said with a smile, before turning away slightly. Robin looked worried.

"Lucina?"

"You know...the D-Dragon Lights really are b-beautiful..." Lucina commented shakily. "T-they hold a v-viewing of them a-at the end of the Festival, w-when they come on, outside in Ylisse's market...

R-Robin...I-I was...wondering if you could...j-join me to watch them? I-I mean...*purely* as a friend watching with a friend, and not as *lovers*..."

Robin blushed intensely, looking away himself in embarrassment.

"O-Of course, Lucina! I-I'd be honoured t-to join you t-to watch the Dragon Lights..." The grandmaster nodded quickly. "P-purely as friends, o-of course."
"W-we wouldn't want anyone to get the wrong idea!" The princess added, chuckling nervously.

Robin added to the nervous chuckling, twiddling his fingers. "O-Of course. M-Morgan and the Justice Cabal w-would jump o-on that opportunity..."

Sully, who watched the whole exchange, dropped her crate onto a table, wiping her brow.

"Man, those two are utterly hopeless." The cavalier mumbled. "Just kiss the girl already. Hell, hold *hands*."

Lissa smiled as she watched her niece and her totally platonic *friend* completely melt from their composed facades to ones of sheer awkwardness at the thought of spending time doing anything vaguely romantic.

"I don't think Lucina's ever had a crush on anyone before. Or ever." The cleric giggled. "She's so cute when she's awkward..."

"Gah, just *fuck* already!" Sully snapped. "It's not like you two could be any *more* obvious!"

"Don't be so crude..." Lissa reprimanded her.

"Don't lecture me. You sound like Maribelle."

Lissa chuckled at the thought, before sighing. "But...seriously. Those two have been going about it for four years. How much longer until they get together already?"
"Pigs'll fly and Hell will freeze over before then!" The cavalier remarked drily. "Naga help us all..."

"I wish Naga WOULD help us." Lissa quipped. "Seriously...I'm going to lose my bets because of this..."
"Bets?" Sully raised an eyebrow.

"I made a bunch of bets that Lucina and Robin would finally admit they loved each other within the next two or three months," the cleric explained, before sighing. "I think Anna might win this one. She bet they wouldn't do it before they were both a bunch of old prunes."

Sully laughed. "Sounds about right."

"O-Oh, Robin..." Lissa declared, lowering her voice to attempt to sound like Lucina. "I-I totally d-don't love you, b-but I make g-googly eyes at you and s-sound like N-Noire w-when I-I'm alone with you!"

The cavalier leaned against a table, crossing her arms. "Least she isn't as bad as Severa."

Justice Cabal Headquarters...

"Achoo!" Severa covered her nose as she sneezed, groaning. "I think I'm coming down with something from being out here.

Gods, did we have to meet in a run-down *shack*?"

"Severa!" Owain looked offended. "How could you call the *mighty headquarters of the Justice Cabal* a mere *shack*? To do so is an affront to our heroic actions!

My sword hand twitches at this remark!"

Severa had to hold back a chuckle, trying to keep her perennially irritated expression. "Y-Yeah, well, i-it's still made out of...spare barn wood.

Todd, can you just get on with the meeting already?"
Todd, who had been waiting for five minutes with crossed arms, stopped impatiently tapping his foot and sighed. "Alright, let's get on with it.

So, as I was saying, the Festival of Naga provides the *perfect* scenario for Lucina and Robin to *finally* admit they love each other."

Cynthia tilted her head. "Explain."
"You see, Lucina will likely be in a good mood. If we stick to my plan, she'll not be stressed from antics. We've asked Sumia to leave off the shipping. We've done all we possibly can to ensure that Lucina is in as good a mood as possible.

And if she's in a good mood, and the romantic atmosphere of the whole Dragon Lights gets to her and Robin...put two and two together, and we'll have the most twice shy couple since Kaoru and Kenshin making out in front of all of Ylisse.

All we need to top it off is a victory for her of some sort."

Noire raised her finger. "A-and...w-what w-will L-Lucina win t-to put her i-in a good mood?"
"Why, a music and dance competition, my dear Noire." Todd chuckled. "It's simple, not too tiring, and we'll be able to set it up easily."

Cynthia clapped. "Oooh! Song and dance! I like!"

"I don't buy it." Severa crossed her arms. "So you're going to try to hook them up through making them win something?"
"I read it in a fanfic." Todd remarked, holding up a tome labelled *Weiss Reacts*. "The main couple got together after a similar festival. The Antic Order makes this required reading now.

Trust me. Just lay off the antics for the whole week, unless absolutely necessary. Just one week, and all of our efforts will finally be fruitful."

Owain nodded, wiping a tear from his eye. "And a new heroic lineage will be born! My sword hand trembles with anticipation!"

"If that wasn't so much of an innuendo, I'd say the same thing." Todd remarked drily.

Severa rolled her eyes. "I don't think he gets the meaning of innuendo."

"You wound me!" The swordsman cried. Severa had to hold in the urge to stick her tongue out mischievously.

"As we speak, my mother is making the preparations for the festival." Todd explained, rubbing his hands in anticipation.

"Just one week. One more week, and the fans will finally have what they want."

...

Meanwhile, in Tharja's room...

"This is the perfect opportunity." Tharja explained to Libra as they sat together on their opposite beds. "The *perfect* opportunity."
Libra sighed. "Alright, Tharja, explain."
"You see, my sources tell me that the Justice Cabal is declaring an antic ceasefire." The dark mage giggled insanely. "Which means I will have an entire week undisturbed to take Robin all for myself.

All I have to do is wait. The night before the Dragon Lights, there will be a *massive* feast in the hall, where all the Shepherds and most of the population of Ylisstol will be gathered. Nobody will notice Robin disappear in the crowds.

And then...I will be able to finally make Robin-sempai all mine!" Tharja laughed evilly.

The monk pinched the bridge of his nose. "Tharja, you are utterly delusional."

"Robin-sempai belongs to nobody except me." The dark mage declared harshly. "I will be *damned* if Lucina tries for him."

"Well, unfortunately, I won't be able to help your schemes." Libra stated casually. "I will have to assist Lady Tiki for the opening ceremony of the Dragon Lights and as part of that I'll have to help her prepare."
Tharja crossed her arms. "I see. Fine. I will execute my plan alone.

Then...at long last, Robin-sempai and I...will be together." She giggled to herself at the thought.
"At long last..."

Libra frowned at the thought of Robin and Tharja together, but said nothing.

There were things best unsaid.

And so, the night's preparations continued. Tharja continued plotting for what she viewed to be the final attempt she'd have to execute to finally have Robin's love, the Justice Cabal prepared for their own scheme to get Lucina and Robin to admit their affection for each other, and the others prepared for the Festival, unaware entirely of the plotting and scheming happening far away from the castle.

The next day, in the dining hall...

Robin calmly took a seat next to Lucina, smiling at her. He had a plate of potatoes and a leg of turkey, bathed in gravy and coated with savoury herbs, which he calmly placed on the table in front of him.

"Good morning, Lucina." He greeted cheerily.
"Morning, Robin." She responded, carefully scooping a piece of turkey into her mouth.

"Supposedly, Reflet has an announcement today to give out to everyone." The grandmaster stated, forking a potato into his mouth after dipping it in the gravy. "It's about the Festival."
Lucina's expression suddenly changed to one of dread. "That can't be good. I already suspect shenanigans."

"She'll most likely throw us for a loop." The grandmaster remarked. "Reflet's harder to predict than Tharja."

"All Tharja ever does is try to kidnap you." The princess responded, her voice slightly hardening at the thought of Robin being kidnapped.

"Yes, but it's the *how* that differs." Robin explained. "She's adaptive. A useful trait in dealing with the undead monsters controlled by evil dragons, not so much when trying to kidnap me."

Lucina's expression darkened. "Unfortunately."
"Lucina, are you alright?"
"*Positively*."

Lissa giggled. "My, Lucina. Are we getting *territorial* over Robin?

Heh. Territorial. That's a funny word."

"N-no. He's my friend, a-and I would just prefer if Tharja did not kidnap him! T-that's all." The princess muttered quietly.

Reflet stepped to the front of the hall, a Tome of Speaking in her hands.

"Man, I wish I had a real speakerphone, not a book..." The grandmistress lamented. "Those feel far more natural to my hands...

...alright. How does this thing work?" She flicked the book briefly, the resulting noise catching everyone's attention.

"Alright! Got everyone's attention!" Reflet yelled cheerfully, pumping her fist a little. "Great! I know how this thing works!

Good morning, everyone! I have an announcement to make! Me and Tiki decided that we should shake up this year's festival."

"Where is Tiki, anyway?" Robin inquired. Lucina pointed to the sleepy manakete, who was currently face-down on a table nearby, with Libra gently trying to rouse her.

"Every year, we do the same boring things- hold feasts, say prayers, yadda yadda yadda. We figured Lady Naga might be

just a little bored with all of that after several thousand years. So, we decided to hold a little competition, with a little song and dance."

"Song and dance?" Lucina's eyes widened in surprise. "I...hardly think that's a good idea-"
"The winner, of course, would get pride of place seats to watch the Dragon Lights. We've secured a nice part of the mountains just out of Ylisstol to watch it from, away from all the crowds and chaos. Free transport to and from, all food paid for and so on.

You'll be left alone for the whole night. You can sign up by yourself, or as a pair. Or as a group!"

Cordelia, who was sitting in the crowd, stared at her in amazement. "Left...alone?"

She stared over at Lon'qu, who was clearly pondering the same thing.

'*Alone...with nobody to bother us...'* The pegasus rider mulled it over. *'...I have to win this. I must.*

Then I can finally get some peace with him...'

Looks were thrown about the hall; Gregor was looking over at Priam and Walhart, his drinking partners, with a clear intent to spend the reward boozing around under the lights, while Maribelle had her eyes set on Lissa already- perfectly platonically, of course, for the alternative would be scandalous. Even Donnel had his heart set on it- he, too, wanted to watch the Dragon Lights for himself.

Lucina rubbed her chin. "Interesting...R-Robin...listen-"
"I-I think we should do that competition." The grandmaster finished for her. "T-then we would be able t-to watch the Dragon Lights without being...d-disturbed."
"O-of course!" The princess nodded hurriedly. "J-Just as friends. C-clearly f-friends would be able to spend time i-in a clearly romantic s-spot, a-alone, right?"
"Indeed!"

Tharja, meanwhile, rubbed her hands, giggling.

'*This is better than I thought! All I have to do is win.'* The dark mage mused. *'Win and then execute my scheme to take Robin there with me, so I'll have him ALL to myself!'*

"You'll be able to sign up after breakfast." Reflet declared. "I'll be in the corridor if anyone wants me!

Good luck, all competitors!"

Morgan smiled at Robin and Lucina. "Oh, you two're going together, right?"
"T-to make sure w-we can watch it w-without being disturbed b-by the Justice Cabal!" Robin responded quickly. "N-not because i-it's romantic, or anything!"
"O-Of course not!" Lucina cried, blushing slightly. "T-that would be absurd!"

'*Hopeless. So this is Todd's master plan.'* Morgan giggled. *'How intriguing.'*

Elsewhere in the hall...

Todd clapped. "Excellent job, Mother. The competition will draw competitors of all stripes, and Lucina will do her damndest to win.

All we have to do is subtly influence them into picking the crowd-pleasers. The ones which everyone will like!"
Cynthia gasped. "How devious..."
"Everyone votes them up, they win, Lucina's happy, Robin's happy...and they might *just* show that happiness in front of all of Ylisse..." The tactician rubbed his hands, giggling deviously. "Perfect.

All tasks at hand have been completed. And DAMN I've been waiting a long time to say that."

Back to Robin and Lucina...

Robin stood up after finishing his breakfast. "Lucina, I'm going to join that competition. I'm handy with most musical instruments."
"I...I could...sing?" Lucina tilted her head. "I-I'm not too good at it..."

The grandmaster shook her quickly. "Lucina, trust me. We'll do great."

The princess sighed. "I just hope we win it..."

They walked out to sign up with Reflet, who was waiting outside. She smiled when she saw them, clapping one hand on a pad of paper in her other hand.

"Ah! I knew you two might sign up." The grandmistress chuckled. "As a duo?"
"As a pair, yes." Robin nodded quickly. Reflet scribbled their names down in the pad. "You'll be up against pretty stiff competition.

Cordelia, of course, is a goddess of singing- as she is at everything- and supposedly, Anna's got a voice to die for..."

"Anna's in this?" Lucina tilted her head.

Reflet closed her eyes, chuckling. "She can sell that spot for good money. Of course she is."

"...well." Robin sighed, looking to Lucina. "I guess we're up against stiff competition."

"I suppose we are." The princess nodded, before cracking her knuckles.

"Reflet, we're sure we want to join.

We're ready for it. Robin and I...we're undefeatable together."

"Indeed." Robin smiled. "Do your worst."

'*Excellent.'* Reflet thought as she wrote their names down. *'Hook, line and sinker.'*

To be continued...

A/N: Singing Lucina. Your life is now improved.

So, I hope you enjoyed that, leave your ideas, comments, suggestions, criticisms, reviews and thoughts, and I hope you have a GREAT day! Until next time!

Chapter 37: The Festival of Naga, Part 2!

The Festival of Naga, Part 2!

A/N: Welcome, one and all, to Lucina Reacts! Now with 100% more singing Lucina (*drools*), jelly Tharja and ship tease out the wazoo- not that you guys aren't already sick of the ship tease, what with this story rather heavily shipping Robin/Lucina. Weeeeee!

With that in mind, let's get this show on the road!

DISCLAIMER: Fire Emblem belong to Nintendo, otherwise we would have idol singer costumes for all the girls (and Libra).

All mentioned characters and franchises belong to their respective owners.

"So, we're competing against..." Lucina started, reading the paper with the list of groups entering the contest which was nailed to the door of the dining hall.

"...Cordelia, Tharja, Gregor's group, Donnel, Anna...and Walhart?!" Robin was taken aback by the Conqueror's sudden inclusion. "What does HE want with that spot?!"

"A true king of conquerors will not relinquish any free space to his opponents, if he can win it upon the field of battle!" Walhart declared from behind them, booming impressively and chortling proudly with a hand on his belly.

"I shall unveil the songs of my people to you all, and you shall see the *true* glory of Valm for your own eyes! Thus is the essence of conquest."

"I thought you only took over places through war." Robin tilted his head, scratching his head. The conqueror shook his head, bemused.

"There is more than one way to conquer the hearts of men, whether it be through domination by steel or culture! Does not your Chrom conquer the hearts of men through speech and peace?

This is but one step towards my ascension towards becoming the King of Conquerors!"

Walhart slammed a gloved fist into his other palm, cracking his knuckles. "Now, if you excuse me, I must begin my training!

I shall at last conquer the hearts of the people of Ylisse! If not through steel, through their hearts!"

With that, he walked off, leaving Robin and Lucina confused.

The princess scratched her head. "I...did I seriously just see Walhart the Conqueror take a singing contest seriously?"

Robin rolled his eyes, looking over at Priam and Gregor nearby, who were roaring their own pride over their manly singing voices. "He's not the only one alone in that, either...

Say, Lucina, you can sing, right?"

"H-huh?" Lucina stopped herself briefly, thinking carefully. "Well...I didn't think about it..."

"You...didn't think about whether you could sing before we entered a singing competition?" Robin tilted his head. "That was unnaturally thoughtless of you, Lucina."

The princess blushed slightly, looking away in embarrassment. "I...I'm sorry...I just thought it w-would be a-a good idea..."

The grandmaster thought carefully. "Pulling out is not an option, either- we are *not* going to lose a singing contest to *Walhart*!"

"You seem to be far too excited than you should be." Lucina pointed out. Robin sighed, shaking his head and rubbing the back of his head.

"I know, I know. It's just...finally, we have the opportunity to do something together without b-being mistaken for a couple

by everyone else..."

"Y-yeah...I know." Lucina twiddled her fingers nervously. "W-we have to win this...s-so w-we can watch it w-without people t-trying to ship us!"
"We do need to figure out if you can sing first." The grandmaster pointed out. "Let's get out of here.

Go somewhere private so we can figure this out..."

Lucina's room...

Robin opened the door into the princess' room, letting her walk in first. She breathed in deeply as she walked in, looking around to see if-

"Second time this week, Lucina." Morgan said teasingly, sitting coyly on Lucina's bed and smiling happily at her. Lucina jumped, surprised.

"Morgan! How did you get inside?! I...I locked the door AND barred the window!" The princess cried.

The tactician smiled mischievously. "Oh, *Lucina*.

If you still *aren't* used to me getting into locked rooms with no key, you're pretty naive~"

Robin sighed, rubbing his temple exasperatedly. "Alright, Morgan-"
"It's okay, I'll leave if you guys need privacy to do *fun* things-"
Lucina glared at her, blushing. "I-It's...i-it's not like that! N-no!"
"I-I would n-never t-think of d-doing something like that!" Robin cried out.

Morgan smiled knowingly. "Well, in my defence, I'm proof enough you probably will eventually, but as you two are *terrible* liars, I'll take your word for it.

What *are* you guys here for anyway? If it's not *that*, it's got to be something *pretty* private that nobody needs to see..."
"Robin just wanted to know if I could...sing..." Lucina admitted reluctantly. Morgan raised an eyebrow.

"So you joined a singing contest without knowing if you could *sing* or not?!"

"It wasn't a well-thought through plan!" The princess protested angrily.

Robin sighed. "I didn't think this through either..."

"Huh?"
"I have nothing for you to sing." The grandmaster stated. "Do you know any, Lucina?"
Lucina thought for a moment, tapping her chin. "I...I can recall some nursery rhymes, but I don't believe those would be at all suitable for this."

"You know, I never heard her sing before, but it sounds like she'd be good at it." Morgan pointed out. "I...*was* going to participate in the contest, but I'd have to compete with Cordelia and that- it's really not my thing.

I do have some song lyrics here, if you want them. I borrowed Reflet's...small thingymajig, that thing..." The tactician tapped the side of Lucina's bed vigorously while she tried to summon the name of the device from memory.

"Ugh...a phone! Yes, phone. I borrowed Reflet's phone and used it for the song's tune."
She fumbled with it briefly, before finding the song in question. Raising a finger, the tactician then pulled out a folded sheet of parchment from her robes and passed it over to Lucina, who read them.

"What are these?"
"Song lyrics." Morgan stated with a shrug. "Read 'em. They're not as indecent as you think."

Lucina carefully pored over them. Her eyes widened.

"...wow. You weren't joking. I'm surprised..."
Morgan placed her hand over her chest, pretending to be hurt by the comment. "You *wound* me so, m'lady!

Now, please, sing it."
Robin grabbed a chair, sitting carefully next to her. "Alright, let's have it. If we don't think you can sing, we'll pull out of the competition. Deal?"

"Deal..." The princess inhaled briefly. "Morgan, turn it on. I am going to need a rhythm to sing to."

"Aye aye, captain!" The tactician saluted, before fumbling with the phone briefly and pressing the screen with her thumb.

A calm, soothing tune came on, seemingly composed of string and piano instruments. It sounded somewhat familiar to Lucina, for a reason she could not fathom.

Morgan looked to her. "You start singing on the count of three.

One...two...three!"
'Here goes nothing.' Lucina inhaled, before opening her mouth to sing.

"*Now let's all gather, enjoying the company we share...*

Our tears will dissolve into thin air...as we drink up this wonderful life."

Robin's mouth was open in shock as he heard the princess sing for the first time. Her voice was somewhat shaky and a bit raw- obviously, for she had never sung before- but apart from that...

'*Her voice...i-it's...beautiful...*' The grandmaster thought as he listened to the princess sing. *'...I knew she never sings, but I regret not asking her to...'*

"*La la la la la! Taking in all this sweet love and life..."* Lucina stopped where the lyrics ended, as Morgan stared at her, slack-jawed and in awe.

"...did I do...well?" Lucina inquired, blushing in embarrassment. "It's my first time singing, and I really believe that-"
"You did great!" Morgan said, smiling brightly. "I mean, it's a bit off, but you could win!"

"...d-do you...r-really think that?" Lucina stared at her, shocked. Robin nodded quickly.

"Of course! Y-you're a lot better than you thought!"

"T-thanks, Robin..."

Morgan groaned. "You guys are going to act all shy around each other again and blushy and stuff.

Just get to it. You've got a competition to win."

Lucina blushed, glaring at her. "I-I do *not* always act s-shy and b-blush around R-Robin!"

"Right. Just get ready." Morgan shrugged. "They're holding the first competition tomorrow. I can look up some songs for Lucina to sing and act as backing, if you like."

Lucina sighed in relief. "At least I have some time to get used to it. Please, Morgan, if you could."

Morgan grinned, rubbing her hands with glee. "Alright, I'll help, but dad, you'll have to get me off Miriel duty."

The grandmaster crossed his arms. "Not going to happen."
"Lucina can sing, but she knows no songs. You can play all the instruments you like, but you don't know any either.

I, on the other hand, do know quite a fair few because of Todd.

So, I help you two with the spot, you get me away from the madwoman. Sound fair?"

The princess looked unsure. "Robin, it's your call. We may need Morgan's help to win this."
"...we need this spot..." Robin clenched his fist, sighing. "...fine. Help us. You're off Miriel duty."

The tactician pumped her fist triumphantly, jumping for joy at being freed. "Yesssss!

We're going to need to get to work immediately. There's a lot of stuff we need to do quickly and a lot of training, too! I'll get on the songs."
"I'll see if I can borrow an instrument or buy one." Robin adjusted his coat, looking to Lucina. "You stay with Morgan and see if we can find a good song.

We will win this contest and get that spot!"

'*And then you two will be happy and kiss each other.'* Morgan rubbed her hands gleefully. *'At last, my parents are going to*

quit being stupid and kiss!

Todd, you are a complete *genius for thinking of this...'*

Meanwhile, in Tharja's room...

"So, what do you think?" Tharja showed off her clothing for tomorrow. "I believe this will catch Robin's attention much better than Lucina ever will...heeheehee..."

Libra stared at her outfit carefully, twitching slightly.

"...what in the name of Lady Naga is *that*?"

"An outfit that will get Robin's attention." Tharja giggled deviously. "I believe it emphasises my...*figure* well enough."

The outfit reminded Libra of a maid's simple dress and outfit- similar to the one villager girl who had once confessed her love for Chrom- but if it were truly a servant's uniform, he'd never seen a real servant wear it. It was deep black in colour, with a white, frilly apron draped over the top. The cut of the clothing seemed to hew closely to Tharja's figure, right up to the chest area- indeed, the neck seemed to be cut as low as physically possible without exposing her.

The monk flinched, blushing slightly.

"Tharja...are you entirely sure that is what you want to wear?"

"Ah, it even makes *you* turn your head." Tharja rubbed her hands, chuckling. "Perfect...it is certain to work on Robin..."
"You aren't listening, are you." Libra remarked darkly. "People will stare at you."
Tharja smirked. "Exactly what I want them to do. Then Robin will pay attention to me~"

'*Naga help this woman.'*

"I am unsure if you trying to kidnap him or you wearing this is worse..." Libra sighed. "And anyway, Tharja, you are aware that this competition is a song or dance competition, correct?"
The dark mage nodded slowly. "Of course.

I had the fortune of...eheh, *asking* Olivia to teach me how to dance like her. It seems it's going to come into use~"

Libra stood up, dusting his robes. "Alright. It seems I won't be able to dissuade you...so I may as well wish you good luck and watch you try."

"I love it when I get what I like." The dark mage giggled, walking out of the room with a sway in her step.

Libra rolled her eyes before he followed her, rubbing his temples in irritation.

"Lady Naga, I have asked this many times, but grant me the strength to deal with this woman."

...

The next day, in the dining hall...

Lucina drummed her fingers on the breakfast table as she waited patiently. She and Robin were waiting there, sitting next to Cordelia, Olivia, Gregor's group, Donnel and-

"Wait, wait, Kellam?" Robin blinked as the knight looked down at him. "What are you doing here?"
"I signed up too." Kellam stated with a shrug. "Reflet forgot to put me on the list. Not that I didn't expect that to happen."

"Oh. That makes sense."

Lucina tilted her head. "I never knew you could sing. Or dance."

"It's a skill you pick up. Being ignored by the majority of the population lends itself to practice."

"If we do lose this, I'd prefer we lose it to you or Cordelia. I don't care, I *refuse* to lose to Walhart!" Robin cried, looking over at the Conqueror, who was carrying what looked to be a very large metal instrument of some sort. Whatever it was, it was completely unrecognisable and incredibly spiky.

"I'm flattered, but I don't need assurance." Cordelia smiled confidently. "I plan on winning this.

Lucina nodded briefly. "As do I."

The pegasus rider scoffed. "Well, then Lucina, prepare to be mistaken."

She gave Cordelia a quizzical raise of her eyebrow. "And why is that?"
"I do not plan on losing this, m'lady. I'm sure you don't mind."
"Oh, I don't. A little healthy competition will do one a ton of good." Lucina admitted. Cordelia closed her eyes, clenching her fist with determination.

"I won't lose!"

Kellam rubbed his temples. "Her two flaws; competitiveness and a hot temper."

"I am *not* hot-tempered!" The pegasus rider snapped. "I am simply a very spirited competitor!"
Robin was about to interject before he felt something warm behind his head.

"Hello, Robin."

He flinched, recognising the voice as belonging to Tharja. Lucina, too, looked up.

"What do you want, Tharja?" The princess questioned accusingly, turning to stare at her. Her expression changed to something resembling a mix between embarrassment and indignation.

Robin blushed as he realised that the warm thing over his head was in fact Tharja's considerable chest.

"...T-Tharja...if you could...g-get off me..."
"I'm not doing you any harm." The dark mage giggled. "Yet."

Cordelia's eyes were wide as she stared at the dark mage's outfit. "I...um. Tharja! What...*is* that?"
"I stole this from Reflet's wardrobe." Tharja responded with a smirk. "I believe this might make it easier for me to dance."

Lucina grumbled. "I'd thought your normal outfit was light enough..."

She was most definitely not staring at Tharja's chest, feeling inadequate. She was most certainly not heaving with jealousy at the fact that some crazed stalker was shoving her chest onto someone she considered to be just a friend. She was also most certainly *not* contemplating Robin's opinion on the chest sizes of women.

That would affect someone who was in love with Robin, which most certainly did not include Lucina.

"I felt that it lacked a little...*oomph*, as Virion would put it." Tharja giggled, rubbing her chest onto Robin's head and causing the grandmaster to blush. "Wearing anything special?"
"Not in particular." Lucina retorted, a mild undertone of irritation in her voice. Tharja's smirk only increased.

"Oh. That's a shame~"

Kellam poked her shoulder to get her attention. "Tharja."
"Hm?"
"Penguins."

"...you..." The dark mage growled, wrenching herself off of Robin. "...you wouldn't dare."
"Try me."

Tharja gave him an intense glare, almost outright emitting an aura of killing intent. Kellam just stared back with closed eyes and a vaguely disinterested expression.

The dark mage, unsatisfied with the knight's lack of reaction, retreated from the group, heading over to another table to sit down. Robin sighed in relief, shuddering.

"T-thanks, Kellam." The grandmaster smiled shakily. "...t-that was-"
"I mean, there's nothing wrong with having a small chest, right, Robin?" Lucina inquired nervously. "Right?"
Cordelia nodded hurriedly. "Yeah, nothing! Small chests are just as healthy as large ones!"
Kellam facepalmed. "Oh Naga."

Robin merely looked confused. "Huh? What...why are we talking about chest sizes?"

"I-I mean, surely, a small chest would be better for armour and fighting, right? Archers often prefer a smaller bust because they need to draw their bows often, and I'm sure a smaller chest means less weight on-"

Kellam put his hand on Cordelia's shoulder. "Cordelia, it's alright. Nobody cares about how big your-"

"I-I didn't say that!"

Robin raised a finger. "I still don't get it."

Suddenly, the whole discussion was interrupted as Reflet's voice boomed over everyone else.

"Alright! Gooood morning, everyone! In thirty minutes, this'll be the staging ground for the very first Song and Dance for Naga Competition!

Competitors, please make your way to the room next to the dining hall for preparations!"
"Guess that's us." Kellam stated, stretching his arms. "Well, may the best singer win."

"Same to you." Robin nodded, bowing briefly. "You too, Cordelia...Cordelia?"

"Chest sizes don't matter..." The pegasus rider, it seemed, had been placed into a state of gibbering, trying to reassure herself.

Kellam sighed.

"You guys go on ahead. I'll grab Lon'qu and see if he can snap her out of it."
Robin raised an eyebrow. "Lon'qu? Why?"

The knight stared at him, as if he had said something stupid.

"...never mind. You won't get it. Just go ahead already."
"Eh? Did I say something wrong?"
"No."

Minutes later, in the room behind the dining hall...

The room behind the dining hall had once been a long room, used in the storage of the palace's food stocks in winter from the days when the palace had only been a small hall in the hill city that had become the sovereign capital Ylisstol. Now, of course, the kitchens had been expanded massively in the intervening period and so the room had fallen into disuse. It used to be where Miriel had conducted her various experiments as well, before Chrom had- while on his knees with his wife drooling over his shoulder from an unfortunate side effect of the experiment-begged her to take her experiments out of the palace.

Nowadays, it had been converted into a rudimentary set of dressing rooms, with wooden panels hastily constructed to partition the room into several different sections, lit with torches and furnished with simple closets, chairs, racks and mirrors.

Lucina was sitting in one nearest the back of the room, twiddling her fingers and sitting in front of the mirror in her section. Robin was leaning against one of the panels, crossing his arms.

Outside, they could hear Anna's singing- she was fairly good, singing a shanty about, fittingly, Shanty Pete.

However, Robin sensed that how good the merchant was a singer wasn't Lucina's concern.

"Lucina, you look troubled." The grandmaster noted. "What's wrong?"
"I was simply...taking what Tharja said earlier into account." Lucina explained worriedly. "You see, I don't believe that what I'm wearing is...a-appropriate..."
"Y-you look fine!" Robin said reassuringly. "T-there's nothing wrong with-"

"Hey!" Morgan suddenly burst into the partition, clutching a hanger holding a dress.

The dress appeared to be a simple blue dress, lined with gold trim and the chest embossed with the Mark of Naga- opulent, yet simple.

Robin looked at the dress. "Morgan, what's-"
"Reflet gave this to Lucina, can't talk, get out, this is a girl's dressing room!" The tactician grabbed her father, pushing

him out.
"H-hey! Wait!"

"Girls need their privacy!" Morgan cried, before pushing him out of the partition and pulling the curtain that separated the room from the rest over them.

Robin sighed, listening in to the events inside.

"W-wha! Morgan! Hey!"
"Relax, Lucina, I'm just putting a dress on you!"
"I-I can put a dress on myself!"
"You've never put a dress on before."
"I-I have!"
"That polka-dotted monstrosity doesn't count!"
"M-Morgan! W-watch where you're-"
"Relax! That's your stomach! Gah, stay still, you squirm too much!"

Finally, the shifting and squirming stopped, as Morgan opened the curtain.

"She's ready!" The tactician stated cheerily, before whipping out a sheet of notes. "Oh, and this is the song you'll be playing. Piano's on the stage. Break a leg!"

"Wha-" Robin was about to speak, but Morgan had already walked off, leaving him confused.

Sighing, he closed his eyes and walked in.

"Lucina, what was going..." He stopped when he opened his eyes and beheld the princess.

The grandmaster was speechless.

"...d-don't stare...s-say something!" Lucina cried, embarrassed.

To be continued...

A/N: Cookies for the person who can guess where the theme Lucina sings comes from without using Google.

Next time, the leap of faith! Will Lucina match up against Anna? Will Tharja's attempt to win Robin over work? Will this scheme proceed as planned? Find out next time!

So, I hope you enjoyed that, leave your ideas, comments, thoughts, reviews, criticisms and suggestions, and I hope you have a GOOD day! Until next time!

Chapter 38: The Festival of Naga, Part 3!

The Festival of Naga, Part 3!

A/N: Welcome, one and all, to Lucina Reacts! Last time, we left it at Lucina's mysterious dress choice and stuff! Don't worry, this arc will be over soon, for those of you- and that meaning most of you- bored of Robin/Lucina. I've got a ton of plans; for one, not all of the lost Future Children like Fiora have been found, and there are tons of characters like Tiki who I want to focus on in future.

With that in mind, I hope you guys still continue to enjoy this rather crappy story and let's go!

DISCLAIMER: Fire Emblem does not belong to me, otherwise there would be a romhack where Owain is the main character.

All mentioned franchises and characters belong to their respective owners.

"...d-don't stare...s-say something!" Lucina cried, hugging her arms against her chest.

It was a surprisingly modest dress, considering it had been Morgan who crammed her into it. It was simple- a light blue dress, with golden lining and in the centre of the dress, the Mark of Naga was embroidered in white thread. Lucina's hands were covered with soft, white silken gloves, and the dress extended down to her feet, which, in place of her usual boots, were also in blue shoes that matched the rest of her dress.

Robin blushed, blinking briefly. "I...er...um...you look...err, great! Yeah, great!"

"Y-you think so? I feel a little...naked." Lucina complained, patting at her waist for the Parallel Falchion, the sword she always carried. Robin looked over to the compartment's table to see the sword laid out along with Lucina's normal clothing, folded up in a neat pile.

"You're not used to dresses, huh?"
"I-I wear dresses too!"
"No offense, Lucina...but those polka-dot dresses don't count." The grandmaster pointed out helpfully.

Lucina looked disappointed. "And here I thought those were the best fashions from the future..."
"Those won't be the best fashions if Daleks took over the world." Reflet quipped, walking into the room.

"You two are holding up the story with your shippiness. Just get on the stage already, sheesh. That way everyone can hear Lucina's awesome Laura Bailey voice."
"My what voice?" Lucina stared at her, confused.

"...oh, right, you people are boring and don't know what an actor allusion is." Reflet muttered aside, before chuckling. "Silly me~ Well, just get on the stage. You'll get the joke in forty chapters."

Before either the princess or the grandmaster could protest or complain, she pushed the two outside of the compartment, just as Anna passed by, winking at them.

"They're a tough crowd." The merchant whistled wistfully. "I hope you guys are up to the task!"
"Tough crowd? It's just Chrom, Sumia and the Shepherds out there." Robin pointed out. "It's not like any of them aren't our close friends."
"Yeah, if Chrom hadn't gone with his pesky 'friends-only' rule, I could make a *killing* out of the Shepherds making a fool of themselves..." Anna grumbled. "I'll just have to go with the recording plan..."
"What-"
"Anyway, good luck, have fun and all that!" Anna gave a forced laugh. "Go break a leg or two!

Hee hee, profit!"

She started laughing to herself, somewhat unhinged, as she walked back to her dressing room.

"...is the only thing she thinks about getting rich? I swear, she could probably buy Ylisse's military three times over..." Robin remarked darkly.

Reflet shoved them past the compartment Gregor, Priam and Walhart were in- from what little Lucina could hear, their act involved exceedingly good playing of the bagpipes and surprisingly good singing from Walhart.

Lucina then attempted to mentally erase the idea that Walhart could sing at all.

"A singing Walhart...what world do I li-" She froze as she realised where she was standing.

She stood upon the stage that had been hastily built in front of the dining hall, with a strong lantern directed upon her and Robin, who was sitting at a piano set up on the stage for him. The princess surveyed her audience carefully.

The hall wasn't exactly packed, but there were still quite a few people in it. Chrom and Sumia were at the front table, with Sumia raising a sign in her hands, with 'GO LUCINA' hastily painted onto it. Lucia was propped up on a chair next to her, waving her hand at the princess happily. Lissa was next to them, giving Lucina a thumbs up, while Libra sighed, rubbing his forehead at something in exasperation, something the princess likely didn't want to know about.

The rest of the Shepherds were dotted around the hall, chatting between themselves before Reflet stood up on stage in front of the pair, clutching a speakerphone tome.

"Aaaattention everyone!" Reflet boomed, catching everyone's attention. "Now, for our third act of the night, after the absolute disaster that was Maribelle-"

An indignant squeak could be heard from backstage.

"-and a surprisingly good rendition of 'the Ballad of Shanty Pete' from Anna, it's time for the Princess of Ylisse herself to start singing."
"Heeeeeey!" Cynthia waved at them, indignant at being ignored. "I'm a princess too!"
"Cynthia, hand down." Gerome growled from next to her. "You look like a madwoman."

"Now presenting the Totally-Not-A-Husband-And-Wife-Pairing, Lucina and Robin!" Reflet introduced the pair to everyone else, ignoring the absolutely deathly glare they were both giving her.

"You two, take it away!"

She strolled off the stage to take her seat, giggling to herself.

'*Ohoho, they looked pissed. The perks of being an Antic Order member are many in number...'* The grandmistress mused.

Robin set the notes in front of him, scanning them carefully to ensure he understood what he was playing. It was the same song Morgan had shown him the night before- short, but sweet, in the literal and figurative sense of the word.

'*Alright. Well, I won't make too much of a fool of myself with a piece as short as this...'* Robin looked to Lucina, who was breathing deeply to steel herself for what she was about to do.

The grandmaster spoke up. "You ready for this?"
"...if I've faced the wrath of the undead, two empires and the Justice Cabal, I think I can handle a little singing." The princess quipped. "Even if I'm a little inexperienced."
"Alright. On my cue." Robin breathed in, closing his eyes and placing his fingers over the keys he needed to play. The whole hall was silent enough that one could hear a pin drop.

'*Well, if I haven't failed yet, I don't think I'll fail now. Let's just hope I can just about do this.'*

He started playing, turning to Lucina to signal her to start singing.

The princess inhaled, and began to sing.

"*Now let us all gather, enjoying the company we share..."*

...

"*Taking in all this sweet love and life..."* The princess finished singing, letting Robin round off the last couple of notes.

The audience was silent for several moments. Lucina was nervous.

'*D-did I do well? I did well, right? I have to win this. I'm not losing here!'*

The hall exploded into applause. Lucina's heart nearly skipped a beat in surprise.

"Wooooo! Go, Lucina!" Sumia cheered, raising her sign. "I knew you could do it!"
"Cousin Lucy!" Lucia cheered herself.

Robin smiled, stretching his fingers. "Well, it looks like we nailed it, Lucina."
The princess sighed a breath of relief. It was over.

"Alright, well-"

"Aaaaaand that's all from our lovely couple, but we have three more acts to get through and dinner to serve!" Reflet interrupted them, speaking through her speakerphone tome. "Next up, the formidable trio of Gregor, Priam and Walhart, bringing to you the manliest singing ever!"

Robin got up, taking Lucina's hand.

"Well, at least I think we've managed to get into the group who'll be singing in front of Ylisse." The grandmaster noted, a triumphant smile on his face. "I guess we're going to win this."
"Yeah." Lucina laughed somewhat nervously, despite being relieved. "If we do this, we've won a space to finally get some peace from the Cabal..."

As the pair walked off stage, someone's eyes were on them.

Laurent adjusted his glasses, studying them and keeping their words in mind.

"The Cabal." The mage noted. "...Reflet herself set up the festival, and there has been little Cabal activity over the last week...

...this is intriguing."

He tapped Nah on the shoulder. The manakete looked up, alert.

"Huh?"
"We need to convene with the rest of the Anti-Antic Alliance." Laurent reminded her. "I suspect something is afoot."

"Huh? But I wanted to see what Walhart was going to do..." Nah complained, pouting. "Pleeeaaase?"

Laurent felt a temple pulse in his forehead. For all her emotional maturity, Nah could really sound like a child when she wanted to.

"...fine." The mage sighed, adjusting his hat. "We will watch Walhart sing. Then, we must find Kjelle and Fiora to convene."
"Yes!" The manakete pumped her fist joyously.

"For whatever you claim, your mother has rubbed off somewhat on you." Laurent remarked darkly.

"Hey, if it's convenient, I'll act like her." Nah shot back. "Besides, it's just one act."

"True. It should be intriguing what the Conqueror of Valm has in store for us..."

Later, in the Anti-Antic Alliance Headquarters...

Kjelle looked irritated. "I was training, Laurent. Was it entirely necessary to drag me out of training?"
"This is an emergency." Laurent calmly reiterated. "The Festival of Naga may be being exploited."

"Exploited? That hardly seems fair." Fiora looked slightly confused, taking off her hat and brushing strings of red hair from her eyes. "Or right."
"Reflet is behind the contest the others are currently participating in, most prominently Robin and Lucina." Laurent explained. "It is my understanding that one of the long term goals of the Justice Cabal, along with stealing one of Miriel's legendary inventions and perpetrating the ultimate pranks, is to facilitate the romantic coupling of Robin and Lucina."

"Not everything's a plot to get Robin and Lucina together, despite what you and a couple of other people think." Kjelle remarked irritably. "You're just being paranoid."
"Maybe. But the Justice Cabal has made no move to provide the usual pranks, and this whole scenario would have them crawling all over it, and our spy in the Cabal hasn't informed us of any potential plans." The mage pointed out. "I find it doubtful, in light of who the organiser of the contest is, that they simply decided to let them be."

Nah rubbed her chin, nodding. "He's got a point. Why would the Cabal just let those two be? They'd be constantly doing something to make Lucina dress in indecent clothing to embarrass herself or something.

Something's not right if they're not doing anything."
"My guess is that they will likely wait for popular vote to vote Lucina and Robin as the winners of the contest, given that half the kingdom wants them to resolve their sexual tension, and letting them win will likely conclude in that." Laurent surmised. "Then, when nobody suspects it, at the victory ceremony, they will likely strike in full view of all of Ylisse, thus striking down two birds with one stone.

The crown princess and the crown tactician confessing their love, and the ultimate antic for all of Ylisse to see."
Kjelle looked deep in thought, considering Laurent's words. "...that actually makes sense. They have been quiet all week, and I haven't had any of my spears stolen or coated in chocolate pudding in a while.

What if they're stocking up for one big prank?"
"We don't know where they keep their antic supplies or who supplies them." Laurent pointed out. "No, we will have to pray that a darkhorse competitor comes out. An ensemble darkhorse for the masses to vote for in place of Robin and Lucina."

"Who would that be?" Fiora pointed out. "If you're right, those two were about as looked-forward-to as Papa and Mother where I came from."

"If only Gangrel was in this contest, perhaps we could exploit the angle of forbidden love for Emmeryn to draw votes away..." The mage sighed, thinking. "Or at least create enough controversy to distract others and undermine the ultimate prank they likely have planned.

...no, no, we will need an ensemble darkhorse to win this. But who?"

...

Lucina and Robin stared at the wall outside the dining hall, where the contestants who would advance to the next round, where they would sing for all Ylisstol, was posted.

They had gotten onto the list, but so had Gregor, Walhart and Priam's group- second to them, one might add- Olivia and Cordelia. Donnel and Kellam's noble efforts had earned an honourable mention, while Maribelle had retreated to a room in the palace, crushed by her absolute failure to sing properly.

"I can't believe Walhart could *sing* so well..." Lucina shuddered.

Robin exhaled. "Well, the conquest of hearts is a form of conquest. He did say something like that to me.

Still, to find out they were that good at singing..."

Walhart crossed his arms, laughing heartily nearby.

"Yes! Even the heart of the Exalt was captured by my melodies." The conqueror declared, pumping his chest with an iron fist. "Surely now, we shall conquer the hearts of the Ylissean people with our songs, and then the spot shall be conquered for our own purposes!"
"Gregor can just feel the mountain air now..." The mercenary sighed. "A friend of mine say that beer taste better on mountaintop. Are you ready for that?"
"Tch. I am ready for anything!" Priam roared. "No mere contest of songs shall restrain me! The strong shall prevail!"
Walhart raised his fist into the air triumphantly. "Yes! With you two at my side, I shall pave once more an iron path, wrought with the songs of our peoples! I shall be great once more!

I shall be the King of Conquerors! If not through steel, through domination!"

"...I still don't know how he managed to make that leap in logic." Lucina blinked confusedly. "I need one of those aspirin confectioneries."
Robin offered her one. "I carry some around just in case. You never know when the Cabal will do *something* headache-inducing."

"Thanks. You know, the Justice Cabal has been awfully silent lately..." Lucina pointed out, popping the confectionery into her mouth. "...do you think they're planning something?"
"Without Morgan? I doubt it." Robin chuckled. "Morgan would probably kill them for that."

"I just have a gut feeling..." The princess sighed. "It just doesn't feel right that the Cabal isn't doing something.

By now, I'd expect to be stripped into indecent clothing or dosed with love potion...but nothing. Not even a pie to the face."

"Lucina, you worry too much." Robin sighed, patting her on the back. "We're fine."

Meanwhile, in the Justice Cabal Headquarters...

"Well, guys, step one complete!" Morgan declared. "They're on their way to winning the contest."
Todd laughed. "Excellent, absolutely excellent. The Anti-Antic Alliance doesn't even suspect a thing, and neither do those two."

Severa shrugged. "So? They're not exactly sucking each other's faces right now."
"No, but the rush of victory when they win in front of all of Ylisse? They will be." Cynthia giggled. "And then that'll be one of our biggest goals fixed."
"We have goals?" The mercenary raised a quizzical eyebrow. "I just thought we sat around and tried to pair a bunch of morons together."

"Get Robin and Lucina together, make the ultimate prank, steal one of Miriel's inventions without it blowing up in our face or it being completely and utterly useless. The ultimate prank thing's...a little late in forthcoming." Morgan admitted sheepishly.

Owain cracked his knuckles. "My sword hand quivers with the need to do something! I can't just sit here idly!"
"Your sword hand can keep quivering." Todd berated him. "We need this, dammit. Then we can refocus our shipping allocation to Gangrel and Emmeryn for Fiora's sake. Or hell, Maribelle and Lissa.

You should see how Maribelle stares at her. Seriously...but, yeah. So, we're close to achieving one of our big goals.

When it does happen, you guys up for some dinner down in Ylisstol? One of the big places?"
"Oh, oh! If we win, I'm calling in my half-price discount." Severa declared. "I saw this cute dress that I must have and I'm a little short on money."
"Short? What did you spend it on?" Noire inquired.

"Morgan took it for the antic budget." The mercenary muttered irritably at the female tactician, who rubbed the back of her head, laughing sheepishly.

"We just have to keep this facade up two days more. Two days." Todd sighed. "And then, Morgan, you'll have what you want."
"Finally...Mom will HAVE to admit it. And then I can actually call her Mom..." Morgan mused a little wistfully.

Meanwhile, elsewhere in the palace...

"It seems the first plan didn't work." Tharja muttered irritably as she sat in bed, taking off her ridiculous dress. Libra was sat facing away from her, willing himself not to look at her.

It was a hard task, despite Libra having the will of a god.

"It wasn't going to work in the first place. There was a dressing room and two walls between you. Making Robin stare at you wasn't a good plan."
"And I didn't even make it to the next round..." Tharja cursed. "I'll have to rethink my plan. Reassess it."

"What kind of plan will you have now?"

The dark mage giggled insanely, as the beginnings of a dark plan formed in her mind.

"Oh, don't you worry, Libra. I've got a good one~"

"That doesn't reassure me at all..." The monk sighed, rubbing his bleary eyes.

...

Later that night...

"Hey!" Morgan burst into Lucina's room for the umpteenth time that night, clutching two sheets in her hand. "Hey guys!"

"I've got a good thing for Lucina to sing!"

"Oh, good." Robin sighed in relief. "Thanks, Morgan. We were actually agonising on what to have Lucina sing for the next performance."
"Morgan." Lucina raised a finger. "Did the Cabal put you up to this?"
"What, helping you guys? Of course not!" Morgan shook her head, smiling. "Look, as much as I do antics and stuff, I really do want you guys to win.

Honest. Thief's honour."
"...alright." Robin looked at the notes as Lucina looked at the lyrics.

"...huh. A song about...the truth?" Lucina nodded slowly. "Are you trying to say something?"
"Of course not. I just said. Thief's honour, I'm not trying to get you two together here. I just want you to win." The tactician sighed. "Honestly."
"We should get practicing right away." Robin declared. "Lucina, see if you can sing to it. Morgan, have you got the beat on that phone gadget?"

"Oh, sure!"

The tactician obliged, putting on the aforementioned beat on to her phone. Robin listened to it to get an idea of how he needed to play.

Lucina inhaled deeply to gather her breath, before...

"*You got yourself behind a door deep inside your heart, again...*" She began.

Thus began a regimen of practice to win the Festival's contest and to win a brief respite from the Cabal.

...

Meanwhile...

"Tralalalala! Lalalalalala!" Walhart boomed, practicing his singing voice outside, in the cold Ylissean air.

He, too, needed to practice and hone his voice, for the day when he took the hearts of Ylisse by storm.

'*I will be the greatest singer...and then the greatest conqueror in all of history!*' Walhart thought as he practiced. *'But...first, baby steps, as Robin might say. Baby steps.'*

"Mister Walhart?"

The Conqueror blinked, confused. Nobody knew where this spot was- it was his own, private spot for contemplation and meditation. Nobody should know where this was.

He slowly turned around to face Laurent.

"...ah. Young mage." The Conqueror cracked his knuckles. "To what do I owe this interruption?"
"I have come to make a proposition." The mage responded, unfazed by the huge, imposing frame of the man before him.

"It may be of...use to your winning- I mean, conquest of this contest."
Walhart smiled.

"Do tell. I am interested to see how one such as you may aid me in my quest."

END

DISCLAIMER: Fruits Basket belongs to Natsuki Takaya.

A/N: So, I just gave you guys a little hint at the song that's coming next chapter. Here's a couple of hints: it's a lot more obvious, most if not all of the voice actors I've made allusions to have shown up in some form in the series or stuff related to the series and it is one of my favourite game series of all time.

Next chapter, it all comes to a head; the Anti-Antic Alliance, the Justice Cabal, Tharja, Lucina and Robin, and Walhart. It all comes to a head!

So, I hope you enjoyed that, leave your ideas, comments, criticisms, suggestions, reviews and thoughts, and I hope

you have a GREAT day! Until next time!

Chapter 39: The Festival of Naga, Part 4!

The Festival of Naga, Part 4!

A/N: Welcome, one and all, to the explosive first major arc ending of Lucina Reacts! Will everything finally be solved here? Will Lucina and Robin get together? Will I finally stop writing about Lucina and Robin getting together? Will Tharja get her man? Will Laurent win? And finally, will I *ever* tell you people what Reflet did to Tharja?

Enough questions, let's get on with the fic already before you people start getting bored of me!

I hope you people don't...*sob*

DISCLAIMER: Fire Emblem belongs to Nintendo, otherwise Lucina would have an optional voice pack based on the Boss from Saints Row (eeeeeey more jokes).

All mentioned franchises and characters belong to their respective owners.

And so, a week passed between the first round and the final round to decide who won the spot. Lucina and Robin practiced their piece, the others practiced theirs, and all the while, the Justice Cabal plotted and planned for the inevitable celebration when Lucina won the contest, and Tharja plotted and planned to get her man.

All the while, the Anti-Antic Alliance prepared to counter the antics with their own ace.

It was all to come to a head on the Friday of that week. All the plotting, all the preparation- it was all to come to a head soon enough.

The day of the final round, Ylisstol Market...

"You know, I'm *really* not built for this kind of work..." Lissa complained, struggling to carry a massive box with her towards where the stage was set up.

Sully rolled her eyes, crossing her arms and leaning on a fencepost. "Quit whining."
"Are you the only one who feels like this isn't the first time we've had this conversation?" The cleric inquired, tilting her head.

"Nah. I know there's one of those weird phrases Ruffles likes using..." Sully remembered, referring to Virion's love of Roseannean language. "Dey-jah-voo, or something."
"Deja vu?"

"Whatever."

The stage was a small affair, ringed with cloth red-and-yellow striped walls and with a temporary roof of thatch. A small tent was attached, for the remaining contestants to change clothes in, and a large part of the square had been walled off with hastily constructed fences to allow people to look on without crowding the area in front of the stage. Towards the back of the partition was a table with three seats for the three judges of the contest- Reflet, Tiki and Chrom- to sit at.

Anna had to be restrained not to try to sell tickets to the performance for profit- literally restrained, tied up in rope and iron chains before she agreed not to try to profit off the performances. This was, after all just for fun, despite the heated competition. Completely just for fun.

"So, between who we have left, who do you think's gonna win?" Lissa inquired out of interest, dropping her box of various ornaments next to the entrance; she couldn't carry that thing any further before going over to lean on a fencepost with the cavalier.

"What, so the drunks, Olivia, Lucy and Cordy?" Sully thought carefully. "It's probably a toss-up between the first three. Cordy tries too hard to sing."
"You noticed too?"

"We all did." Sully chuckled. "Seriously, I don't see why you guys treat this spot thing like it's your life. Just a spot."
"Just a spot indeed." Todd interjected, hands behind his back. "However, look who wants the spot."

"Robin and Lucina, Olivia, Cordelia and Walhart's group." Lissa stated, counting the groups on her fingers. "What's so special about..."
Her voice petered out when she met Sully's amazed look and Todd's deadpan look.

"Wha...*oooohhh*." The cleric laughed. "That. I don't understand why they're all so *shifty* about it.

I mean, everyone in the Palace knows they're together."

"Cordelia's trying to avoid the Justice Cabal." Todd chuckled. "Not that it'll work, but I appreciate the attempt. It makes for good reading.

Lucina's just a moron. Or shy. Or Elf's milking the pairing for everything it's worth. Olivia just wants to impress Gaius.

I can't believe I'm saying this, but Walhart is basically the only person who wants that spot because it's a nice spot and not to get some peace from us."
"You don't prank Walhart?" Sully stared at him confusedly.

The tactician shook his head. "No fun in it. Walhart's too manly."

"Since when did manliness stop you from pranking anyone?"

"Since the last attempt nearly got Robin run over by a lustful crazy guy who looks like the Devil and is taller than Kellam *sitting down*."

The cavalier's eyes widened, before she conceded the point. "I'd call you guys pussies, but fucking with Walhart is suicidally stupid."

"So, err, Lissa. Quick conference." Todd motioned for her to come with him.

"Uh...alright?" The cleric blinked confusedly before slowly walking with the tactician around the corner to behind the changing tents.

Todd's confident expression immediately switched to a very concerned one. "Our operation may not go as planned."
"What?!" Lissa whispered harshly. "Y-you guys spent months planning this and you're telling me that those two aren't going to get together?

Damn it, at this rate, I'm going to lose my bet with Maribelle..."
"We think Laurent's working with Walhart." Todd explained. Lissa stared at him.

"Laurent? Laurent's involved in this?"
"We don't know in what capacity, but we know he's trying to circumvent a win by Lucina and Robin by semi-legitimate means." The tactician continued worriedly. "We have reason to believe that he's trying to stop the plan from working."

"Why?!" Lissa hissed. "Those two have been going about it for four years! Can we just get them together already so they can both be happy?!"
"Our reputation might be working against us here." Todd admitted. "Laurent may be working against us because he thinks we're about to pull an antic on those two."
"So just tell him you aren't!"
The tactician shook his head. "I can't, he won't believe me."

"Have you tried using Morgan?"
"My cuteness didn't persuade him any..." The female tactician appeared from behind Todd, sweeping a strand of blue hair out from her eyes. "I think he might be trying to screw with the plan...we just don't know how..."
Lissa pouted. "I don't want to lose my bet, and I *would* kinda like to see my niece married before I'm an old woman... Does Sumia know about this?"
"Nothing. We haven't told her, she might overreact. She's the most invested in this whole thing short of Morgan."
"And that's because my whole *existence* is kinda riding on this..." Morgan pointed out. "I mean, everyone else is fine, but I'd rather like to be born please."

Todd closed his eyes, sighing. "We can only hope Lucina and Robin can win through whatever counter-antic measures Laurent and whoever his cohorts are, are putting into place.

We need this, dammit. Then we can actually say we got people together."

"Say, where are those two, anyway?" Lissa inquired out of interest.

Meanwhile, in the changing tent...

"*It's me, come on out, get ready for your true story!*" Lucina sang, breathing in deeply to get her breath back. She'd been singing for quite a while, with Robin playing the song over and over on the piano to try and perfect it.

The princess looked over to her partner. "How did I do?"
"...you still sound a little raw, but...you're good." Robin declared, stretching his fingers. "How did I play?"
"Flawless." Lucina admitted, sighing. "I don't know how you do that."
"Practice." The grandmaster stated, sighing. "I haven't really got too much of a job, given I have a free house and board thanks to Chrom.

One of these days, I'll pay him back."

"You know, you *did* save the entire world, and even my mother admits that she feels like he loves you as much as her, and you sort of help him get used to being an Exalt." Lucina chuckled. "I think you shouldn't feel too bad about it."
"Yes, your mother has...very weird ideas about how your father and I spent our nights before meeting her." Robin shuddered briefly.

"It doesn't help that she knows about you kissing him during the incident with the love potion..."

The grandmaster sighed. "It was *one* time."
"My mother just like the idea. You should see what she says about Father and Frederick..."
"Oh, believe me, Lucina." Robin chuckled drily. "I know *all* about what she says about Chrom and Frederick. She showed me the stories."
Lucina cringed. "That must have been a fun experience..."
"I never knew she could be so *indecent*..."

"Well, she had to repress that side of herself for years." Reflet suddenly interjected, chuckling, as her head poked through the curtains separating their compartment from the others. "It's pretty natural she'd have some weird urges when it all spills over.

So, guys, how comes the preparations? Lucina channelling her inner idol singer and thus allowing everyone to make Rise jokes about her?"

"I will *never* understand what you talk about when you make those jokes." Robin responded, sighing. "But, apart from that, it's going pretty well. No mishaps, and the Justice Cabal have been *pretty* quiet."

Reflet shrugged. "Maybe Walhart or Chrom scared them into being quiet for once. So, you guys are going to love what I have for you. Especially Lucina."
"Wha-" The princess started before Reflet roughly shoved Robin outside for the umpteenth time that week and left her alone with Lucina again.

And, for the umpteenth time that week, Robin was forced to listen to what Reflet was doing to the princess from outside without any context as to what she was doing.

"WAH! R-Reflet! W-watch where you're t-touching!"
"Relax and quit squirming so much! God, Morgan was right. You squirm like a squirrel on a sugar high."
"K-Kyaaaaah~! R-Reflet!"
"I didn't even *DO* anything to you, I just took off your gloves!"

"...I can never marry..."
"Oh, relax, I'm sure *Robin* won't mind-"
"W-who said anything about R-Robin?! I-I don't like him!"
"Quit giving me that crap, Lucina. Just put your damn skirt on and quit acting like I did something indecent. I *just took your glove off*."
"Reflet, you're such a slave driver..."

After a long pause, Reflet finally exited the compartment, grinning.

"Well, your girlfriend is sensitive in every humanly possible area on the human body, but she's dressed."
The grandmaster facepalmed in exasperation. "Must you forcibly dress her every time?"
'Hah, he didn't even deny me calling her his girlfriend.' "I don't trust her ability to dress in anything that doesn't involve polka dots or looking like Marth." The grandmistress retorted. "Despite her many, many, *many* skills, *that* isn't one of them."

"...alright, I'll take your word for it." Robin sighed, before walking into the compartment to see what Lucina had been

shoved into this time.

It was much less opulent than her blue Ylissean dress, that he was sure of. In fact, that much would be clear to anyone who looked at the princess' attire.

She was clad in a black shirt and skirt, with her tights replaced with thigh-high stockings and simple black heels. Around her neck was tied a yellow scarf, with a thin knot, and on her lapel was a symbol for an organisation Robin could not identify. The princess shuffled uncomfortably, feeling

Lucina blinked, staring down at her clothes. "I...don't know what Reflet was thinking dressing me like this. She says it's a school uniform or something...something a lot of singers wear in the Outrealms, apparently."
"It looks good." Robin admitted, chuckling. "If just a bit childish."

The princess blushed slightly, before looking down at her torso. "...you know, this shirt is quite...open around the chest area..."

"Maybe Reflet just overestimated your size. It *is* pretty nice of her to try and help us so much..." Robin stated. "Even if I think there's something *off* about it..."
Lucina tilted her head. "Off?"

"This is Reflet. I'd be far too naive *not* to assume Reflet's up to something." The grandmaster explained. "She's planning something, but I don't know- or *want* to know- what her endgame is.

If I'm honest, this whole festival's seemed off to me."

"It has? Wait, now that you mention it..." Lucina sighed. "Yeah, it's pretty weird that *Reflet* would be nice enough to get that spot on the mountaintop with absolutely *no* catches except for winning.

And pretty weird that...the Justice Cabal, who we *all* know would take this opportunity to prank us, haven't moved at all...Robin. Do you think the Cabal's planning something?"

The grandmaster leaned on the table, rubbing his chin pensively. "You're right, this *is* weird. This isn't normal at all.

The Cabal *has* to be planning something. I don't know *what*."
"Hasn't Kellam told you about it yet?"
"If they're planning something, I got nothing." The knight approached them, sighing and leaning on his lance. "Not even a secret pie panel set up in the stage. Nothing."
"Good Naga..." Robin closed his eyes. "Where's Morgan, by the way? Have you seen her?"
"I'm here, Father!" The female tactician waved from behind him. "I was just talking to Lissa for a couple of minutes. Sorry for not being in here.

Wow, Lucina, that looks good on you!"

"Morgan, do you know what Reflet's planning?" The princess asked directly and calmly. Morgan tilted her head curiously.

"Reflet?" She stated innocently. "I have really no idea what you're talking about."

The princess folded her arms, staring at her in disbelief, as did Robin.

"*You*, having nothing to do with Reflet's schemes?" Robin stared at her, disbelieving. Morgan pouted, offended.

"That's hardly fair, Father. I'm not *always* involved in antics! Besides, if Reflet's planning something, I haven't been informed about anything about it." The female tactician replied, frowning.

Robin studied her expression for any hint that she was lying about what she'd said, looking straight into her eyes.

"...fine. I'll believe you."

Lucina tilted her head. "Morgan, not having anything to do with Reflet's scheme..."

'*This is bad. If even **Morgan** doesn't know what she's up to, then...then there is no chance of us figuring out what they're planning.*'

Meanwhile...

Reflet giggled, scurrying off towards her seat on the judges' panel.

To her left was the dignified Voice of Naga herself, the aeons-old manakete Tiki, renown for her feats with the Hero-King Marth and the Shepherds, being one of the –if not only- few beings who remembered the man behind the legend, who could herself turn into a dragon capable of bringing destruction beyond measure if it were not for her own self-control, and who was even outright rumoured to be a reincarnation of the goddess Naga herself in some circles.

She was currently face-down on the desk, her cheek flattened into a ham sandwich.

"...soft..." The manakete murmured softly, gently rubbing her face into the bread. "This pillow is soft..."
Reflet facepalmed, before poking Tiki's other cheek. "Tiki. It's time for you to get up."
"Urh...I don't wanna get up yet, Say'ri..."

"...the hell? Since when did Say-" The grandmistress shook her head, deciding to file away that tid-bit of information for later. She resumed her poking of Tiki's cheek.

"Hello! Ylisse to Tiki! Get up!"

"...what's that...it's breakfast time...oh...in bed?"

"GET UP!" Reflet yelled. "I HAVE FOOD HERE!"
Tiki shot up, stock-straight, looking around. "Food? Where? I haven't eate-where am I?"
"You're at the contest you agreed to help judge." Reflet stated, sighing. "How much sleep did you get last night?"
The manakete put a finger to her lips, thinking carefully. "I've been asleep since three in the afternoon..."
"It's noon."

"Oh. I must have overslept. Forgive me."
"I think overslept is an exaggeration..." The grandmistress remarked drily. She felt someone rush past her and heard the screech of a chair on stone, as Chrom took his seat next to them.

"Morning, Reflet. Hello, Lady Tiki."

"Only...*yawn*...Libra calls me that...and I've got to get to stop him calling me that..." Tiki responded. "I hope you are well, Chrom?"

"With the Justice Cabal declaring a truce for some reason, I've had to take less of those aspirin confectioneries." The Exalt admitted, sighing a breath of relief. "It's good to have some peace around the palace for once."
"I would think." Tiki nodded slowly. "So, how has the position of Exalt treated you? I barely get to ask you about that."
"Pretty well. Robin is a good assistant, all things considered." Chrom admitted, chuckling. "Without him, the kingdom might've fallen apart entirely.

Who knows, I might've spent the royal budget on something useless, like golden statues for the Shepherds."
"That's not a waste!" Reflet protested. "I'd rather *like* my fragile self-esteem to be validated!"

Tiki chuckled at the thought. "And...Miss Reflet, I know we have barely spoken, but how has this world treated you?"
"Oh, I make some trips back over to my world then and there- much as I like it here, I kinda miss *my* Gaius." The grandmistress admitted. "But it's pretty nice over here. I like the atmosphere."

"Who do you think's going to win the contest?"

"...personally, I put money on Lucina and Robin. You know how the people are suckers for couples." Reflet winked.
Chrom gave her a curious look.

"Robin and Lucina, a couple? I doubt it. Robin would surely *tell* me first before he tried to court my daughter."

'*Crap.*' "Yeah, of course I mean they're just friends. What else did you think I meant?" The grandmistress laughed nervously.

'*I forgot, Chrom's completely oblivious to the whole Robin/Lucina thing...this might be trouble.*' Reflet mused, before a mischievous thought came to mind.

'*Or absolutely **hilarious**. I'd better get my snapshot tome ready for when they start sucking face, too, just in case those morons try to deny it again.*'

"That reminds me." Reflet bobbed her head towards the entrance into the partition, where people were starting to fill in.

"I'd better get ready to present our contestants, eh? They'll be on in a couple of minutes."
"I think that Walhart's group has a big chance to win, personally." Tiki explained with a chuckle. "You'd better get going, yes?"

Minutes later...

Reflet stood in front of the stage, grabbing her speaker tome. "Welcome, Shepherds, good ladies and gents of Ylisse, and Sully."
The cavalier merely flipped off Reflet, but her chuckles gave away that she wasn't being entirely serious.

"Welcome, one and all, to the Iridescent Festival's First Annual Song and Dance Contest! Don't worry, for you lads and lasses in the audience who fancy the prize of an exclusive spot to watch the Dragon Lights from, there's always next year, but we just had to test it out first.

And man has there been one hell of a turn-out! Well, enough about me here, time to introduce our first act. One's an unlikely hero, a master of strategy and the savior of Ylisse, the other an elegant swordfighter with an adorable streak!

Please welcome Lucina and Robin!"

Meanwhile, backstage...

Lucina and Robin stood behind the curtain, ready to walk out. The princess adjusted the yellow scarf around her neck, looking unsure.

"You know...we can pull out of this competition, right?" Lucina inquired. "N-not that I'm nervous."

"Relax." Robin chuckled. "You'll do fine."

"But what if I-"
"Lucina, we've practiced this song for a week, and Reflet's complimented your...Laura Bailey voice, whoever that is. I think that's a compliment in Reflet-speak." The grandmaster reassured his companion.

He offered her his hand. "Come. I'll go first, if you're feeling shy. I'll take the lead."

The princess smiled briefly, holding her hand to her mouth to hide it. "Robin, you don't n-need to do that. I-It just looks like o-one of mother's romance n-novels..."

"R-Romance?" The grandmaster was taken aback, blushing profusely. " Who said anything about that? T-this is just a friendly gesture! D-don't tell me all those pranks by Morgan have made you think like her, too!"
"...a-alright..." Lucina inhaled briefly. "I'm sorry. I'm just used to it by now, I suppose."

She took Robin's hand. The grandmaster inhaled sharply at her touch, before walking forward outside onto the stage to meet their fate.

Reflet raised an eyebrow at Robin and Lucina holding hands- the sight of which caused the two to relinquish their hold- before giggling and scurrying off the stage to clear the way.

Robin took in the audience, blinking briefly to accustom himself to the light as he walked over to his piano, taking his sheet music with him. He gazed over at Lucina, who was the centre of attention-with her outlandish 'schoolgirl uniform'- and shivering slightly from the cold wind- she wasn't exactly accustomed to wearing light clothing like that uniform.

It was most definitely *not* adorable to see her shiver in a uniform like that.

"Hey, Lucina." The grandmaster called over, causing her to look to him.

"Y-yes?" She responded, blushing slightly, again from the bitter cold.

"...good luck."

"Thank you. Y-you too." She smiled, looking back to the audience. "Let's do this."

Robin started playing the opening chords. Lucina inhaled briefly, to muster her courage up to sing.

'*Here goes nothing.*' Lucina looked quickly back over at Robin, who nodded at her resolutely.

'*This...is surprisingly harder than fighting the Risen...but I have to do this now.*

For Robin. I'll do this for you.'

Robin continued playing determinedly, looking to his partner. *'I can't fail Lucina here, no way.*

So help me now, I won't fail her.'

Both had resolved not to fail their significant other. The stage was set, the die cast.

Now it was to Lucina to decide their fate.

"*You got yourself behind a door deep inside your heart again..."*

...

"*Get ready for your True Story!"* Lucina belted out, breathing heavily as she let Robin finish off.

Singing that song for an audience, she found, had been more exhausting than doing hours of sparring with the likes of Kjelle and Lon'qu or dealing with the antics of Morgan.

She stood there, watching the audience, her breath catching in her chest. For a moment, the only reaction she could see was her father's- a tender, but awkward smile.

'*...t-they didn't like it?'* The princess blinked briefly. *'...w-wha-'*

The audience suddenly burst into rapturous applause. Lucina let out a breath of relief- as did Robin, who was behind her.

Lucina was shocked by how well she'd been received.

"T-they...they liked it..." The princess muttered, blushing in embarrassment from all the attention. She rubbed her cheek, blinking rapidly. "I...I don't know what to say."

Reflet ran quickly over to the stage, wrapping her arm around Lucina. "Well, isn't that just adorable, ladies and gents? A bunch of *just* friends, just helping each other sing!

Well, regardless, we've got to give the rest of our acts a fair chance! Next up, Walhart, Gregor and Priam!"

Lucina sighed in relief, scurrying off backstage. Robin tilted his head, frowning slightly before he picked up his sheet music to follow her.

Both were relieved to finally get out of the public eye, even if only for a moment.

Todd sighed in relief, looking up from the crowd.

"Thank Naga." He wiped his brow in relief. Morgan and Lissa looked over at him.

"Huh?" The cleric tilted her head, curious. "What's going on?"

"Lucina absolutely stole the show, definitely. Just *look* at everyone." The tactician gestured to the others in the crowd, who were busy talking about the act they'd just seen.

"What's Walhart going to do about *that*? What kind of help would Laurent give them to win? I know what his act is, and it's just a relatively crappy Valmese folk song.

He won't win it against Lucina."

Morgan pointed at the stage. "Guys, guys, look."

The other two did indeed look, and beheld the group in their great glory.

Walhart dominated the stage, his massive crimson armour augmenting his already considerable frame, with his arms folded, his cape blowing behind him in the cold wind. Gregor and Priam followed suit, their respective suits of armour polished to shine in the light of the early afternoon sun. Their expressions were those of tough aloofness, looking with their faces to the sky and their eyes facing down, as if they were glaring down upon the audience.

Todd felt his breath catch in his throat. "Oh good god, they look badass. That...wasn't in the plan."

"Plan?"
"I expected them to pull that bagpipe crap!" Todd complained. "Crap...well, I can only hope they're going through with the Valmese folk song. At least that hasn't changed."

Walhart merely nodded his head to Gregor and Priam, who returned the nod succinctly.

Their mouths opened, as they began to hum- or rather, rumble out- a rhythmic, familiar beat.

"Wait." Todd froze. "That's...that's impossible."

Morgan started bobbing her head to the beat. "Huh?"
"...no, they can't *know* that song, especially not freaking *a capella*! N-not unless...not unless Laurent taught them...or he used the...

Oh crap."

Gregor and Priam bobbed their own heads as they thrust the song into action.

Walhart breathed in deeply, to get his breath for singing, before...

"*Du. Du hast. Du hast mich..."* The conqueror sang clearly, with a rumbling, clearly trained voice.

'*Of course Laurent taught them Rammstein.'* The tactician cried. *'He must've known Reflet taught Lucina Rise's songs...'*

"*Du hast mich gefragt, du hast mich gefragt, du hast mich gefragt und ich hab nichts gesagt."*

As he sang the song, an aura of toughness-nay, of *manliness*- surrounded the three, one which sent a chill down the spines of everyone present.

...

"*Willst du bis der Tod euch scheidt treu ihr sein..."* The conqueror belted out, looking to his partners.

"*Jaaaaa..."*

"*Nein!"*

"*Jaaaa..."*
"Nein!"

Walhart merely closed his eyes, a confident smug smile on his face as he let his partners finish off. Todd looked at them in horror as the audience began clapping even harder, cheering for them.

"I can't believe it. I cannot believe Laurent actually *did* that." The tactician stared in shock. "He not only taught them Rammstein, he taught them how to *sing a capella*."
Morgan nodded in approval. "They're pretty good singers."
"That's not the point, Morgan! They might steal the show from Lucina and Robin! That means our plan's fallen to bits!"

Reflet clapped, approving the stunt.

"Well, well, that was unexpected! I don't know *what* language *that* is, but I know that was *pretty* catchy.

Well, we're going to need you guys to get off the stage now. Next, Cordelia!"
Walhart clapped once, triumphant.

"It seems the young mage has helped us much more than I expected." The conqueror declared, looking to his companions.

"That song...has made me feel stronger simply by singing it." Priam wiped a tear from his eyes, appreciative of what he'd just sung.

Gregor clapped vigorously. "Lose or win, Gregor think is time for good drink, no?"

Minutes later...

Compared to Lucina and Walhart, Cordelia, Olivia and Anna had nothing. Their efforts were valiant, their voices angelic and their dances graceful, but compared to the frankly *manly* voices of the Conqueror, the Radiant Hero and Gregor, and the dainty voice of the Crown Princess, there was no comparison.

The audience had been given a chance to vote. Though the judges were there to act as a tiebreak in case of a close vote, in this case, there was no need.

And so, Lucina and Robin stood side by side with Walhart and his posse, as Reflet stood in front of them, speaker tome in hand.

Lucina closed her eyes, sighing. "I hope Robin and I did well."
"I clearly *conquered* the hearts of your people with that exquisitely manly tongue!" Walhart roared. "It would be *unthinkable* to lose after such a heartfelt performance!"

Robin chuckled. "You may be surprised..."

"So! After all those performances, we surprisingly had a clear winner." The grandmaster chuckled, looking at the results. "And man, did it catch me by surprise.

I'm not going to hide it, and maybe you guys reading from home figured it out already, but...the winner of the spot is...Walhart!"

Todd and Morgan's spirits sank, as did Robin and Lucina's.

Walhart harrumphed. "As expected from the King of Conquerors-to-be."
"AHA!" Gregor clapped. "WE WIN! GREGOR SAY FREE DRINKS FOR EVERYONE!"
"W-what?!" Lucina stared in shock. "W-we lost?!"

"By about twenty votes." Reflet clarified.

Suddenly, a panel opened under Robin, a hand grabbing him.

Tharja grinned, pulling after him.

"Robin-sempai! Y-you're coming with me now!" The dark mage declared insanely, giggling to herself. "If I can't have you and that spot, than neither can Lucina!"

"G-gah! Tharja!" Robin tumbled onto the side, with Tharja trying to drag his foot in. Lucina tried to pull him back.

"T-Tharja?! How long have you been there?!"
"I've been waiting three hours for the chance. It paid off!"

"W-what kind of antic is this?!" The grandmaster cried. "G-gah! Let me go!"

Walhart laughed uproariously, while going over to help him out.

Lucina was suddenly beset by Sumia, hugging her from behind.

"M-Mother! W-what-?"
"Oh, I'm so happy for you and Robin and you finally ad-wait, why aren't you two kissing yet?" The pegasus rider inquired.
"Y-you're supposed to...wait, you didn't win!"

And that moment, Robin and Lucina realised what the whole contest's purpose really was.

"So, *that's* why you set this up!" The grandmaster cried, struggling to escape Tharja. "You wanted me and Lucina to win so that we c-could..." He started blushing, unable to finish the sentence.
"B-but...I don't...he's just my..." Lucina blushed profusely, also trying to help Robin escape and struggling herself. "I-I don't want to..."

"M-Me neither!"

"So you would prefer me?" Tharja smiled lustfully.

Morgan clenched her fist. "Naga *dammit* Laurent! We had it! WE HAD IT! WE FINALLY HAD THOSE TWO ABOUT TO

CONFESS AND GET TOGETHER!"

"MORGAN!" Robin shouted over to his daughter. "WHEN I GET OUT OF THIS, YOU'RE ON MIRIEL DUTY FOR A MONTH!"
"Oh come on..." Morgan sighed, bowing her head down.

Todd glared over at Laurent, who was merely studying the events on stage.

"You. You RUINED the plan!" The tactician snapped. "WHY?!"

"I ruined your antics." Laurent corrected him. "I knew you had something to do with the contest, and I knew you were going to set something up for Robin and Lucina.

I took the only logical course of action; ensuring that Lucina and Robin were beaten, thus ruining your plan and sparing them the antics."

"G-gh...out-gambitted..." Todd muttered, clenching his fist. "...Laurent, I won't forget this. I'll get you back for this!"
"I welcome the challenge." The mage retorted, adjusting his glasses calmly.

Reflet made a hasty exit during the distraction, hoping to avoid Robin and Lucina's inevitable wrath.

'*That put the kibosh on Robin/Lucina plans for a while...'* The grandmistress thought mournfully. *'There's no way they'll trust any plan of that kind for a while.*

The Cabal and I are going to have to go silent for a while. There's no way Robin's letting us out of his sight after this one...'

Tiki snapped awake, looking up. "Huh? What did I miss?"

Chrom was merely trembling, twitching slightly.

"Absolutely nothing, Lady Tiki."
"Oh, okay." The manakete yawned and returned to blissful sleep, ignorant of the events in front of her.

Needless to say, it was an amusing half-hour to extract Robin from Tharja's grasp, and the mountains that night were filled with drunk singing from the winners.

Of course, Lucina and Robin did no kissing or anything of the sort, being far too embarrassed by the whole affair, and spent the night simply avoiding each other, much to the Cabal's irritation and Sumia and Morgan's disappointment.

Meanwhile, the Anti-Antic Alliance had cemented themselves as a power to be reckoned with in the antic politics of the Ylisstol Palace, but that is a story for another time.

END

DISCLAIMER: Persona 4 belongs to Atlus.

Du Hast belongs to Rammstein.

A/N: AHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA

Did you really think I would let Lucina and Robin get together that easily? Before you complain at me, they WILL get together before this story ends, but not in the manner you think they will, and certainly not like this.

Also, three things. Miss Bailey's voice really is divine, Rammstein is legendary, and Laurent is best troll.

Next time, the chapter you may or may not have been waiting for, The Justice Cabal: Ylisse's Mightiest Heroes!

So, I hope you enjoyed that, leave your ideas, comments, criticisms, suggestions, reviews and thoughts, and I hope you have a GREAT day! Until next time!

Chapter 40: Justice Cabal: Ylisse's Mightiest Heroes

The Justice Cabal: Ylisse's Mightiest Heroes!

A/N: Welcome, one and all, to Lucina Reacts! Firstly, I must be quite serious with you guys. Yes, I hear your complaints about Lucina/Robin. Yes, I'm getting tired of those two still being too twice shy- hence why I'm not writing about it right now. However, if I told you *exactly* what I have planned, I'd be giving the game away too early, no? Never you worry, young pets. It'll be done with soon enough~

DISCLAIMER: Fire Emblem belongs to Nintendo, otherwise Cordelia would have a support option with Chrom (Severa being Lucina's sister? Yes.)

All mentioned franchises and characters belong to their respective owners.

The Justice Cabal Headquarters

There was a sombre mood in the run-down shack that the Justice Cabal called their headquarters that grey spring morning; for yesterday, they had faced the most tumultuous defeat the Cabal had ever experienced upon the field of antics.

Through the magnificent machinations of the evil archmage Laurent, the destined pairing of Robin and Lucina was set back when the archmage singlehandledly deconstructed their plans to allow the two to win, thus overwhelming them with happiness enough to not care about holding up appearances and admit their love for each other. The plan's failure brought with it several consequences- for one, Reflet was no longer allowed to organise any events for the kingdom without Chrom, Cordelia or any responsible adult watching over her to prevent such an exploitation of events.

The second, and most pertinent consequence, was the absence of one of their most premier members, the tactician Morgan. For her part in the Cabal's noble plans, her father had banished her from the Cabal's premises to some unknowable fate in parts unknown.

"I know our plans of late haven't been...successful." Todd admitted morosely, looking around at the assembled Cabal. It was quiet- Owain was noticeably sedate, as was Cynthia, while Henry was absent, leaving only Noire and Severa, sat at the back of the room as usual. The mage was napping- something Todd pointedly ignored- while her belligerent friend was looking at Todd irritably, as if waiting for him to continue.

"We're going to have to put getting Robin and Lucina together on hold. Chrom's going to be suspicious of anything we do, and we're going to have to go without the shipping for a while."

Cynthia gave him a horrified look. "N-no shipping? T-that's impossible! We can't just *not* ship! We would...w-we would hardly be the Justice Cabal!"
"Yeah, you can't live two seconds without trying to make Ricken and Miriel suck face." Severa deadpanned, rolling her eyes. "Get over it, you do enough throwing of pies in people's faces to begin with *without* lacing their food with love potion."

"Hey, I think Ricken and Miriel would be *cute* together!" The pegasus rider retorted. "Just think, the stern, scientific mistress and the eager apprentice...it'd be the *perfect* love story!"

Todd cleared his throat.

"Sorry."

"As you may have noticed, one of our primary plotters is missing." The tactician, sighing, pointed to the empty seat next to him where Morgan usually sat. "She was banished for her part in the whole snafu.

However, courtesy of our fellow Cabalist Henry, we have intelligence on where she currently is."

Owain looked up, suddenly enthusiastic again. "Excellent! So, are we going to quest for our waylaid companion?"
"It's...not going to be all that simple." Todd stated cautiously. "This may possibly be the most dangerous Cabal mission we have ever executed in the history of Ylisse."

Taking out a large scroll from the folds of his robes, the tactician unfurled it and hooked it to the wall, revealing what appeared to be a military map, with areas of entry, focused around a large complex.

"What's that supposed to be?" Severa inquired.

"Miriel's house." Todd responded calmly. "Henry's intel tells me that Morgan's been whisked away to there.

The plan is to achieve a twofold objective- rescue Morgan and steal one of Miriel's inventions." The tactician explained.

"Owing to our lower numbers today, we will have to divide into two teams. One team will invade Miriel's house through the front, referred to the Home Invasion Team, and I will personally lead this team. Our objective will be to retrieve one of Miriel's prototypes- a supposed 'steam engine' of sorts."
"A steam engine?" Owain tilted his head. "What in the name of Naga is that?"
"A power source that could, in theory, revolutionize Ylisse and single-handledly begin an industrial revolution." The tactician explained. "Aaaaand we're going to steal one of her prototype engines in order to begin the *biggest* antic possible.

Just for reverse engineering, you understand. Even if we can just get our hands on one of her *plans*, I'll count it as a success."

Anyway, the other will head through the house through the back door, with the objective of retrieving Morgan, referred to as the Cabalist Retrieval Team.

Owain, Cynthia, Gerome, you will retrieve Morgan and head through the back room. Cynthia, you're in charge of this team."
The pegasus rider pumped her fist. "Yessss!"

"Severa, Noire, you will accompany me to head through the front to acquire one of the prototypes for our own use."

Severa sighed, crossing her arms. "Whatever. I need to get paid more to do this stuff."
"Huh..." Noire slowly awoke, rubbing her eyes. "W-what's going on? We're going somewhere?"
"We're going to raid Miriel's house to get Morgan back and take a look at her prototypes." Todd explained, before turning back to the rest of the table.

"Be warned. Miriel's lair is an area we have *very* limited intel about. She could have any number of defences and Naga-knows-what to ensure nobody steals her inventions.

Not all of us may come back."

Noire blanched in terror.

"M-might not...c-come back?"

"...unscathed, at any rate. I seriously doubt Miriel would kill anyone, but I *don't* doubt she'll fiercely protect her intellectual property." Todd stated, reassuring the mage. "Now, let's get to work."
Owain sprung to his feet, trembling with excitement.

"My sword hand...it *trembles* with anticipation! Do not fear, Morgan! The Cabal is coming! FIGHTERS, ASSEMBLE!"

"...we're already here." Severa pointed out. "You don't have to say that every time we march off to save someone."
"Quit ruining his fun..." Cynthia responded, pouting.

Gerome grumbled, standing up. "Let's just get this thing over with and pull Morgan out of the mess she made."

"Agreed!" Todd declared, sweeping his robes grandly. "But first, I need to explain *exactly* how we're going to pull it off. Any one mistake in this plan and we may *not* succeed."

'*That way, I might have time to plan my next antic...and even figure out how Laurent knew about my plan and managed to counter it.*

We kept it secret, we kept it safe. It was a near impossibility unless...gah, I can't think about that now. I've got to concentrate on getting Morgan out.

*And having a freaking **steam train** to do shenanigans with...that would be freaking **awesome**.*'

Meanwhile, in Miriel's house...

"Move it over there." Miriel commanded, as Morgan moved the gold foil sheet for the umpteenth time that day. The

tactician sighed, shoving the foil to the left.

"May I ask what this thing is even for?"

"I am currently running tests on the capability of perfectly smooth golden sheets to reflect magic entirely." The sage explained, adjusting her glasses and studying the foil. "If my notes are correct, even a small coating over most armours will enable magicproof armours to become commonplace, if somewhat impractical to produce.

Of course, when our smiths see it logical to construct pile upon pile of silver swords, I wonder either about the true abundance of precious metals in our country or how valuable our smiths view silver"

"...you know, I did *not* understand a word of that." Morgan sighed.

Laurent groaned, adjusting his glasses for the umpteenth time while he shifted the notepad in his left arm. "Mother is simply stating that she finds the use of silver, a valuable metal, in weapons that are likely to get broken is foolish."

"Why can't she just speak normal Ylissean?"
"I am speaking normal Ylissean." Miriel bluntly retorted. "I do not seem to recall myself speaking the Themisian dialect, of which Lady Maribelle is familiar with, or the Plegian dialect."

"Do you have to take everything literally?" Morgan muttered, her tone making it clear the question was rhetorical.
"Yes." Clearly, Miriel missed the hint.
"THAT WAS A RHETORICAL QUESTION!"
"And yet your expression gives away the fact you were begging for an answer."

Laurent sighed. "Don't bother, Morgan. This is not a fight you can win."
"Oh, don't you get involved. *You're* the reason I'm even here in the first place." The tactician retorted. The mage rolled his eyes.

"You were going to try and embarrass Robin and Lucina. I merely did what was right."
"You stopped them from finally confessing they were in *love*, dammit! I like existing, thanks very much!
"Which you were going to take advantage of by perpetrating a prank." Laurent responded. "As noble as your motives are claimed to be, you are the Justice Cabal. To leave a prank from you unexpected would be sheer folly."
"Gggh...now I know why Nah crushes on you so much...you act so *mature*...icccch." The tactician made a disgusted face, before readjusting the foil.

If Laurent was at all affected by the comment about his close friend's apparent romantic interest in him, he did not show it. Instead, he exhaled deeply, closing his eyes.

"Juvenile attempts at redirecting my focus will not convince me of your apparent maturity."

Morgan rolled her eyes. "Oh, *live* a little-"

Suddenly, a loud bang issued from the front of the house. Miriel stood up with a start.

"...my door has been brought down forcibly." The sage muttered. "Laurent, has your spy in the Cabal told you anything?"

"This attack was likely spontaneous, looking to retrieve Morgan from her punishment. My spy hasn't spoken to me at all about this."

"Intriguing." Miriel nodded slowly. "Very well. The house's defences should be sufficient to hold off the Cabal if my estimations were correct. They were after all intended to hold off against heavily armed burglars."

Morgan sighed. "Oh, *this* ought to be good."

She moved to walk out to see what was going on, but Miriel grasped her shoulder firmly.

"Morgan, you are staying here."

"But-"
"Your father promised to fund my more beneficial scientific ventures in exchange for me keeping you well away from the Justice Cabal." The sage stated calmly. "As nobody seems to appreciate the gravity of my inventions, I am forced to rely on donations to continue the advancement of science within Ylisse."

Morgan merely stared at her, uncomprehending. Laurent sighed for the umpteenth time.

"She is referring to the lack of interest in advancing industry and science within Ylisse-"
"I got that!"

...

Meanwhile, in front of Miriel's house...

Todd whistled appreciatively, looking at the wreckage of Miriel's front door.

"Wow." The tactician looked at Noire. "I did *not* know you had it in you."
Noire looked shyly away from him, blushing slightly. "I-I...that was an accident...I didn't mean..."
"Yeah, she blew up a door. Big whoop." Severa rolled her eyes. "Quit flirting with her and just get going, will you? I've got places to be."

Todd groaned. "I'm *complimenting* her, not *flirting* with her."
"Knowing how the Cabal thinks, that'd be the exact same thing."

Noire frowned, clutching her Ruin tome to her chest. "H-he was o-only s-saying thank you..."

The tactician cleared his throat, averting his eyes from the mage's display. "A-alright. Let's get on with it."

Todd led the way through the wreckage, scanning the front room. The walls were bare and white, and apart from a small rug on the floor, two armchairs and a wooden table, the room was devoid of furnishings. Exactly what Todd expected from someone as ostensibly practical as Miriel.

There was a staircase along the back of the room, with a door underneath. The staircase led up, presumably to Laurent and Miriel's rooms. However, their primary target was past the door, leading to the backroom where Miriel would be executing her experiments at this moment.

Severa looked carefully at the surroundings. "...are you sure there isn't some sort of trap here?"
"Shouldn't be. And there was, the door being blasted apart would've triggered it." The tactician mumbled, looking carefully to ensure he was correct.

He pulled out a black device from his robes- a two-way radio, bought from the Outrealms- and carefully turned it on.

"Cynthia? Cynthia, can you hear me?" Todd spoke. The princess' excited squeal could be heard over the radio.

"This thing is soooo cool! You call this a radio, right? I can't believe you can actually use it to talk with people in secret!"

"Yeah. It's basically a worse version of my mother's phone." Todd explained, chuckling. "Are you and your team safely into the house?"
"Yeah, we heard the explosion and managed to break into the back." Cynthia stated, breathing heavily. "Man, doors are hard to open without a picklock..."
"Lockpick, Cynthia." Gerome's voice could be heard nearby, barely registering on the radio. "And it was you and Owain's idea to break the door down with a battering ram.

I had a lockpick handy."

"That's just not sufficiently *heroic*! Heroes don't break down doors with lockpicks!"

Todd cleared his throat loudly. "Cynthia, concentrate."

"O-oh, right! We have to find the prototypes, right?"

"Just follow the plan and you should find it straight away. And for the love of Naga, let Gerome pick the locks." Todd sighed exasperatedly.

"Aye-aye, captain!"

Meanwhile, behind Miriel's house...

"Aye-aye, captain!" Cynthia declared, saluting at the radio, before fumbling with it slightly. She turned sheepishly to Gerome.

"How do I turn this thing off again?"

"Press the tiny button on the side. You should have listened when Todd told you how to use it."
"I get distracted easily!" Cynthia retorted, pouting. "That's hardly fair!

Now, where's that door Todd was talking about?"

Owain rapped at each door along the corridor, frowning. "So we're looking for a large room with a lot of untold devices and chemicals?"

"Do you think it's true that you could actually make a giant carriage that moves across Ylisse faster than pegasi can fly?" The princess inquired curiously. "That sounds pretty cool."
"The majesty of riding on the back of a horse would be *ruined forever* by that!" Owain complained. "It's just not *heroic*! Do you not agree with me, Gerome?"

The swordsman turned to their sarcastic companion, only to realise he'd disappeared. Owain deflated.

"Gerome?"

"Huh?" Cynthia turned to face where Owain was looking. "Wait, where's he gone?"
"He disappeared..." The swordsman closed his eyes and clenched his fist. "So he was right.

Gerome truly *is* the night personified..."

"No, silly! What if one of Miriel's traps got him?" Cynthia hissed, backing up against Owain. "O-Owain, are you *sure* you didn't hear him disappear?"
"H-he was just...*gone* when I looked to my left!"

Cynthia's expression immediately changed to one of horror. She started shaking.

"I-If...Gerome got taken down...t-then what about us?"
"Never fear!" Owain declared, drawing his sword. "Fair cousin, I will protect you myself from any traps!"

"Y-you're not very reassuring! You're shaking with me!"

"A-A true hero is *never* afraid! I am simply shaking in anticipation f-for battle!"

'*W-what if...what if Todd was wrong?'* The princess thought, shuddering. *'W-what if Miriel has...s-some sort of e-evil contraption thing t-to...trap us with? O-or worse-'*

"It's over here."

"KYAH!" Cynthia and Owain screamed in horror, turning around to see Gerome, poking his head from a door.

The wyvern rider's expression, if it was possible, became even more deadpan. "...what were you two doing?"
"W-we were just...securing the perimeter!" Owain declared, trying to recover his composure. "Y-yes, of course!"

"Quit making such a racket securing the perimeter." Gerome remarked annoyedly. "I found the staircase to the basement.

Can't I leave you two alone for two seconds without you two losing all semblance of dignity?"

Cynthia pouted. "Y-you scared us! I-It's your fault we lost our d-dignity!"

"Ugh. Whatever. Just follow me." The wyvern rider muttered, shaking his head and heading down the staircase.

Owain exhaled, relieved. "Well...we can only hope our companions have been beguiled by whatever accursed trap Miriel has set for them..."

...

Meanwhile, with Todd's group...

"BLOOD AND THUNDER!" Noire roared, trying to bite through the netting they had been trapped into. "MY ENEMIES WILL BE BURNED WITH FLAMES FROM THE HEAVENS AS THE BLOOD MOON RISES AND THE TEARS OF ANGERED ANGELS FALL UPON THE EARTH, INCINERATING THE GROUND WITH THEIR SULFURIC ESSENCES!"

Todd sighed, waiting for her to stop biting at the nets. "You know, you could let me-"

"BE QUIET HUMAN OR I WILL FEAST UPON YOUR DELICIOUS FLESH"

Severa groaned, rubbing her backside. "Save it, Todd. You can't snap her out of it. I've known her longer than you have.

Blasted pressure plate got me by surprise..."

"Pity..." Todd sighed, muttering under his breath. "She'd be a lot more personable without the whole 'chosen of Khorne' schtick...a lot...cuter...too."

"Huh? D-did you say something?" Noire turned to Todd, shaken out of her insanity. "T-Todd?"
'That actually worked? I didn't think it would be that easy...'

"Oh, nothing, I was just saying it won't fix the situation, for you to bite through the netting." The tactician sighed, whipping out a knife. "Let me cut through it."

"I'd cut that thing myself if I hadn't dropped my sword..." Severa muttered as Todd shoved Noire aside gently and cut the net open, allowing the three to slide to the floor of the room they were standing in.

"Ow..." The mercenary rubbed her hip, grumbling as she pulled her sword off the floor and placed it at her waist, where it belonged. "Could've given me a count."
"Damn tsunderes..." Todd grumbled. "Anyway...oooooh crap."

He finally realised where they were.

The room they stood in was filled, floor to ceiling, with gadgets and inventions of various sorts. Along a bench on the side wall, an array of spiky and smooth helmets were aligned, with some missing plating and revealing strange mechanisms with unknowable functions. Along the wall opposite, a vast, bronze machine with knobs, levers and unknown components was set-up, labelled as 'analytical engine prototype' in its designer's neat scrawl.

"She...actually built..." Todd was stunned. "...the...she's actually building the first..."
"What are you talking about?" Severa stared at the engine. "...huh?"
"That's a...simply put, that thing, right there, is the grandfather of the small laptop that's currently in the library." Todd explained, awestruck. "Good Naga, to think *Miriel* perfected it by herself without any output..."
'What is this woman capable of?'

Noire, meanwhile, was staring at an equally massive contraption, with a massive board of sliders and levers.

"...what's this supposed t-to be..." The mage tilted her head, studying it. Todd whirled around to see what she was talking about.

He scratched his head. "...what in the...good Naga!"
Severa jumped slightly, staring at it. "What? What is it?"
"Amorous...Partner Engine. This thing is a *freaking matchmaking machine*." The tactician stared in disbelief, staring at a small slot for *input*- with several punched cards presumably used to program the primitive engine.

He hastily looked for an *output* slot, before finding one- a small slit, with a long strip of paper with long-dried ink imprinted upon it. He pulled the strip out, studying it closely.

"...close match...with..." Todd stared in disbelief. "...good Naga. Miriel actually made a machine to find out who her best match was.
Severa scratched her head confusedly. "You can do that?"
"In the Outrealms, yes, they have these websites where you can find your perfect match or something. I personally don't believe in that kinda stuff." The tactician admitted. "But to think *Miriel* would be lonely enough to *want* to sink to using these..."

"I-I dunno...i-it...seems like a g-good idea..." Noire squeaked out, studying the machine briefly. "I-I mean...p-people could g-get lonely...a-and..."

"The thing that surprises me more is that *Miriel* is looking for a *boyfriend*." Todd muttered, before-

"Um...what are you three doing here?"

Severa, Noire and Todd turned around to see Ricken, clutching a large book to himself, frowning at the trio from under his hat.

Meanwhile, with Cynthia's group...

"Uggghhhh..." Cynthia whined, her cheek squished against the door of the closet they were hiding in. "Did we have to hide here?"

Gerome merely hissed at her. "Be quiet. This is the only hiding spot I could find. Maybe if you two weren't busy *securing the perimeter*..."

"You're such a meanie..." The princess whined.

Owain's entire face was squished against the closet side. "At least...you aren't me...", he muttered out, his voice muffled by the wall.

Gerome hissed at them again. "You two, be quiet. I hear footsteps."

Just at the other two occupants of the closet finally became quiet, Miriel walked around the corner.

"Intriguing. I was sure I had heard something." The sage mused. Cynthia attempted to gasp only for Gerome to cup her mouth with his palm.

"I am curious to see how they broke into my house. I have the very best of protective charms on the door. Although...I sincerely doubt that retrieving Morgan is the sole objective of this mission.

No...there's likely to be another objective...Ricken will surely come back soon enough to inform me of his findings in my laboratory. There are inventions in that room that...Ylisse is simply not ready to know of, and the Cabal acquiring knowledge of such inventions would be detrimental to my continued operations."

"What is she talking about?" Owain whispered over to Gerome. The wyvern rider shook his head, holding a finger up to his mouth.

Miriel suddenly turned her head to the closet. "Hm?"

Owain and Cynthia blanched in terror.

"...hm." The sage sighed. "I must be starting to experience auditory hallucinations. Perhaps I should take a temporary leave of absence from my laboratory. My studies have shown me other potential side-effects..."

Miriel strolled away from the closet. When Gerome was sure she was gone, he relinquished Cynthia, allowing her to breathe.

"Good Naga..." The princess inhaled deeply. "That was...that was too close! I thought for sure we were toast..."

Gerome grumbled, opening the closet doors and allowing them to tumble out. Owain inhaled a deep breath of fresh air.

"My sword hand...it's barely moving..." The swordsman muttered, shuddering. "I think I've been crushed flat..."

The wyvern rider adjusted his mask, before heading off quickly to the room Miriel just left. "Come on. We haven't got time to waste."

Cynthia whimpered. "Couldn't you give us a *little* time to recover?"
"You've had your time. Hurry up."

"Humph...what a slave driver..." The princess moaned, before hurrying behind him to rescue Morgan.

The trio made their way into the basement where Morgan was stashed. She looked up, sitting up in front of a gold sheet hung from the ceiling. She smiled at everyone.

"Guys! Hey!" The female tactician waved at them. "Didn't think you'd get past all of Miriel's traps."
"Todd thought to have his rescue team walk through the back where none of the traps would be triggered." Cynthia explained. "He's really smart about that, you know.

Come on, let's go!"

"Wait, how did you get past Miriel?"

Owain shuddered in terror. "Only Naga knows the horrors we were forced to undergo rescuing you..."

"Quit being overdramatic. It was one closet." Gerome rolled his eyes. "Let's get out of here."

Morgan stood up. "Thank Naga, too. I was getting pretty bored of sticking around here. The lack of antics was *killing* me..."

Todd's Group...

Severa stepped back, not having expected Ricken's sudden appearance. "R-Ricken! Hey! Uh...what are *you* doing here?"
"I'm helping Miss Miriel with a project." The mage explained. "That doesn't explain anything about *you*, though. Why are you here?"
Noire looked concerned. "...R-Ricken, I-I promise, w-we weren't here t-to do a-anything-"
"Wait, you were just by...Miss Miriel said that machine should never be touched by anyone!" Ricken pointed over at the Amorous Partner Engine.

"W-what...wait, stay here! Miss Miriel! MIS-"

Todd gripped his shoulder tightly. "Ricken."
"H-huh?"
"I have on file *every single attempt* you've ever tried at getting taller." The tactician intoned calmly. "*Every. Single. Attempt.* And don't get me *started* on your attempts to get Miriel to notice you."

Ricken blanched, stepping back from Todd in shock. "W-what..."
"Now, be a good boy and be quiet or I'm going to tell *every single person in Ylisse*." Todd said as he smiled happily. "Is that clear?"

The mage shrank back, defeated. "Y-yes...sir..."

Todd gave him a thumbs up, before quickly whipping out a Snapshot tome of the Amorous Partner Engine and looking over at the back of the room, running over to grab one of the plans labelled 'Steam Engine Prototype'.

"Alright. I have more blackmail material and the prototype. Let's go!" Todd whipped past Ricken. Severa sighed, shaking her head at the embarrassed mage.

"I'm *really* sorry about him."

"B-but...Miss Miriel...I..."

The mercenary sighed as she rushed past him, following Todd. Noire merely frowned as she tailed Severa.

As Todd pushed past, he called Cynthia's radio, putting his own up to his ear.

"Cynthia! Do you copy?"
No response, then the radio crackled to life, as Cynthia spoke into it, clearly out of breath. "Y-yes, it's me! What?"
"Did you get Morgan?"
"Aye-aye! Mission accomplished! We're on our way to the round-day-view point!"
"*Rendezvous,* Cynthia!"

"R-right!"

Todd closed off his radio, chuckling.

'*Two out of three objectives achieved. Morgan's back with us, and we have one of the prototypes- and some blackmail material for Miriel, too. With this...I could enact many of the plans I've got up...but those can wait.*

Just one more thing to do.'

He took out a freshly baked custard pastry from his pocket.

Just then, Laurent appeared from a side staircase, putting himself in their way.

"I...do not believe I can allow you to lea-"

"Out of the way, buddy!" Todd roared, before chucking the custard pastry in Laurent's face, pasting him in delicious custard sauce and bits of pastry. The mage ducked to the side, trying to wipe his face as the tactician yanked the other two towards him.

'*Three out of three. That's for screwing with my plan, Laurent.*'

...

Minutes later...

Todd, Noire and Severa made it out of the house, where Cynthia, Owain and Gerome were waiting with Morgan. Cynthia frowned at them.

"Where were you guys?"
"We were waylaid by Laurent." Todd sighed. "I...took care of it. Let's get out of here before Miriel finds us, eh?"

Morgan giggled. "Oh, I love you guys. You're the best friends ever!"

"Never fear. The Cabal will never abandon a friend in need!" Owain laughed, as he and the rest of the Cabal began to escape.

Cynthia cheered. "WOOOOO! WE JUST WON! WE JUST SUCCEEDED!"
"Yes, yes we did!" Todd declared triumphantly. "We just have to get out of here before Miriel sees!"

And escape the Cabal did, making their flight through the roads of Ylisstol, just as Miriel finally made her way to the door only to see the last of the Cabal disappear into the crowd.

Laurent made his way up, along with Ricken, the former rubbing his face with a towel to get rid of the custard. The sage adjusted her glasses.

"...they made off...with a prototype for your steam engine..." Ricken wheezed out. "I...think they also know about...the machine..."
"They also retrieved Morgan." Laurent stated. "Your trap and charms seem to not have been sufficient, Mother."

Miriel merely stared into the distance.

"So. I have been...outsmarted." She closed her eyes. "...alright.

For now, I will admit defeat."
"What?!" Ricken stared at her. "B-but-"

"No, I will allow others with less pressing concerns to deal with it for now. But...this will not be the last dealing I will have with the Cabal." The sage admitted, a small, determined smile on her face.

"They do not understand at all what I am capable of. How amusing."

END

A/N: Hahahaha, so they did it. And Miriel, good Naga. Well, this is certainly going to bite them in the back.

So...I've been withholding this for a long time...but you guys are going to go crazy here. I've managed to get gokart48's Bed Time Story for Lucina and Robin to react to. Hehehehe. Well, a shout out to him for being such an awesome author and letting us cover his fic, and you guys are going to *love* this next chapter.

So, I hope you enjoyed that, leave your ideas, comments, suggestions, criticisms, reviews and thoughts, and I hope you have a GREAT day! Until next time!

Chapter 41: Special Chapter: Bed Time Story, Part 1!

Lucina Reacts to Bed Time Story, Part 1!

A/N: Welcome, one and all, to Lucina Reacts! Thanks to the lovely gokart48, we got to feature his awesome Bed Time Story, shipping, of course, our pair of magnificent idiots together, Robin and Lucina- which you guys are probably dying to see me do. Your tears, by the way, as the good people of Atlus like to say, are delicious~

With that in mind, let's get this chapter underway!

DISCLAIMER: Fire Emblem belongs to Nintendo, otherwise there would be a Sumia amiibo. And an Owain amiibo.

Bed Time Story belongs to gokart48.

All mentioned franchises and characters belong to their respective owners.

"One knows their day is desperately in need of something to do when they're reduced to reading *this...*" Lucina sighed, lazily browsing the Internet on the laptop, thanking her lucky stars Morgan wasn't around to bother her.

It was a boring day in the palace- Lon'qu had been uncharacteristically reckless and had somehow managed to cause a huge mess in the training room, forcing Frederick, with a very unfortunate Morgan and Todd as his recruits, to fix the room- while outside the palace, it was kicking up a storm, so Lucina could hardly leave the palace to take a walk around the city.

Driven to desperation to do *something*, Lucina decided to commandeer the laptop for her own entertainment. It was only for until the rain cleared up, anyway. Currently, Lucina was simply watching what seemed to be a playthrough of Persona 4.

"So *that's* where Morgan got that song." The princess realised, watching one of the characters perform the exact same song she had done just days ago. Lucina tilted her head, blinking confusedly.

"She sounds quite like me," Lucina noted, nodding slowly. "...perhaps that is why Morgan picked that particular song.

Although I can't seem to place *why* she sounds so much like me..."

The door swung open, as Robin poked his head in, looking around. His eyes landed on Lucina, who he waved at.

"Good morning, Lucina." The grandmaster called over, as she turned around, smiling.

"Oh, Robin! I...did not expect you to be in here." Lucina admitted, looking somewhat surprised. "Were you not helping Father with the new laws on guilds he wanted to pass?"
Robin took his seat next to the princess, chuckling. "It's funny you should mention that. I went up to his room to discuss it with him, as we agreed on last night. When I got up there, however, we talked for all of five minutes before he insisted I take a break."
Lucina gave him a quizzical look. "He...insisted you take a break after five minutes?"
"Five minutes." The grandmaster nodded to confirm his statement. "I told him I didn't need a break so early, but he insisted. He thought the stress of the whole Festival fiasco might have gotten to me."

"Oh..." The princess nodded slowly. "I...can see where he's coming from. Still, that was...unexpectedly early. Still, I'm glad to see he takes so much interest in your wellbeing."

Robin chuckled good-naturedly. "There is that, I suppose. So, what're you doing?"

Lucina gestured to the laptop. "I was merely looking up where Morgan found that song for me to sing for the Festival, and it seems I found it.

I'm surprised by how much this 'Rise' character sounds like me, though."

"Heh." Robin laughed. "So she does. I can see why Morgan wanted you in those clothes so much- they really do suit you."

Lucina blushed slightly, looking down. "Y-you're just saying that."

"No. I-I mean, I mean it in a...f-friendly manner!" Robin stated hurriedly, laughing nervously. "N-not in the...err, romantic

way."
"O-of course not!" Lucina laughed with him, looking around shiftily. "T-that would be...a-awkward, right?"

The grandmaster nodded. "Y-yeah! Really awkward! W-we're only friends, a-after all."

"Oh my. I knew I'd find you both here." Cordelia leaned on the doorframe, smiling knowingly. Robin and Lucina both turned to her, blushing.

"C-Cordelia!" Robin cried, unconsciously moving away from Lucina. "...w-what did you need us for?"
Cordelia chuckled, before clearing her throat to regain her composure. "Well, Robin...I was actually here to discuss how we're going to fix up the stable for the pegasi.

One of the stalls collapsed yesterday, and I was going to ask if you had any money to-"

As the falcon knight approached them, however, the door shut behind her, the lock clicking. Lucina jumped.

"Cordelia! D-did you lock the door?!"

Cordelia whirled around towards the door, staring at it in shock. "I...I didn't lock the door! It must've been some sort of s-spell by Reflet, o-or Morgan!"

Robin stood up, patting his robes for his Thoron tome. "Wait...wait! Where is my tome?! I carry that in these robes!"
"You must've forgotten it." Cordelia suggested, frowning at the door. "This is troublesome..."

Lucina stood up, drawing her Falchion and strolling towards the door. "Oh, don't worry. As soon as I break down this door, I'm going to have a talk with Morgan-"
Cordelia stepped in front of her, waving her arms.

"Hey, hey! Wait, Lucina!" The falcon knight cried. "D-don't get so hasty! If you think Morgan is responsible for this, then what makes you think she hasn't gotten ready for you breaking the door down?

Just calm down. The spell will probably wear off in an hour or so. No need to break down doors."
Lucina seethed, staring at Cordelia for a moment, before lowering and sheathing the Falchion. "...that's probably a good idea." The princess admitted. "I should be...less quick to lose my temper. I'm sorry."
Robin shook his head. "No, it's fine, Lucina. I have half a mind to lose it with Morgan. Must she resort to such means to get us together?"
Cordelia sighed, taking a chair from nearby and sitting next to them. "Yeah. Morgan can be quite overbearing about it, can't she?"
I'm glad you understand." The grandmaster stated gratefully, sighing at their situation. "It can be seriously difficult to deal with my daughter sometimes..."

The princess sank back into her chair, sighing. "So...what do we do now? We can't get out of the room until that spell wears off..."

"I...was actually interested in reading a fanfic that, err, Lady Maribelle suggested." Cordelia admitted, twiddling her fingers.

Robin raised an eyebrow quizzically. "Maribelle suggested a fanfic?"
"She was persuaded by Lissa to give it a chance." The falcon knight explained. "It was quite funny to see her read it, too.

She, erm, suggested one particular fanfic I should have a look at. I was wondering if we could do it while we wait for the spell to wear off."

Robin looked around the room, before sighing. "Well, we have nothing else to do. Very well, Cordelia, go ahead and look up this fanfic."
The falcon knight pushed Lucina lightly aside, typing into the search bar to find the fic she wanted.

"Bed Time Story?" Robin tilted his head. "I...already don't like the sound of that one."

Cordelia frowned. "I'm only following Maribelle's suggestion. Just give it a chance! It's not like you have anything else to do."
Lucina nodded, admitting defeat. "Cordelia has a point. Let's just read the story..."

The falcon knight opened up the link, before...

"Oh my."

Lucina blushed profusely. "N-no. We can't read this! I-It-"

Robin nodded in agreement. "Y-yes, we can't read it! It's far too indecent!"

Cordelia sighed. "Oh, come off it, you two. It's just a story! So what if it's about you being together? I couldn't care less if a story was about me and Lon'qu kissing. Just read it, unless you want to try your luck with the door."

Lucina and Robin both shared a look, swallowing nervously.

"...y-you know this story isn't accurate, r-right?" The princess uttered.
"Yes, of course!" Robin nodded quickly. "...are you sure there's nothing else that you want to look up?"
"Maribelle insisted I read this." The falcon knight stated. Robin frowned at her, raising an eyebrow.

"I...don't believe Maribelle would put you up to that."
"You'd be surprised what she'd put anyone up to." Cordelia responded casually. "Come on, it'll be a learning experience. You get to learn why the fans like you together so much-"
"Because they're perverts..." Lucina muttered miserably.

"And I get to learn why Maribelle wanted me to read this so much!"

The grandmaster sighed, acquiescing. "Fine, Cordelia, read the fic. Just...please, never tell Morgan about it. Please."
"I won't. You know me." Cordelia promised, smiling. "Now, let's get on with this, eh?"

...

Chapter 1

"...h-huh? What? B-but this is..." The princess blinked. "I...I don't-"

Cordelia smiled. "Well, at least we know you'd be a terrific mother, Lucina."

The princess blanched. "N-not to Morgan! T-that would-"
"Imply you got married to Robin, yes, I've heard it." The falcon knight completed for her. "I know. You two have said this many times."

Robin closed his eyes. "It's only a story, it's only a story..."
"I am not in love with Robin, I am not in love with Robin..." The princess muttered. "...alright, alright, I'm ready to read this. It's just a story. Totally."
"Yes." Robin nodded in agreement. "Just a story.

...but Morgan is really that devious, trying to delay her bedtime with a bedtime story."

"I can see that happening..." Lucina admitted, turning to Robin. "S-she must've gotten such skilled tactics from you."
"Unfortunately." The grandmaster sighed, exasperatedly. "If only she put those to use for the forces of good instead of antics..."

Cordelia chuckled. "And of course, as always, Frederick is fretting over Chrom's safety."
"Good Naga..." Robin rubbed his temples. "That brings back memories. He basically scoured the roads of all the countries of two continents of pebbles for the sake of protecting Chrom."
Lucina nodded in agreement. "Mother always makes jokes that she's only Chrom's second wife, and his first was Frederick."

Cordelia giggled at the joke. "No wonder Sumia always thought Frederick had a thing for Chrom. You should see what she writes about them."
"Oh, *no*, Cordelia. I *know* what she writes about them. Very intimately." Robin responded, shuddering. "Sometimes, I wonder about her..."

Lucina tilted her head. "I wasn't aware Frederick disliked you."
"I was a strange man in a Plegian coat who brought zombies with him the first night he slept near his liege." The grandmaster shrugged. "I'd seem pretty suspicious to him, to be honest. I'm surprised that our Frederick didn't gut me like a pig when the Risen came."

"Why *did* you run off and not join the group, anyway?" Cordelia turned to Lucina. "Wouldn't the best place to protect

Chrom be next to him and not, say, on the other side of the world?"

"...I was young back then." Lucina sighed, blushing in embarrassment. "I thought rashly and not enough in the long-term. I thought I might change the circumstances of the world far too much to prevent my birth, thus erasing me from existence...

...though, as my younger self is currently running around the castle and thinking I'm her long-lost cousin Lucy, I think I may have been just a *little* off."

Robin smiled. "Well, it worked out in the end, didn't it?"
"I suppose."

"And why did you choose the disguise of Marth? Marth had been dead for about two-"
"It was Owain's idea, alright?!" Lucina snapped. "Owain thought it would poetic for me to appear as Marth!"

Robin chuckled. "Well, it certainly fooled your aunt. She had a small crush for the dashing youth you said you were."

"I don't think Sully's ever let Lissa live *that* down..." Cordelia admitted, chuckling.

...

Chapter 2

Robin blushed. "I...I would never simply surrender in a game f-for a kiss from Lucina..."

"Just a story." Cordelia reminded him.

"I-I wouldn't do that just to win a game!" Lucina cried. "T-that's hardly fair!"

'*Although...Morgan does seem ado-what am I saying? It's* ***Morgan****! Her antics aren't adorable!'* The princess screamed, inside her head.

Cordelia continued reading down the page. "Well, he got everyone down pat. Especially Maribelle.

And *thanks*, Robin. I'm complimented by the fact you don't find me *important* enough to remember."
Robin frowned. "In my defence, I couldn't have known you were Sumia's best friend."
"I *do* agree. Although marriage has changed her to be a bit more...perverted." The falcon knight admitted, sighing.

"Huh. I was sure my Fire tome hurt the Risen more than it seems to in this story..." Robin mused.

"Although Kellam fights well, I must say. I forgot when I started noticing him more."

Lucina smiled at the exchange between Sumia and the pegasus. "...and my mother, as always, has her way with animals. I am surprised, though, how you got so familiar with the Shepherds so quickly, Robin."
The grandmaster sighed. "So it is. Although this story has many alterations. I don't recall it being so easy to enter Ferox.

I still remember the sheer terror of having to keep Sumia out of the line of fire of arrows..."

Lucina sighed. "Why you couldn't have just revealed Father's Mark was beyond me, but then it seems we all made rash decisions.

Just like I did, persuading Flavia to take me as her champion."
"I'm shocked you managed to beat Lon'qu." Cordelia admitted, nodding slowly. "Chrom's never been able to do it."

"...Reflet says she's seen an adaptation of our story where Lon'qu bumped into Lucina's chest, which convinced him she was a woman, thus reducing his fighting prowess." Robin stated. "Although why that would affect a fighter like him, I have no idea. He's blocked it out many times."

...

Chapter 3

Lucina groaned. "Of COURSE *Anna* would come up with a game like that. It makes perfect sense."

"Knowing her, we probably bought it for an exorbitant price..." Robin muttered irritably.

"'My father.' Nice." Cordelia commented drily. Lucina crossed her arms.

"It's true!"

"I don't think he ever taught you how to do a backflip. I don't think I've seen Chrom *ever* do a backflip." Robin remarked. "Although I must say, the way you fought really was something."
Lucina smiled at the compliment. "Thank you, Robin."

"And so, you two finally meet." Cordelia noted. "...although you were fairly rude."
Lucina merely sat there, embarrassed. Robin rubbed his temples.

"You know, by travelling back in time, Lucina, you already altered the timeline irrevocably..."

"YesIknownowpleasestoptalkingaboutititsembarrassing!" The princess squeaked out, huddling and crossing her arms. Robin twitched, staring at her.

'*Not adorable, not adorable, not adorable, not her, no-*'

The falcon knight winced. "Ooooh, that was close. Although, to be fair, it wasn't *that* hard to figure out you were a girl, Lucina. You hardly made an effort to disguise your voice.

And Lon'qu, get beaten by Chrom? That's about as likely as Reflet ever not trying to get you and Robin together, Lucina." Robin cringed at himself at the end. "No flaws...what kind of line is *that*?!"
"And you know what a good line is? I've never seen you with the likes of Virion or Inigo." Cordelia remarked.

The grandmaster flinched. "Heh. You have a point there..."

Chapter 4

Robin groaned. "You know, as much as I've taught Morgan about tactics, I think I should've taught her about getting into antics more."

Lucina nodded in agreement. "Might've saved us some trouble, yeah."

Cordelia blinked at the screen. "I'm surprised. You're usually better cooks than this."

"I'm not really one for cooking." Robin admitted. "I mean, I'm decent enough, but I believe Frederick would be better suited if you wanted something gourmet."
"I'm surprised the Cabal hasn't done something like a cooking contest as one of their harebrained schemes..." Lucina muttered. "Seeing as they would sink to using a contest to manipulate us into...d-doing something *indecent*..."
"I doubt kissing's indecent." Cordelia responded teasingly. Robin blushed profusely at the comment.

"C-Cordelia!"
"Sorry. I feel a little Morgan-like today!"

The princess shuddered. "That is a *very* dangerous feeling..."

"I'm still in disbelief that Lon'qu so easily lost..." Cordelia stated, reading the part where the swordsman became part of the Shepherds. Lucina rubbed the back of her head.

"Well, in his defence, it wasn't an easy fight. He gave me as good as he got, so to speak."

"And, of course, Lissa steals the food." Robin noted, chuckling. "Why am I not surprised? For a person of her size, she eats like nobody I've ever met.

Stahl was jealous when he saw her eat that whole pile of Valmese cakes, back in our march against Walhart."
"Oh, yeah, I remember that..." Cordelia smiled, before sighing. "Of course, Henry turned us all into toads for that..."
"I *was* wondering why you were all missing and why Miriel was so overwrought that day..." Lucina responded, finally realising why.

"For all Sumia seems to think she wasn't desirable, Reflet had it down pat." Cordelia admitted. "She always says that the men seem to fall for that kind of girl fairly easily.

She says it's all over Outrealm...anee-meh?"
"Anime." Robin corrected her, secretly savouring one of the few times he'd ever corrected Cordelia. "I've had enough talk

with her to catch the pronounciation."

"To think my mother was so shy, and now look at her..." Lucina mused. "Never once did I think Mother would be able to have such...vivid fantasies about Father and Frederick..."

Robin tilted his head. "You know, I never understood why he kidnapped Maribelle. Or how Gangrel knew that kidnapping Maribelle would lead to that."

"It wasn't supposed to. Chrom just isn't the kind to abandon a friend." Robin admitted, smiling. "A good quality to have in a friend, but admittedly a terrible one to have in a monarch who can't risk being killed."

Cordelia nodded in agreement. "Indeed. It was pretty surprising when this happened.

Wherever...Fiora, was it? Yes, wherever she came from, history must've been quite different to have had Gangrel married to Emmeryn, of all people, knowing that *this* happened..."

"It seems this story is also a fair bit bloodier, too. To think Ricken fell here, to one tome of all things..." Robin's expression suddenly turned solemn.

The falcon knight nodded, breathing in deeply. "At least this story serves as a reminder that we were lucky to have none of us die during the war.

...but, on a lighter note, where *is* Ricken? I don't think I've seen him in a while."

Meanwhile, at Miriel's house...

"Yes..." The young mage clutched a smoking concoction in his hands, giggling insanely to himself.

"Finally! I have the secret to becoming taller! After all, five hundred times the charm, right? Right?!"
Ricken closed his eyes, squealing joyously. "I will *finally* be-"

The concoction exploded in his face, splattering him in purple fluid and shards of glass. The boy blinked briefly.

"...Naga dammit." He groaned, rubbing his face with a dirty cloth and yanking one shard out of his cheek. Ricken sighed.

"Oh, well. Back to the drawing board. Why couldn't I have had a growth spurt like all the other mages...

Also, why do I feel like someone's talking about me? That's odd. Maybe Miss Mirie-no, no, she's busy. Of course. She'd never talk about me..."

He shook his head, returning to plotting his next attempt at making himself just a little bit taller.

Back at the palace...

"Also, that mask was badly made if it broke so easily..." Cordelia pointed out. "And...wow, Robin. I didn't think you'd thought that of her! 'Beautiful cerulean hair', 'smooth and flawless', 'not even a diamond can compare'?"
"I DIDN'T! I SWEAR! I D-DON'T THINK LUCINA LOOKS LIKE THAT!" Robin cried, shaking his head, the solemn mood of Ricken's fictional death forgotten in his embarrassment. "I-IT'S JUST A STORY!"
"C-change the chapter!" Lucina yelped. "Please!"

...

<u>*Chapter 5*</u>

"I'm surprised Morgan thought she could beat you at tactics." Lucina stated. Robin laughed.

"Well, I'm glad you think that of me. I'm not the only tactician in the world, you know-

AND REALLY WHY AM I STARING AT LUCINA I SWEAR I DON'T LIKE HER LIKE THAT"
Cordelia sighed. "Robin, you can quit yelling. None of us except Lucina and myself can hear you, and we know you don't like Lucina in that way, at all, totally, not in a million years."
"...a-are you mocking me, Cordelia?!"

"Like I said, I just feel a little Morgan-like." The falcon knight responded, giggling.

Lucina sighed in relief. "At least Father was wise enough to trust me with the protection of Aunt Emmeryn here, too."

"Huh. I don't think he's mentioned Panne..." Cordelia tilted her head, reading the screen carefully. "No, no, he definitely hasn't mentioned Panne. I can just about see Gaius- wait, wait, no, I see Panne. Never mind, my eyes have fooled me."

Lucina sighed, rubbing her temples.

"I still regret not joining you people at the first opportunity I had. It just seems so...*embarrassing*..."

"It seems exactly like something Gerome would do." Robin admitted. "But even he didn't stay away from us for two years."

"I was so stupid..." The princess facepalmed, exasperated with her past self's actions, as well as the ones of herself in the story. "*So* stupid..."

...

Chapter 6

Lucina sighed. "Some things never change, including Morgan calling Father Grandpa..."
"W-which I'm sure C-Chrom isn't!" Robin added. Cordelia sighed tiredly.

"Are you going to do this every chapter we read, Robin?"
"D-do what?! I-I didn't do anything!"

'*I can see why Reflet likes teasing them so much. His reactions are so funny...'* Cordelia mused, giggling.

"Nothing, Robin. It was nothing." She waved it off, and Robin sighed in relief.

"Heh. I would defend Chrom here, but...this story also got that right." Robin admitted. "For all his prowess in battle...Chrom really *does* have a habit of putting his foot in his mouth and acting awkward."

Lucina chuckled heartily at the comment. "I know. I never expected Father to be as awkward as Mother in courting her..."

"It seems like father, like daughter applies in this situation..." Cordelia muttered under her breath. Thankfully, Lucina didn't catch the comment.

"So you're willing to stalk your father like Tharja stalks Robin, but you're not willing to join him?" Cordelia inquired pointedly. Lucina frowned.

"As I said, I was young and foolish!" She snapped. "Young and *foolish*!"

The falcon knight frowned at her first appearance. "...and of course, I'm nearly dead when I first show up. Lovely."

"...I see." Lucina nodded solemnly. "...we must indeed count ourselves lucky that the war wasn't as bad as it could've been.

To think that in another world, we would witness such an unfortunate child..."

The grandmaster nodded in agreement. "...indeed. We were lucky."

Chapter 7

"That explains where Donnel was, at any rate." Cordelia noted. "Of course, I have half a mind to comment that Donnel would've likely run the poor man through with a pitchfork, knowing his prowess with weapons..."

"Indeed, that surprised me." Robin admitted. "I never expected him to be so good with a lance. Or a sword. Or- essentially, most weapons."

"...and we finally get to Nowi and Gregor." Lucina giggled at the exchange between the mercenary and the manakete.
"And of course, Father assumes he's a pervert."
"Why any pervert would choose a battleground in the middle of a blasted desert to...do such a terrible thing, I have absolutely no idea..." Robin commented, sighing.

"...oh my, that was quick." Cordelia noted, before raising an eyebrow. "Robin?"

Lucina shuddered at the story, as it described Robin falling ill. "Um...that's...you'll be alright, right?"
"...Lucina, I'm fine. It's only a story." The grandmaster reassured her. " Trust me."

"...uhuh..."

'*Good Naga.'* Cordelia groaned to the side. *'I'm stuck here until we finish this story dealing with these two dancing around the question...'*

...

Chapter 8

Lucina tilted her head. "I wonder what ails you in this story. Has it something to do with Grima?
"Most likely." Robin nodded. "If the illness began after slaying him, that is.

That's going to come back to bite us in the backside..."

"Indeed, it-" Cordelia blinked. "Um..."

They were faced with the retelling of Emmeryn's sacrifice at Plegia.

Lucina swallowed slowly, while Robin blinked in shock. For several tense moment, the room was silent.

"...I...alright." The grandmaster breathed heavily, mastering himself. "...let us continue reading. Please."

"U-Understood." Cordelia nodded, moving to change the chapter.

The princess nodded in assent. "No arguments from me."

...

Chapter 9

"...I...see." Robin nodded slowly, having read the rest of the chapter with the two women in silence-rather justifiably, for even now, despite knowing full well that the former Exalt was alive, if damaged, the campaign of fighting through Plegia to avenge her was still emotionally exhausting. "...so, I'm ill due to the taint of Grima disappearing from me."

Cordelia tilted her head. "I'm not sure that's how it works."

"...I can only hope it doesn't happen here." Lucina muttered. "I don't know what I'd do if you were to die, Robin.

...n-not that I'm in love with you, or anything! I'm just saying, you're my friend, and I don't want to lose you."
Robin sighed in relief. "Oh, good."

The falcon knight was in shock at the exchange.

'*Somehow. SOMEHOW that didn't cue them just confessing. Reflet was right. These two are far too twice shy for their own good...'*

...

Chapter 10

"As expected, Noire loses it over the talisman." Lucina noted. "Well, at least we know she's alive."

"Good to know Kellam's as sneaky as always..." Robin sighed, chuckling. "Wait, Kellam isn't in here, is he?"
"I would've seen him." Cordelia shook her head. "Besides, he's busy helping Maribelle with some barrels of tea."
"How would you know?" Robin looked curiously over at her.

Cordelia shrugged. "Intuition.

Also, Gangrel would either laugh...or cry at this chapter."
"I suspect he might cry..." The grandmaster stated, muttering under his breath.

'*That reminds me, I ought to check on him. He and Emmeryn should be alright together in their village, but...Fiora's appearance has me thinking that there could be some potential issues.'* Robin mused, making a mental note to have Kellam check on the Mad King and his charge when he got out of this locked room.

Cordelia, meanwhile, gazed towards the door. "Boy, that door's taking a while to unlock."
"I swear, I'm going to give Morgan a piece of my mind when I get out of here..." Lucina promised, clenching her fist.

"You can swear revenge on Morgan later, just read. It'll take your mind off the situation." The falcon knight reassured her, smiling.

Robin tilted his head. "I'm still finding it hard to believe Maribelle suggested the fic to you. Are you sure it wasn't Sumia?"

"No, I'm sure. Sumia suggested a far dirtier fic than this..." Cordelia admitted, sighing and rubbing her temples.

"Alright, let's get reading, then." The grandmaster turned back to the screen.

To be continued...

Chapter Count: 10/49

A/N: This may have to extend to a three parter. It depends on how much I can leave out of the fic and how much RL time I have. Also, Cordelia really seems to like this fic~ A shout out to gokart48, again, for letting us feature this fic again!

So, I hope you enjoyed that, leave your ideas, comments, criticisms, reviews, thoughts and suggestions, and I hope you have a GREAT day! Until next time!

Chapter 42: Special Chapter: Bed Time Story, Part 2!

Lucina Reacts to Bed Time Story, Part 2!

A/N: Welcome, one and all, to Lucina Reacts! We last left our adorable totally-not-love-interests locked in a room with Cordelia and a laptop, forced to read a Robin/Lucina fic for entertainment! Let's see how much more of it they can *tak*e. How much more denial? How much more will you guys be able to take of the boring denial until you leave or start plotting my horrible murder to get your hands on that sweet, sweet Robin/Lucina?!

This ought to be hilarious. And it might possibly cause a lot of feels, too.

DISCLAIMER: Fire Emblem belongs to Nintendo, otherwise we would have throwing knives and crossbows.

Bed Time Story belongs to gokart48.

All mentioned franchises and characters belong to their respective owners.

Chapter 11

Cordelia chuckled. "It says a lot about how much of a workaholic you really are when I can really see you being sad about not being able to work under Chrom."

Robin frowned. "I'm hurt, Cordelia. I'm not that much of a workaholic? Right, Lucina? Lucina?"

"No, Cordelia has a point. You spend much of your time working." The princess admitted seriously. "It's rare I see you take a break of your own volition, except by doing more work or talking to me."

Cordelia just gave Robin a strange look. "You want to hide *that* thing, but the only time you don't work is when you spend time with friends, do less important work or talk to Lucina?!"
"...it relaxes me, Cordelia, to talk to a good friend of mine." Robin responded, adjusting his collar. Unlike Morgan, Reflet- or really, anyone else- Cordelia was fully aware that his feelings for Lucina may have been slightly beyond platonic- if not about the extent, anyway- and aware through him telling her about it, so it was far easier for him to keep his calm around her.

Of course, granted, he may have *understated* the extent of his feelings, but then again, to state Robin's feelings for Lucina were *slightly* beyond platonic would be akin to saying Noire had a *slight* personality problem, or Sumia was *slightly* obsessed with the concept of Frederick and Chrom having indecent relations.

"Although ,if I'm planning a vacation because I'm not well...I would prefer to visit Themis rather than the woods." Robin admitted. "The scenery there is amazing, after all."

Cordelia chuckled. "Are you sure that's not because you'd save money by staying with Maribelle?"
"Of course not. I wouldn't exploit a friend's hospitality!" Robin cried, looking humorously offended.

Lucina, meanwhile, was reading the screen. "...you know, this is exactly how Father proposed to Mother...but she was rather more...excited."
"She squealed like a happy squirrel and almost jumped Chrom's bones right then and there." Robin repeated, before noticing Lucina's strange expression. "Sully's words, not mine."

Cordelia looked curiously over at him. *"Almost* jumped Chrom's bones?"

"And, as always, Anna attempts to swindle people. Seriously, fifteen-hundred gold pieces for a music box?" The princess looked in disbelief. "I could buy the same box in Ylisstol for fifty."
"I see he got Anna right, too." Robin muttered, his eyes narrowing. "Why am I *not* surprised? Also, I am a *complete* fool."

The falcon knight winced at the story's Robin joining Frederick for his usual exercises. "...good Naga..." She shuddered in horror. "Just...at least you didn't end up training with Sully."
"No, if I trained with *her*, I'd be *dead.*" Robin remarked drily. "Incredibly fit and muscular, but dead."

Cordelia frowned. "...I do *not* cry like that. And I'm not *that* obsessed with Chrom. Even when I was still in love with him, I wasn't *that* obsessed."
"You had a naked poster of Chrom that you stole off Frederick." Robin reminded her helpfully, causing Lucina's head to snap towards her.

"You *what*?!"
The falcon knight blushed intensely, shaking her head. "I-It was a mistake, a-and I was young and in love! I...I swear, it was only *one* poster! A-and I threw it away!

L-Let's just read the next chapter, alright?! No need to tell Lucina about that!"

"U-"
"NO NEED!"

...

Chapter 12

"So...I looked like I was dying because of Frederick's exercise." Robin noted, nodding slowly. "That sounds about right.

Also...in my defence, Chrom *demanded* I live in the castle."

Lucina chuckled. "I can imagine. Even before I joined you properly, from what I heard, you two were inseparable."

The grandmaster sighed. "Yeah. Sumia had a field day when she found out. Of course, she wasn't so...open...about her interest in our relationship, but..."

Cordelia giggled at the exchange between Virion and Robin. "Philanderer...you know, that sounds about right. And...I could beat Virion in a game."

"You could beat *me* in a game." Robin reminded her helpfully. "In fact, you *did*. Many times."
"Through luck. It helps that your tactical genius...doesn't apply so much to games, surprisingly." The falcon knight admitted, shrugging. Lucina merely frowned.

"I should know that full well, I've tried to play against him."
"As I said, Lucina, you should be careful to ensure your flank is never open, otherwise I can exploit it easily, just like Virion did here." The grandmaster pointed out helpfully. "It's hard to learn, but easy to remember...

Also, Naga dammit, Tharja."

Lucina instinctively looked over at the window to ensure the sorceress was not looking into the window, like she was wont to do. "Tharja..."
"Lucina...you're clenching your fist." Robin pointed out. "Is something angering you?"
"...I am?" The princess looked down at her hand, before shiftily hiding it behind her back. "I-I mean...I'm just...I wouldn't want her to...disturb you, you understand. She's a good friend of yours, and I'm not...I mean...I just don't want her disturbing you!"

Cordelia giggled, prompting her to glare at the falcon knight.

"W-what's so funny?!"
"Nothing!" Cordelia squeaked out, giggling. "J-just keep reading, please."

'*Lucina really **is** adorable when she tries to deny it. I really have to get into this whole 'shipping' business more.'* She mused wistfully. *'If only it wasn't such a headache when they do it to me...'*

"Well, at least we all got drunk and I can forget the whole Tharja thing. If only we actually *did* this when Chrom got married..." Robin commented. "The whole bachelor party sounds fun. If only Gregor hadn't been ill with the grippe.."

Lucina tilted her head. "I never took you for someone who would enjoy that kind of party."
"I'm not a *complete* workaholic!" The grandmaster cried in protest. "Even *you*, Lucina?!"

...

Chapter 13

"This...is far too normal for Morgan." Robin remarked. "Are we sure that *is* Morgan we're camping with there?"
"No, no, definitely Morgan." Lucina noted, exhaling irritably. "She's far too rambunctious to be anyone else *but* Morgan."
"I don't know where she gets that from." The grandmaster stated, rubbing his temples. "As far as I know, I never raised her to be so insane.

In fact, I want to know what this Robin did to raise his Morgan to be less obsessed with shipping me and Lucina

together. Or with the whole concept of antics!"

"Oh Naga, at least Sumia trusts her intuition here." Cordelia sighed in relief. "Naga knows OUR Sumia was...a lot less confident."

"You can blame Miriel for that one. The horror stories that woman told her..." The grandmaster shuddered.

Lucina tilted her head. "Horror stories?"
"You *really* don't want to know what Miriel told her when she was pregnant with you." Cordelia answered, looking slightly horrified. "Trust me. The poor girl basically slept with the candles lit for the next two weeks until Ricken could persuade her otherwise."

"...good Naga." The princess facepalmed, looking irritated.

Meanwhile, Robin continued reading the story, before wincing. "...yeah...that looks just about right, I can see Lon'qu giving me beatings..."

...

Chapter 14

"That reminds me of the first time I had a proper chance to talk to Lissa." Robin groaned at the story describing the exchange between himself and the cleric. "Good Naga, the amount of times I had to explain what and how certain tactics were used to her..."

Lucina frowned. "That must've been difficult."

"You have no idea." Robin responded. "I have absolutely *no* idea how she manages to keep the knowledge of how to treat the grippe and the plague in her mind, but tunes out the moment anyone starts talking about anything that doesn't involve healing. Or tea parties."

"Aunt Lissa must have been a handful even *before* I arrived..." Lucina mused wistfully. "I'm not surprised she and Mother got on so well."

"You know, I always wondered why Grima allowed me so many premonitions to avert his fate." The grandmaster wondered aloud, reading the passage about his dream struggle with the Fell Dragon's spirit. "Or maybe it was Lady Naga's intervention. Or maybe...if Reflet's assertions are right, the writers supposedly needed a subtle way of making the story flow well."

"I mean, I can believe our story is fictional in an Outrealm, somewhere, given I've *seen* the game..." Cordelia admitted. "But to think our entire existence- Outrealm and all- is nothing but a construct...that's insane, right?"
"Yeah. This is reality." Robin stated, chuckling. "Reflet's being silly."

...

Chapter 15

Robin frowned at Morgan yanking an old shoe out of the lake while fishing. "I can sympathise with being having hard luck during fishing..."

"Hm?" Lucina looked curiously at him. "How so?"

"Let's just say, Donnel's seen me pull things out of rivers that *really* don't belong in rivers." The grandmaster responded, shuddering.

"The Great and Mighty Robin, finally finding something he's *not* good at?" Cordelia remarked teasingly. Robin chuckled.

Lucina tilted her head. "You know, I always wondered. If Mother loves her books so much, why didn't she start a book club like she did in this story?"
"She *tried*. Once." Cordelia responded. "It...didn't go well. Let it be said, that a medical book on corns and callouses, in the same meeting as a raunchy story about the Radiant Hero Ike and his whirlwind romance with his beloved Sothe is a *terrible* combination."
"Thank Naga I missed *that*, then." The grandmaster replied, relieved with his luck. The falcon knight shuddered.

"And don't even start with what *Lissa* brought. I don't know *where* she got it, but she somehow found some story about a

giant tentacled monster murdering everyone horribly."

"And about Sumia's concerns...I just realised something." Robin held up a finger. Cordelia looked over at him. "Huh?"
"We all look, basically, like we did six years ago. Now that you mention it, even when Sumia was pregnant, she didn't exactly show, and it was like she never was a month or two later." Robin mused. "Naga, even Ricken doesn't look that much older, and he's been trying for *years*."

The falcon knight nodded in agreement. "Now that you mention it...oh, dammit, Robin."
"What?"
"Now I'm going to be looking at myself in the mirror to see if I've got any wrinkles."
"You're not even *thirty* yet, Cordelia." Robin reminded her. "In fact, I'm not even sure *Walhart* has them, and he's definitely older than that."
"You made me feel *old*! This is your fault!"

Lucina stared at her incredulously. "You're worried about having wrinkles?"
"I-It's all Robin's fault!" The falcon knight cried in protest. "He reminded me how old we all were!"
"This is just like the time she told us why she keeps her breastplate on at all times." Robin muttered, groaning.

"S-she doesn't need to know about that!" Cordelia snapped. The princess rubbed her temples, irritated.

"Even the most level-headed woman in the Shepherds still manages to have her own issues. Go figure."

Chapter 16

"PFAHAHAHAAHAHAH!" Robin laughed, clutching his belly, for once amused rather than confused by the story. "...m-me, and Sumia?! Together?!"

"I-It's a legitimate concern!" Lucina retorted. "F-for all you know, y-you doing that c-could've wiped me from existence!"
"Me. And Sumia. In love." Robin repeated, still snickering. "True, she has that...cute aesthetic around her, and if Miriel's crackpot theories are right, then all the men fall for her because she's cute, but...no, no, what am I saying?!"
"Right, you have eyes for only Lucina." Cordelia muttered, causing Robin to glare at her, embarrassed.

"Who are you, Morgan?!"
"I did say I felt a little Morgan-like. Maybe all her antics are getting to me." The falcon knight said, teasing the grandmaster.

Lucina blushed, shaking her head. "W-why would he have eyes f-for *me*?! I-I'm just as much h-his friend as M-Mother is!"
"All I'm saying, this story's suspiciously similar to how things actually played out in reality." Cordelia pointed out. "I mean, except for Emmeryn and Ricken, but..."
"It's already s-silly enough that Robin would love Sumia, b-but for h-him to love *me*?!"

"How is that silly? For one, unlike Sumia, you aren't married." The falcon knight reminded her.
"M-maybe I'm not interested in men!" The princess snapped in response.

"You've had suitors of both genders."

Robin grumbled. "C-can we just m-move on! T-this is uncomfortable!"

...

Chapter 17

"Henry. I remember meeting Henry." Robin shuddered. "Good Naga, do I remember."
Lucina nodded. "I recall Sir Frederick tried to leave him behind after he started talking about cutting the intestines from the guts of his victims..."

"He was a godsend, though." Cordelia admitted. "Without him, I likely would've died. He saved me from being flanked by two archer Risen..."
"Although whoever was stupid enough to torture him clearly didn't anticipate him turning out like *that*..." Robin muttered, shuddering. "Wait, is he anywhere nearby?"
"No. I think Sully dragged him- as in, literally dragged him, by the ear and all- to help her fix the stables." Cordelia answered, tapping her chin. "Not like he'd be able to hear this discussion, anyway. The door's pretty thick."
"Pretty thick?" Robin looked at her, curiously. "Huh. I thought it was pretty thin..."

Lucina, meanwhile, sighed at the portrayal of her reunion with Chrom.
"...you know, this really shouldn't have been an issue." The princess admitted. "I'm...still pretty embarrassed that I didn't just alter the past outright and join the Shepherds from the beginning."
...

Chapter 18

"...I recall Mother being far less...calm about this." Lucina mused, looking over at Cordelia, who groaned.

"Yes. She was always telling me how Robin seemed to like talking about the 'mysterious blue-haired woman in a mask'-
"
"YOU KNEW I WAS A WOMAN?!" Lucina cried, shocked. Robin flailed. "Your voice gave it away! A-and I didn't like talking about you! I swear, I was just...intrigued! I promise!"

Cordelia sighed. "She even had the perfect wedding ring picked out for you and her. Of course, that was before she found out you were her daughter...which didn't change much, except for how expensive the ring was."
"S-she was shipping me and Robin *before* we met?!" The princess looked incredulous.

"She always talked about how smitten Robin was. I mean, that's what she believed, whether or not it's true.

And, of course, Mother *somehow* turns healing Father from a gut wound into a romantic moment."

"...not much I can really say about my use of fireships, except that if I could've done something else...I would've." Robin admitted, shaking his head. "But...I have long reconciled my guilt for doing that, even if it was...regrettable."

"Regrettable, but then, perhaps, we wouldn't have ended up killing the Fell Dragon if we hadn't stopped Walhart." Lucina pointed out. "And then you wouldn't be here to regret it."

"True." The grandmaster conceded, sighing. "I...still can't help but wonder, though..."

...

Chapter 19

"Labour builds character, she says, straight before making Kellam do it for her." Cordelia remarked sardonically, before chuckling. "Perfect Lissa."

"I remember when he took orders from both Lissa AND Maribelle to carry crates." Robin recalled, shaking his head. "To be fair, though, neither of those two could handle large crates well."

"Wait, what?! Did I just call Frederick Freddiebear?!" The falcon knight stared in shock, before laughing. "Guess Gaius has a new name for him!"

"Freddiebear...why do I feel like Reflet would have a field day with that name..." Robin muttered, rubbing his chin.

"The stakes are raised now, with the search for the gemstones..." Lucina noted. "...still, I'm surprised they haven't killed anyone else off.

Maybe they just hate Ricken or something.

"Sometimes, I think the whole *universe* hates the boy." Robin responded, sighing. "I can just hear Reflet now, muttering something about 'him being the butt monkey' or something."
"You can hear her muttering?" Cordelia whispered aside, as the grandmaster looked over at her.

"Did you say something?"
"No, nothing at all." The falcon knight claimed, looking back at the screen. Robin gazed at her curiously, before shaking his head and turning back to the screen.

'*Probably nothing...'* The grandmaster thought. *'But...Cordelia has been acting rather suspicious ever since the door was locked...'*

...

Chapter 20

"You know, I never did catch how old Gregor was." Cordelia realized, looking confused. "I mean, I know he's likely older

than all of us..."

"Knowing his travels through the Outrealms, he's probably older than us mentally than he is physically." Robin mused. "Naga knows how many times he's regaled us of his adventures in Cyrodiil, Spira and...what was it, Gallia? No...gah, he always talked of holding advanced weapons the likes of which we'd never seen before..."

"And now that you mention it, Mother always mentioned that she wanted Cherche to spend more time with him, too..." Lucina remembered, sighing. "Although, seeing this, I'm thinking it's *also* for the sake of shipping."

"Sumia always saw something poetic in making sure that the saviour of her dragon ended up married to her." The falcon knight admitted. "Then again, she also tried desperately to pair him up with Nowi."
Robin groaned. "She pestered me endlessly to pair him with Nowi during our tactics meetings...

Although...Ylissean Supreme Commander does have a nice ring to it."

"Try not to get too big for your britches." Cordelia warned him teasingly.

Chapter 21

"Degenerates." Robin snorted. "Yes. I sometimes forget that Maribelle's far nicer than most of her class...if equipped with an unfortunate choice of language."
Lucina chuckled. "That sounds exactly like Stahl and Gregor, looking for all the food to eat."

Cordelia tilted her head. "Huh. You know, that...does bring a thought to mind. We know so little about Kellam, right?"
"Of course." Robin nodded. "He is one of my closest associates...but...I don't know all too much about him. I don't even know who his parents are."
"What if our Kellam actually had an ancestor who fought next to the Hero-King himself?"

Lucina blinked, looked intrigued. "That...that actually never occurred to me. He might well have had some..."

"I'll have to do some digging." The grandmaster mused, noting down searching the knight's family tree for later. "...and of course, Maribelle treats him like a slave. Why am I not surprised?"

Cordelia smiled. "That's adorable, how Lucina trusts you enough to leave you out of the running for being Chrom's killer, although I *highly* doubt Sully would betray Chrom.

She's too bad at lying, and she's known him since we were kids...and Tharja, although she's completely insane, would likely keep Chrom alive because keeping *him* alive helps keep *you* alive."

"And Henry would probably blow himself up as well as Chrom." Robin noted darkly. "I'd be more likely to suspect Virion, if anything.

He seems shrewd enough to be able to manipulate everyone for his own needs. He has subtlety where...the other three suspects...don't."

...

Chapter 22

"This whole illness business is...not boding well." Robin sighed, shaking his head. "Although if it *is* Grima doing it...I really don't want to know *how* he knew I'd survive killing myself..."

Cordelia facepalmed. "And, as expected, Anna comes out of nowhere to swindle everyone. Again. Although he underestimated how money-hungry she really is."
"Supposedly, from what Severa says, she once found her clutching one of her money bags and *snarling* at a dog for sniffing it." Lucina recounted, cringing. "That's a whole new *level* of money-hungry, if you ask me..."

"I have a feeling I wouldn't survive trying to pull extortion on Anna in real life..." The grandmaster noted, looking slightly concerned. "She'd probably gut me or something."

Cordelia frowned. "...I don't know about myself marrying Frederick. I mean, Frederick has his virtues...but even if I wasn't with Lon'qu, I can't see it happening.

There's just...something about it that I can't quite put my finger on."

"You should've seen Reflet when Mother mentioned it to her." Lucina stated. "Suffice to say, I've never seen a person *legitimately* froth at the mouth in anger. She was apparently muttering something about 'S-Supports' and 'unfortunate implications'..."

"I wonder why?" Robin scratched his head. "I've never seen that woman reject a pairing of any sort, and she wants Gangrel and Emmeryn together, ever since Fiora showed up."

...

Chapter 23

Robin blinked. "Is it *bad* that I'm slightly disappointed that *that's* the worst their Robin can come up with when it comes to Henry?"

"We're too used to Henry summoning undead cows or something." Lucina admitted. "And, of course, that dreadful Edgar he always carries with him..."
"The one in the hole..." The grandmaster repeated. "I don't know why that sounds appropriate for Edgar."

"OH COME ON! EVEN HERE MY MOTHER PAIRS ME WITH ROBIN!" Lucina cried, ashamed. "REALLY?!"

"DAMN IT!" Robin shook his head, blushing. "NOOOOOO!"

Cordelia had to suppress a giggle. *'This really is getting out of hand...*'

"NOOOOOOO! I SWEAR! I DON'T...I DON'T FEEL LIKE THAT FOR YOU!"

"T-THAT WOULD BE WEIRD, B-BECAUSE I DEFINITELY D-DON'T EITHER!"

'***Really*** *out of hand. I wonder how Morgan puts up with this. I wonder how* ***anyone*** *puts up with these two for so long...*' The falcon knight mused. *'Really, I'm surprised Sully hasn't just pushed their faces together to make them kiss.'*

...

Chapter 24

"Okay, thank *Naga* that this has *nothing* to do with that last chapter!" Robin visibly sighed in relief. "That was...e-embarrassing..."

"I-Indeed..." Lucina adjusted her collar, straightening herself out. "That was almost a c-catastrophe..."
Cordelia raised a finger. "Just a story, remember?"
"Well...it is a good story...if with fault...but I just..." The grandmaster cleared his throat. "...hm."

Lucina, meanwhile, continued reading Chrom's retelling of what had happened during the Valmese campaign.

"...I can...sympathise." The princess sighed. "...I know how that feels, to...not be able to know where my friends are, thinking they died...

...but dammit, I do *not* overreact like that over a tiny cut! I'm not Frederick!"

...

Chapter 25

"Ling Yuchen...sounds like one of those characters from that Ninjas of Love novel series our Sumia loves to read." Robin mused.

Cordelia tilted her head. "You mean that series of raunchy novels?"
"...yes. I should know, she *showed* me the raunchiest one!"

Lucina held up a finger. "Now that you mention it, I've never seen Mother angry. I've seen her determined, sad, and even *lustful*, but never angry."

Robin interjected. "Actually, Cordelia and I *did* see her angry. Once."

"Once?"
"Henry ate the last Valmese pattycake. She didn't approve." The falcon knight shuddered. "Needless to say, we were

lucky nobody died."

"...and to think *that* is what Mother gets angry over..." Lucina looked somewhat miffed. "And not, say, her daughters nearly being killed..."
"I'm sure she cares very much about that." Cordelia pointed out. "Just...don't take the last cake."

Robin rubbed his chin. "...or, alternatively, it could be the sheer fact that Chrom can hardly fight from the back when the only ranged weapon he can use is a lance, we're not exactly a professional army with soldiers to spare and that would be why I put him at front?"

Lucina nodded in agreement. "That is so, I guess. And placing him at the front would spare the weaker fighters from too much injury, so that's probably better than placing the likes of Henry up there."
"Well, that's not too risky, except for the risk of people's guts splattering into our people's eyes or something." The grandmaster stated. "And...black blood? That's...not a good sign.

Good Naga, what's wrong with me? I'm actually going to go get myself checked up with Libra after this..."

Lucina looked worried. "I-It can't be that bad, right? Y-you'll live, won't you?"
"...I've read enough books to know that can't end well." Cordelia admitted. "Characters who cough blood in stories tend to die off easily."

"Thanks for the confidence." Robin remarked dryly. "Really makes me think you have faith in me."

Chapter 26

Robin looked confused. "Wait, *why* did I trust *Henry* with helping me find out what's *wrong* with me?!"

"Probably bad enough if it's gotten to needing *Henry* to fix it." Cordelia responded. "And, of course, despite probably being blasted into a wall by Grima's magic, broken bones in several places, and nearly burned alive, he wants to *do it again*."
Lucina merely facepalmed, looking irritated.

"Yep. Sounds exactly like Henry. Unfortunately."

...

Chapter 27

Cordelia facepalmed. "Why. *Why* in the world does he have to get Henry *right*?!"

"Knowing Henry, he'd probably do it again." Robin grumbled. "He's just...Henry..."

Lucina groaned, rolling her eyes. "Indeed."

"You know, there's probably some story out there that makes people's limbs being blown off a flesh wound..." Robin mused. "...although why Maribelle or Lissa couldn't have just healed me with a Physic staff..."

Cordelia smiled. "I'm glad you're concerned enough to cry over Robin, Lucina."
"I swear, Cordelia, it's nothing *like* that! S-stop listening to my mother's s-stupid shipping ideas! S-she's lying!" The princess snapped. "It's all a lie!"

"I didn't even-"
"A LIE!"

Robin, meanwhile, rubbed his chin, thinking about the ending. "...definitely Grima. *How* he did it, though is beyond me, unless he knew that I'd live past killing him...and not even *I* knew that."

...

Chapter 28

"I'm actually stuck for deciding whether being cursed by Tharja or Grima's worse." Robin shook his head, shuddering. "I mean, at least praying to Naga *might* cure me, but Tharja will keep on cursing me.

Thank Naga for curse talismans."

"You actually bought some?" Cordelia inquired, tilting her head.

"Not just for Tharja. The Cabal tends to use love-inducing curses for the purposes of making me do indecent things with...L-Lucina..." Robin looked slightly embarrassed for a moment. "But yes, I do. It's only a logical action to take, even if I *did* have to bribe Henry to make them for me."
"What did you bribe him with?" Lucina asked slowly.

"...newts' tails." The grandmaster answered. "...what, did you expect me to say raven corpses? I'm not going to give him more corpses.

That would be like throwing oil onto a fire."

Cordelia giggled. "That's adorable. I should've known that little Lucia would be as adorable as her older self."
"I-I'm not adorable!" Lucina snapped, crossing her arms and puffing her cheeks out. Robin was staring at her.

"U-uh...L-Lucina...I...uh..." He was blushing, before shaking his head.

'*W-what the...n-no! I shouldn't...she's not...no!*'

"Oh dear, you two are fighting." The falcon knight sighed. "He does have a point, though. Paying attention to your partner is paramount, lest you fail and die..."

...

Chapter 29

"As much as I hate to say it...Chrom is a terrible negotiator." Robin admitted, shaking his head in exasperation. "I'm not surprised, either."

Lucina shrugged. "Father never did have such talents..."
Cordelia giggled at Robin's response to Chrom's demand to keep him out of battle. "...that must be the second most polite way I've seen someone tell anyone to go to hell before."
"The most polite?" The princess inquired, interested.
"Say'ri telling Virion to go to hell. She somehow managed to say it *without* outright telling him to go to hell..."

The grandmaster shook his head, grumbling. "It's sad enough that Frederick has to pick up the pebbles in his master's path because he thinks he has to protect his master. It's even *worse* when he has to because he's legitimately in danger of *hurting himself*."

...

Chapter 30

"I'm guessing Tiki's here to help with the illness, if it involves Grima to begin with." Robin commented. "Well."

"...at last, Frederick doesn't seem overly obsessed with protection." Lucina noted, chuckling. "Heheh...and he seems quite insightful here, too..."

"To think *Frederick* of all people would give that kind of talk..." Robin mused. "I know what Reflet would say here."
Cordelia raised an eyebrow. "She truly has something to say for any occasion, doesn't she?"

"She'd probably say something how it fits 'the manliest man on Earth' or something..." The grandmaster continued, shaking his head. "Or the biggest bro, or something. She always makes jokes involving some person called Kamina when she talks about Frederick, and I never understand why."

Lucina sighed, staring over at the door. "Twenty chapters to go, and yet that door isn't open yet. I wonder what's keeping it closed?"
"Just keep reading." Cordelia requested. "It'll be open soon enough. Hopefully."

Robin tilted his head.

"Somehow, I doubt it..."

To be continued...

Chapter count: 30/50

A/N: More thanks to gokart48 for this whole thing, and we'll soon be finished! By the way, this isn't a take that against Frederick/Cordelia, but rather against the supports- I'm just not a fan of how they're written, as it basically makes Frederick look like he took advantage of the poor girl at her most vulnerable, which isn't really Frederick behaviour at all.

Also, the finale to this whole thing will be soon! Don't worry, lads.

So, I hope you enjoyed that, leave your ideas, comments, criticisms, reviews, thoughts and suggestions, and I hope you have a GREAT day! Until next time!

...

Meanwhile, outside the room...

Reflet leaned on the door, reading a book casually with one hand. She sighed, shaking her head.

"...damn it, Jigoro. Just notice Fujiko already." The grandmistress grumbled, frowning and shutting the latest chapter of Ninjas of Love, wherein the two protagonists were locked in an icy cave together, necessitating their warmth be preserved.

Libra walked around the corner, looking over at her. "...Reflet?"
"Oh, morning, Libra." She waved happily at him. "How're you?"
"I am good, thank you. Why are you reading out here?" The monk motioned to the door. "You can walk into there, you know. There's perfectly comfortable chairs."

She shrugged. "Oh, I just like reading out here. It's warmer."

"..." Libra studied her slowly and suspiciously. "...is that so?"
Reflet smiled. "Of course. Besides, I'd be far less subtle about my antics, and most of my co-conspirators are pretty busy."

"...I'll take your word for it." Libra sighed, shaking his head. "Just...stay out of trouble. Good day, Reflet."
"Good day!" She waved at him as he walked off, still watching her suspiciously as he went around the corner.

When he was out of earshot, she sighed in relief, checking her sound dampening sigil that she had drawn onto the wall next to the door.

"...good Naga, Cordelia, hurry up." Reflet whispered irritably as she viewed it. "This thing can't keep sound in much longer.

If people start hearing Robin and Lucina in there, this whole scheme will fall apart, and two nights of my life I could've used to post smutty Palucina fanfic will be *wasted*.

And I *hate* having my nights *wasted*."

Chapter 43: Special Chapter: Bed Time Story, Part 3!

Lucina Reacts to Bed Time Story, Part 3!

A/N: Welcome, one and all, to Lucina Reacts! Last time, funny reactions! Neurotic Lucina and Cordelia! Suspicious interactions! And Reflet going at it again. Good Naga, Reflet, when will you *stop*? Dear, it's not going to happen~

Well, let's get this chapter on, eh? Don't worry, I'm perfectly ready for your inevitable strong responses when I unveil the ending of this chapter. Got me a nice bunker out in the English countryside and everything~

A/N: Fire Emblem belongs to Nintendo, otherwise we would've had My Castle in Awakening (touching Sumia's cheeks equals BLISS).

Bed Time Story belongs to gokart48.

All mentioned franchises and characters belong to their respective owner.

Chapter 31

"Still somewhat confused as to why Grima cursed me." Robin pointed out. "How would he have known I would've survived that? I know I've said it a couple of times, but seriously-I don't know. It just bugs me.

Still, I'm happy everyone basically jumped to have my back on this, even if it IS...a little suspect as to how it happened."

Lucina frowned at the story. "Hey! I'm not even *that* bad at being a tactician!"

"You had a good run of it until Morgan decided to have you support Robin." Cordelia reminded her. Lucina glared back, grumbling. "It was a s-stupid joke that has *no* b-basis in reality whatsoever! A-absolutely *none*!"

"Hum. He's *right* about not crushing their morale entirely, but for the wrong reasons." The grandmaster pointed out. "The rationale for giving the enemy a chance to fight isn't that they'll find an alternative way to settle their fight- after all, if they had an alternative, they wouldn't be fighting you in the first place, but rather to preserve your own army's soldiers.

There goes a saying; 'corner a rat in a dead-end, and he will turn and bite.' A hopeless enemy will fight harder to inflict more casualties upon you in the hope of dooming your army to as slow a death as theirs. One with hope for survival will at least surrender in the hope of living to fight another day."

Lucina blinked, staring at him. "Wow. That's ...actually incredibly pragmatic."
"Why do you think I always afford an enemy mercy? It's only another method to making sure as little people as possible die." Robin admitted. "...and come on, her smile is...pretty, but I wouldn't just keep *thinking* about it! Come on!"

Cordelia rolled her eyes, continuing to read the fic.

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Chapter 32

"Ooof." Cordelia giggled at the insult Robin launched at Chrom. "That was rude."
"Well, if Chrom's good at anything, it's cutting the enemy down while leading the charge from the front." Robin admitted. "I'm no good at rousing morale with a good speech. I'm a *lot* better with the subtle methods- like rewarding Stahl and Vaike with extra rations every time they do well in a fight."
"I swear, those two are almost like lap dogs when it comes to food..." Lucina commented jokingly. "You should see how many times he asks about Cherche helping with the cooking whenever she finds time to get here."

Cordelia giggled. "Are you entirely sure that's just about food?"
"...hm? Why else would Stahl want to see her? They're just good friends." The princess responded, looking confused. Cordelia hid her shock behind a shaky smile, shaking her head.

'*Really. Lucina's socially awkward enough to completely miss that huge hint?!'* The falcon knight mused, sighing. *'...well, she certainly didn't inherit her mother's sense for pairing people together. Thank Naga for **that**...*'

Robin rubbed his temples, counting his blessings. "And thank the gods Henry and Tharja never had any reason to work *together* outside of battle...

I already find *one* of those two hard to deal with, two of them in *tandem* would probably give me an aneurysm and no amount of aspirin would stop the headaches-wait, wait, also, *winning* side?

So, the *winning* side's the side that seems to have lost half their forts, been beaten back from most of their strongholds, and lost half their armies to a rag-tag bunch of teenagers and two women who look like twelve-year olds?"

Cordelia shrugged. "People have a weird sense of *winning*. Also, at least they're intelligent enough to respect Lady Tiki, even if it isn't in the sense that *she's a half-dragon capable of eating you*."

"I always thought it was because Walhart threatened to kill their families or bribed them. Not all of the Dynasts are as morally upright as Lady Say'ri..." Lucina remarked, rubbing her chin. "Although, that foreshadowing's amusing. I knew the moment he found out he was going to die, he wasn't going to. I just had to know *how* he avoided it..."

...

Chapter 33

Robin frowned, looking somewhat envious. "If it were so easy as to simply frog-march Lady Tiki in front of us and make sure none of them shoot her, then we would've beaten *that* fort in less than two days..."

"Why *did* you hide the rest of the children?" Cordelia inquired, looking over at Lucina. The princess frowned, before shrugging.

"It didn't seem important at the time. Would your opinion of me have changed if I told you had children in the future? I didn't need it as proof, anyway- I had a second Falchion to do that for me."

The falcon knight accepted the explanation, nodding slowly. "You have a point...and also...I wouldn't cheat on my husband! What?! Is that what you just implied?!"
Robin closed his eyes. "It seems so."

"Who would I cheat on him with?! Chrom?!" Cordelia snapped angrily. "T-that's...I'm offended!"

"Archers have *far* more endurance than one might think. They only have to look at Noire's seemingly *endless* ability to turn into a raging berserker, and Virion's seemingly *ceaseless* inability to keep his hands off the prettiest woman to offer him bed..." Robin remarked dryly.

"EVEN HERE, PEOPLE MAKE ME SAY WEIRD THINGS ABOUT ROBIN!" Lucina cried, shaking her head vigorously. "NO! AND I CAN UNDERSTAND A JOKE!"

Cordelia looked carefully at the screen, reading the joke she'd made in the story. "No, I can totally see you overreacting to me joking about selling Robin to bandits."
"D-DON'T SIDE WITH THEM!" The princess cried, before pointing to her own response. "S-SEE?! SHE UNDERSTANDS THE TRUTH! SHE KNOWS IT'D JUST NOT BE RIGHT!"

Robin nodded hastily. "R-RIGHT!"

Cordelia slapped her forehead with her palm for the umpteenth time. "Oh, joy, seventeen more chapters of *this*."
"WHAT'S THAT SUPPOSED TO MEAN?!" Lucina inquired, glaring at Cordelia. She shrugged.

"Nothing at all~"
The grandmaster settled down, sighing. "Just a story, has no grain of truth whatsoever, just a story...alright. I'm calm now. I'-

REALLY! THE ONLY WAY FOR ME TO PROTECT MYSELF FROM THAT CURSE IS LUCINA'S LOVE?!""
"WHAT?!" The princess blushed profusely. "N-NO! WHY!"

The falcon knight groaned. *'Damn it. And he calmed himself down so easily, too.'*

It took the next ten minutes for both the princess and the grandmaster to finally stop hyperventilating over what they had promised themselves was 'just a story'.

...

Chapter 34

"Fifteen years." Robin tilted his head, rubbing his chin. "You know, I could probably break that curse in fifteen years.

Grima isn't exactly infallible, and his magic isn't exactly impossible to survive. I should know, being that I *was* Grima, in a certain sense of the word."

Cordelia nodded. "You've got a point. Nice to know you've got confidence in yourself."
"Yes, unlike a certain *someone* who wrote me off as *doomed*." The grandmaster shot back teasingly.

"Blame Sumia. It's her fault I've read that many books with *that* particular cliché..."

Lucina groaned. "You know, as much as I appreciate the sentiment, why it hasn't occurred to our counterparts that using an Outrealm gate and looking for an Outrealm that *has* a way to cure it isn't an option."

"Maybe it just doesn't exist here." The grandmaster pointed out. "Reflet has told me of many Outrealms where that gate doesn't exist. Not a long shot to assume this one doesn't have it either."
"Perhaps...but it's nice to see you'd put Lucina over healing yourself." Cordelia mused. Robin's head snapped towards her.

"IT WOULD BE PURELY PLATONIC AND YOU KNOW IT!"

...

Chapter 35

"And, of course, the old man lives through being slain by the King of Conquerors." Robin commented, amused by the thought. "He'd probably compare the chance of him dying to his 'big brown backside growing a tail' or something."

"Love the self-censoring." Cordelia remarked, chuckling. "You know, we're in friends' company. We're not exactly going to bite your head off."
"Force of habit. Trying not to curse around Maribelle has its effects on a man." Robin admitted.

Lucina nodded slowly. "So that's how you figured to use Basilio as a rogue agent. Interesting."
"Of course, I have no doubt that if he'd FOUND a spy, that spy's head would probably be reduced to so much fine bits of bone..." The grandmaster confided. "Which is another reason to keep him from the camp- Validar might suspect something if all of his spies end up like that."

Cordelia blinked. "You know, whose stupid idea was it to fight in a *volcano*?!"

Robin raised his hand guiltily.

"Now that...that was just ill-thought out." The falcon knight pointed out. "The heat would've roasted us all even WITHOUT steel armour, for one. And what if one of us fell into the thing?"
"It was a stupid idea, but I had no other choice!" The grandmaster protested. "It was either that or leave him to gather more strength until he COULD'VE beaten us!

Also, I wouldn't sugarcoat my behaviour even if Chrom asked me to take care of you, Lucina!"

"Good, I-I wouldn't want you to..." The princess admitted.

Chapter 36

"And now even Morgan's memories are being affected by these curse shenanigans." Robin mused. "Huh. I don't know why, but that feels familiar..."

Cordelia sighed. "That feels familiar, Gregor fighting while drunk. Not the first time I've seen him fight drunk, either."
"Good Naga, this seems a *lot* harder than when we had more mages..." Robin noted. "And a lot more bowmen...

...and...that actually brings to mind a question. Where is *our* Yen'fay?"

"Last I saw, he ended up trying to beat Gregor in a drinking contest using Chon'sin rice wine." Cordelia explained. "...the sight of the former Dynast of Chon'sin, passed out from drunkenness in a pile of what I can only *hope* is pig swill is not one anyone forgets easily."
Robin sighed. "He probably ran off out of embarrassment-

WAIT WHAT?! NO! I DON'T...THIS IS RIDICULOUS! LUCINA WOULD NEVER BE ABLE TO DISTRACT ME SO EASILY!"
The falcon knight rolled her eyes. "Oh, we all know *that*. You'd be *long* dead if the thought of her could distract you so

easily."
"W-WHAT'S THAT SUPPOSED TO MEAN?!" Lucina interjected embarrassedly.

'*For all their claims of not being any more than good friends, they sure are good at tag-teaming people...'* Cordelia mused, sighing. *'Reflet was right, these two are going to be a challenge...'*

...

Chapter 37

"...of course. Lissa. Right. Complaining about her work." Robin sighed, trying to regain his composure. "Yes, of course."

Cordelia was simply stunned by the mental acrobatics her friend managed to do simply to ignore his affection for Lucina and act like nothing had happened.

'*You know, his brilliant mind is wasted on doing that. If only he used it for less futile purposes, the future of science in Ylisse wouldn't be entirely confined to a madwoman and her lovelorn apprentice...'* The falcon knight mused.

"Finally, the Shepherds seem almost normal." Lucina admitted, shaking her head. "Is it bad I'm calling someone's tent being set on fire normal?"
"With Henry around? That's par for the course. That's a *good* day, even." The grandmaster remarked sardonically.
"Also...Maribelle and Virion? For some reason, I think Maribelle probably would've killed the poor guy by now."
Cordelia nodded in agreement. "She does have an unfortunate obsession with servants and making people serve her.

Also, what kind of name is Raisette?"

Lucina looked over at her. "Did you just say Risette?"
"No, Raisette."
"Good. Reflet made me *sick* of hearing that name after she made me wear that stupid costume." The princess seethed. "I don't know from *what* perverted game she *got* that uniform from, but Naga knows I want nothing to do with it."
"Her blinding beau-WHAT THE HELL?!" The grandmaster yelled, uncharacteristically cursing. "WHAT?! WHY?! WHY DID YOU MAKE US READ THIS, CORDELIA?!"
The falcon knight shrugged. "You want to find something *else* to do while we're locked in here? Eh, Lucina?"
"I-I DON'T WANT HIM TO SAY THAT NO THAT'S WRONG I DON'T FEEL ANYTHING FOR HIM PLEASE TELL HIM HE'S WRONG"

Cordelia had to suppress a maniacal laugh as both Lucina and Robin flailed around, trying to ignore the huge amount of shipping they had just witnessed in the story.

'*...I have to remember, this whole scheme is ALL for Robin. I don't want anything else to do with antics. I'm doing this for my friend's happiness. That's all.'* She swore. *'Lon'qu would kill me if I got involved in antics, and Sumia would* ***probably*** *have a field day...'*

...

Chapter 38

"Oh COME ON!" Robin cried. "That's just *petty*! Seriously, stopping me from having children?! I knew about everything else, but *this*?!

One, I could just *adopt* a child of my own- thus bypassing the whole curse to begin with-, and two, that's not how it works! Why does he think we know who the likes of Alm and Lyn are?! That's not the ONLY way to affect future generations! A-and that assumes I would w-want to have children w-with my *closest friend*!"

'*Is that* ***seriously*** *what you care about, Robin? As Sully would put it, he basically cut your balls off and Lucina being your wife is still what you care about more?!'* Cordelia was in utter disbelief at her friend's skewed priorities.

"Although...passing the curse onto Morgan...one has the distinct idea that that thing would take *one look* at her mind and run." Lucina remarked, shuddering. " Sometimes, she scares me *more* than the Risen ever did with her determination to do such indecent things..."

...

Chapter 39

"...I'm offended that they seem to think we don't know what a trebuchet is." Robin pointed out. "It's just, we're a rag-tag bunch of misfits. Even with the backing of the Exalt himself, we couldn't exactly afford to lug around siege weapons."
"And yet we could afford to buy everything from Anna every time she somehow tracked us down." Cordelia pointed out.
Robin shrugged. "You can blame Sully for that. She threatened to gut the poor woman and take her money if she didn't give us a discount."

Lucina exhaled, gazing over at Robin. "It seems like Sully hates her."
"She tried to swindle her out of that damned seaweed she's so obsessed with once." The grandmaster explained. "After she found out, she basically nearly beat Anna to death to make her give her stuff back.

And, of course, the whole 'dragging her and her daughter into a cross-dressing contest' incident didn't exactly warm her heart to Anna."
The falcon knight, meanwhile, continued reading. "...an inspirational poster? What? ...eh, good enough."

"All their families passed away. *Really*?" Lucina muttered, talking about Owain, Brady, Gerome and Laurent's 'backstory' for joining the Shepherds. "*That's* the best they could come up with?!"

"Probably Owain who came up with that one." The grandmaster remarked, exasperated. "Then again, his mother's *Lissa*..."

Chapter 40

"I'm betting the mysterious man in mysterious garb's Basilio. I *think* this is around the time he rejoined u-wait, no, he only rejoined us during the second Plegia campaign..." Robin recalled, thinking back.

Meanwhile, Lucina nodded. "Yes, it shouldn't be hard to spot Noire trying to devour a person in one of her moods, or Kjelle trying to beat someone up for swindling her."
"Like mother, like daughter." Cordelia commented. "Oh, and you forgot Severa trying to spend more than her weight in clothing.

Naga, I love my daughter, but sometimes, I just wish she'd spend a little *less* on clothing..."
"This fighting looks fierce." The grandmaster declared, reading the screen closely. "Good Naga...

...also, Sully would probably kill the author if she found out she got killed off here."
"I have a feeling she'd probably kill him and dance on the corpse..." Cordelia admitted, shuddering. "That woman's bad enough when calm, she's worse when *furious*."
"Where was Brady during this?" Lucina pointed out. "And couldn't Libra have done anything? He *is* a healer himself, after all."

Robin nodded. "Well, it's a good job Sully's not here to see this. I'm not entirely confident in this gadget's ability to survive being clubbed to bits by a madwoman on seaweed..."

...

Chapter 41

Robin chuckled. "Well...Ricken would *not* be happy to read this fic either. Not only does he *die*, but Miriel ends up with Libra..."
"At this point, I think he thinks that's just par for the course." Cordelia sighed, feeling sorry for the young mage. "Naga knows how long he's tried to make Miriel notice him...let alone having to deal with the Cabal..."
"Also, with how weird Owain is and how Lissa is, it really was just a matter of time..." The grandmaster admitted. "Really, the only things that could be more obvious are that Gerome uses Cherche's exact mount and Cynthia's just as much of a romantic as her mother."

Cordelia whistled. "Well, I know Say'ri's now on the list of the people who would be at least *miffed* if they read this story..."

"I won't be surprised if Gaius dies or something. Or Panne." Robin admitted. "Also...oh COME ON! REALLY! I GO SEVERAL CHAPTERS WIHOUT SEEING MYSELF CRUSH ON LUCINA! WHICH I DEFINITELY DO NOT DO! COME ON!

AND I KISSED HER?!"
"NO NO NO NO NO NO" Lucina covered her eyes, shaking her head, blushing profusely and turning away from the computer. "NO NO NO NO NO BAD THOUGHTS LUCINA NO NO NO NO"
Cordelia slapped her forehead with her palm for the umpteenth time that hour.

'*What a bunch of children.*'

...

Chapter 42

"YES! THIS DOESN'T FOCUS ON ME AND LUCINA! THANK NAGA!" Robin cried in relief, sighing in relief. "Please, no more. *No more*!"

'*These two are worse actors than Owain.*' Cordelia thought, irritated.

"NO!" The princess yelled." NOT AGAIN! PLEASE!"
"SERIOUSLY!"

The falcon knight rubbed her temples, trying to ignore the flustered not-couple next to her. "...good Naga. They finally trusted Morgan to balance that curse out.

She'll either live, die, or scare that curse into not working with whatever devious and perverted plans she has inside her brain..."

...

Chapter 43

"..." The grandmaster sighed deeply, taking huge breaths, in an attempt to calm himself down. "This is...only a story. There is no truth behind it. Absolutely no truth. I do not love Lucina. Definitely not."

"Yes, we know, just keep reading!" Cordelia snapped. "You just have to get through seven more chapters and then you'll never have to deal with it again!"

Lucina, meanwhile, was speechless at the story. "I...Father...but...I don't..."
"Chrom would kill me if I fell for her..." Robin stated. "...no...Sumia I would never-!"
"At this point, I don't think she'd care. I don't even think *that* Sumia cares." Cordelia reminded him testily. "In fact, she just *proved* she doesn't care..."

"Chrom's going to kill me. Their Chrom is *literally* going to kill me." Robin put his face in his hands.

"No, I might as well say funeral prayers for this man-wait, no. I don't know how long it's been since I said this, but thank Naga for Sumia being a shipper.

I'd probably follow Sully into oblivion if not for her..."

...

Chapter 44

"Huh. The curse went off without a hit-wait, no, there's probably something hideously wrong." Robin commented, shaking his head in pity for their Morgan. "It's just the way these stories go."

"Morgan..." Lucina looked concernedly at the screen. "...I...don't like that she's badly hurt here."
"Huh?"

"...i-it's nothing." She shook her head hastily. "No, definitely nothing. What am I saying?!"

Cordelia smiled. "It's alright to be concerned for Morgan, Lucina. She's only your *friend*, after all, and not your daughter?"
"...gggh, shut up." The princess snapped, shaking her head. "I...I shouldn't be feeling so *worried* about Morgan's well-being..."

'*Motherly instincts kicking in. Excellent timing.*' Cordelia mused. '*Just six more chapters.*'

...

Chapter 45

Lucina continued to frown. "...I hope Morgan gets better..."

"My daughter's far more resilient than that." Robin admitted, smiling confidently. "She wouldn't fall to a petty curse like that."
"...heh. No, she better not." Lucina declared. "Naga knows what I'd do to her-I-I mean, as a friend would, you know? N-not as a parent."

Cordelia rolled her eyes. "You don't *have* to append that to every sentence, Lucina. We get what you mean."

"R-right."

"G-Good Naga, Tharja..." Robin slapped his forehead with his palm. "Ggh...learn some boundaries. And I do NOT have a fetish for 'dainty little blue-haired flat-chested princesses'! T-that's a lie! A complete damned *lie*!"
Cordelia, meanwhile, swore she could hear Tharja's maniacal laughter elsewhere in the castle. She shrugged it off.

"Of COURSE Mother told everyone!" Lucina cried. "Wonderful! Just...*wonderful*!"

'*And now you know why I don't ever want to confess my...i-interest, in you, Lucina.'* Robin sighed, shaking his head. *'That...and I just don't feel ready...'*

Cordelia clapped. "Finally, Cynthia, Noire and Severa make their grand entry. Although I expected Cynthia to be far more bombastic than that..."

Chapter 46

Lucina sighed in relief. "...at last, a chapter that doesn't focus on me and Robin. At least it's just me, Cynthia, Severa and Noire.

I don't know when THAT became more preferable to Robin's company, but..."

Robin tilted his head. "Huh. You know, knowing my family never really occurred to me as a problem."

"It didn't?" Cordelia inquired, curious. He shook his head.

"No, not really. It's just...not a thing I thought was important." The grandmaster admitted. "It would be nice...but I don't need to know my birth family to live a normal life, do I?"

The princess nodded. "...I suppose you don't. It didn't affect *you*, after all."
...

Chapter 47

"My chest is adequate!" Lucina cried, looking down at herself as her story counterpart mentioned being at the end of her growth spurt. "R-right?! This size is adequate! ADEQUATE!"
"G-good men don't care how big your chest is..." Cordelia muttered miserably. "N-not that *I* care either..."

For once, it was Robin's turn to look irritated.

"Lucina, nobody cares how-"
"ADEQUATE!" The princess interjected. "T-there's a lot of people with flat chests, right?!"
"Y-yes!" Cordelia nodded in agreement. "O-Of course!"

The grandmaster's eyes narrowed. "Are you two even reading this fic?"
"...nobody *really* cares about chest sizes..." The falcon knight stated mournfully.

"Nope. Definitely not." Robin rolled his eyes. "Wonderful."

...

Chapter 48

"WHY WOULD I BE JEALOUS OF MY YOUNGER SELF?!" Lucina shrieked. "T-there's no way! I mean, she may *look* like me, b-but I would *n-never* be worried of her stealing Robin away from me, n-not that Robin and I would ever have to be in a position where I would be concerned about that..."

Cordelia exhaled. "It's alright. I'm sure...normal girls are...worried that their younger selves are going to rob their not-crush from them."

"A-are they?" Lucina looked confusedly at her.

"No! I was being sarcastic!"
"I still don't get that sometimes..." The princess admitted, slightly ashamed.

"OH GODS CHROM NO!" Robin yelped. "NO! NOT BEING TRAINED BY FREDERICK! PLEASE!"
Cordelia wagged her finger. "That's what you get for dating his daughter."
"I DON'T EVEN"

Lucina crossed her arms, her cheeks flushed. "CORDELIA!"
"What? That's exactly what happened in the story."

...

Chapter 49

"...and now I can no longer erase the image of Grima being a petty, angry neighbour who says nothing but stupid things to spite people." Robin sighed, shaking his head. "How have the mighty fallen..."

"Ouch." Cordelia winced at the physical description of Robin after his 'training' by Frederick. "...he really pulled out all the stops."
Robin himself winced, feeling pity for his story counterpart. "Yeah. I figured."
'And I'm pretty afraid that's going to happen to me if I ever...confess that I like Lucina more than a friend...' The grandmaster admitted to himself. *'...Chrom would never let me live...and Sumia would probably never let me live it down, either...'*

"...wow. Now, *that's* a good excuse..." Robin mused. "Pretending to make Lucina Chrom's sister...why didn't I think of that?"

"A good...mother..." Lucina looked down, frowning. "...if they're saying I'm Morgan's mother, then I probably failed, knowing that girl..."

...

Chapter 50

Robin looked ashamed, remembering the time he had fallen to the mind control of his villainous father.

"...right... I guess...I have you people to thank for letting me live." The grandmaster admitted, shaking his head. "...you couldn't have possibly known I could've done what I did to Grima...but..."
Cordelia merely stared at him, giving him a steely glare.

"That was four years ago, Robin." The falcon knight reminded him. "You're no longer Grima, and he hasn't shown up in you like he has here.

Probably chased off by the Cabal's antics, but there you go."
Lucina nodded in agreement. "And if we killed you, we would be losing our greatest tactician and a good fighter. That wouldn't be tactically wise, like you say.

Even so...I regret even thinking of killing you."
"You were right to be suspicious." Robin pointed out. "...but...you two are right. It was four years ago, and it's behind me."

He smiled. "Thank you, you two...and NO! NO NO NO NO NO! COME ON! I WAS...NO! I DON'T WANT TO MARRY LUCINA!"
"G-GYAH!" The princess stepped back from the laptop. "W-WHY THIS?! ALL OF A SUDDEN?! E-EVEN HERE?!"

Cordelia groaned.

'*And just when I thought we had a moment.'*

Robin stood up, shaking his head. "Good Naga, we finished that thing. We never have to touch it again!"

Lucina nodded in agreement, standing up. "Right! And the Cabal's scheme didn't work! Tch. They thought locking us in a room together would work after all the other times..."

Cordelia sighed, closing her eyes. "Yes, I suppose it didn't work, Robin. You two are no closer to admitting you love each other than before."

Lucina and Robin turned to her, raising their fingers. "WE DO NOT!"

Suddenly, something in Cordelia's mind snapped. Her patience had worn thin. The plan hadn't worked. Now, she was forced to fall back on the second plan. She hated to get angry, of course, but she wasn't afraid to use her fiery temper to get what she wanted.

'Plan B, it seems, I'm going to need to use. I'm sorry about this, Robin, I really didn't want to do this...but desperate times call for desperate measures.'

The falcon knight slammed her fist onto the desk, cutting them off. "Oh *can it*!" She growled angrily, causing Robin to step back, staring at her in shock.

"I'm...sorry?"
"You two have been dancing about the question for *four years*." The falcon knight stated firmly, crossing her arms and glaring at them. "Four years."
"But I don't-"
"No, Lucina. Don't tell me you don't love him." Cordelia cut her off, anger swelling in her. "No. I'm not buying that."
"But-" The princess tried to speak, but she was cut off again by the other woman.

"All you two do is stare at each other at the dinner table, blush awkwardly at each other, and claim you don't love each other, when clearly, you two are more head-over-heels for each other than Sumia and Chrom!" Cordelia snapped. "You two are in love! Face it!"

Robin shook his head. "We aren't-"

"Don't tell me I've mistaken my signs. Don't tell me anything like that! Robin, I've been your friend for as long as you can *literally* remember. Do you think for a second I never noticed how you looked at Lucina? How you always *worry* about her? Do you? Do you think you can *lie* to me?!"

Lucina tried to speak up. "But-"
"And you, Lucina. Morgan looks exactly like you. She has your hair. The Mark of the Exalt. I've *seen* her use the Falchion. She couldn't be any *more* of your daughter if she *tried*." The falcon knight accused her with a shaking finger.

"Don't you *dare* try to avoid it. There, I'm going to say it again. Robin, Lucina loves you and wants to spend every single waking moment with you. Lucina, Robin would want to do nothing more than make you his wife and make up for every last thing he's wronged you in."

Robin cried out. "Cordelia! What's with you?! Why are you so angry?! Did Reflet put you up to this? She locked the door too, didn't she?"
"I'm *angry* because my two closest friends short of Sumia are being *idiots*!" The falcon knight retorted. "You two have denied yourselves the happiest days of your lives! You two know you love each other, but refuse to admit it to *anyone*, even yourselves! As your friend, I can't just stand by and *let* you do that! I'm obligated to make you two happy! Do you *want* to suffer for the rest of your lives?!"

Do you two honestly, genuinely believe, that you don't love each other? Do you?"

Lucina stared at Robin, and he stared back. Slowly, they shook their heads in unison, blushing when the other's reaction was plain.

Cordelia sighed in relief.

"Good. Then you know what to do from here. And for your information, Reflet didn't put me up to this. Reflet's outside, making sure nobody can hear us.

I was the one who locked that door. *I* made sure the Cabal didn't know about this. This whole plan has nothing to *do* with the Cabal- it's all me."

Lucina stared at her, shocked. "...why?"
"Because I want to make sure that one of my best friends and the woman he loves are *happy*." The falcon knight admitted, deflating slightly. "I'm not about to let you two throw away the perfect chance.

Look. I'm sorry for what I did, but I had to do it to get you two to listen to me. You two have to stop and just admit it."

"B-but what about...Father?" Lucina offered up. Cordelia shook her head.

"Chrom knew."

"He *what*?!" Robin stepped back, shocked. Cordelia nodded.

"He was the first one I told about this scheme. I made sure to tell him that you and Lucina were in love, to make sure you had no excuse to hide it any longer."

The princess' eyes widened. "How did he...react?"
"He was reluctant...at first. But...I persuaded him that you were an adult, who could make her own decisions, and reminded him you're a good man. He's fine with it, so long as you don't do anything indecent in his castle." The falcon knight recalled. "In fact, he was the one who came up with the scheme of locking you two together in here. He even made sure to send Robin down here early with the pretence of an early break to make sure he didn't suspect a thing."

"He did?" Robin looked surprised. "Chrom did?!"

"Maribelle made sure Kellam had no part by drawing him away from the castle, stopping him from acting as a spanner in my plan." Cordelia detailed. "She wanted in on the plan after walking in on me and Chrom talking about it.

Apparently she has a bet to win with Sully, and she's not about to *lose*."

Lucina looked down. "I...had no idea you felt so strongly about us..."
"Look, Lucina, I've been you and Robin's friend for years, and I refuse to stand by and let you two just deny yourselves the happiness you fought for against the likes of Grima." The falcon knight declared. "I'll give you a deal.

I'm going to walk out of that door and leave it unlocked. I'm not going to listen in. I don't care what you do in this room after I leave." Cordelia stated, crossing her arms and staring at both intently. "Do what you will. I won't know. Reflet won't know. Nobody will until you leave this room.

But I'm telling you, if you do not admit you love each other, you will regret it for the rest of your lives."

The falcon knight strolled towards the door, looking back towards her friends, before exhaling.

"I hope you two make the right decision."

She unlocked the door, walked out, and shut it behind her. She smiled to herself.

'*Those two may be shy, but they have their minds in the right place.'* Cordelia reflected. *'I know they'll make the right choice for each other.*

They'd better do.'

Robin watched the door shut, before staring at the princess. She looked away slightly, twiddling her fingers.

"I...guess I can't hide it anymore." The grandmaster sighed, shaking his head. "I...I guess you know."
"You too." Lucina exhaled deeply. "I can't...h-hide how I really feel...not anymore."
The grandmaster rubbed the back of his head, blushing slightly. "Wow. I...I thought that when I finally confessed to you...it'd be with a ring, after a romantic dinner, away from the castle, the Cabal, everyone."
"...and...I thought I...would confess to you when I did the same thing..." The princess admitted, her cheeks flushing. "...I guess...I never expected Cordelia to just...lay things in the open like that."

Robin laughed slowly. "I guess I should've seen it coming. Cordelia...planning all of that just to get me to finally admit I...felt that way about you, Lucina.

There's no point in me hiding it anymore."
"No." Lucina shook her head, suddenly smiling. "Robin...I love you. I... I know it's years too late, but I guess...I didn't think I was ready."

"Lucina, I love you too. There, I said it..." He responded, before blushing profusely. "I...I can't believe I actually...said it to you..."
"N-neither can I..." Lucina rubbed her cheek. "I just...I feel like a weight's been lifted off my chest."
"Four years..." The grandmaster looked down, sighing in relief. "I guess...that's it, then. We know where we stand, Lucina."

Lucina looked awkwardly around, twiddling her fingers nervously. "I...you know...I've never...been in a relationship...I-I don't know how these work..."

"N-neither do I." Robin admitted, sighing. "...b-but we can't avoid it anymore. We shouldn't avoid it anymore, Lucina."

He offered her his hand, mustering a small smile making his feelings clearer than ever.

"Lucina, what Cordelia said was true. I...I want nothing more than to spend the rest of eternity with you. I've been in love with you since the first time we ever met, and I promise, I will never leave your side." The grandmaster stated, his voice shaky with nervousness but nonetheless reassured. "I know I sound like your mother's romance novels, but-"
"I feel the same way." The princess cut him off, her smile only becoming wider. "I..I don't care what the Cabal does, what anyone says or thinks.

Even if it means I have to accept that my daughter is a complete and utter madwoman...I promise, I won't hide myself anymore.

Let's...give it a try, this relationship thing." Lucina took his hand, gripping it firmly and warmly to show her support.

Robin felt his heart soar. In the heat of the moment, he couldn't resist.
"L-Look, Lucina." Robin sighed, blushing even more. "T-there's something...I-I've always wanted to do-

"...i-it's okay." Lucina smiled, nodding. "I...I don't know anything about kissing either..."

Robin shivered. "W-well...we have a first time for everything, don't we?"

The princess closed her eyes, her tender lips slightly agape and waiting for him to make his move. The grandmaster swallowed nervously. *'N-no going back.'*

Closing his eyes, Robin pulled Lucina towards him slowly, and-

...

Minutes later...

Cordelia and Reflet were outside, crossing their arms and leaning on the wall.

"Sooo...do you think they did it?" Reflet looked over at her companion. Cordelia sighed.

"They better have. Naga knows those two can't deny it any longer."

"I dunno." Reflet chuckled. "Those two are as dense as Natsuriu-"

The door opened, with a very flushed Robin and Lucina walking out. They walked out hand in hand, smiling at each other tenderly.

'*I knew you two would make the right choice.'* Cordelia merely smiled triumphantly. "It worked, Reflet."
"Heh. Congratulations, you two." She clapped for the new couple. "You finally did what the fans have been waiting *months* for you to do."

Lucina giggled nervously. "I...I know it's a little sudden, but I'll give it a shot. I guess...it's a whole new world..."
"We won't hide our feelings." Robin declared confidently, holding Lucina tighter to him. "I love her. And no matter what the future holds..."
"I'll cherish every moment." Lucina finished for him.

Reflet sighed. "Aaaaand you two are going to be annoyingly sappy.

Well, my work here is done. Cordelia, it really was a pleasure working under you. Now, I believe Maribelle has a bet to be collecting, and Chrom and Sumia have a wedding to be planning. And I have Palucina fic to be writing. Dammit, now I have to find something *else* to ship! Like Gangrel/Emmeryn! Or Kellam/Panne!" With that, she walked off, whistling to herself.

"A-a wedding?!" Robin stared at her, shocked. "D-dont't you think i-it's a bit hasty?!"
Lucina blushed, accidentally crushing Robin's hand by gripping it hard. "Y-yeah! I-I don't even k-know how a-a normal relationship w-works!"

"Ggh...Lucina..."

"Oh!" She pulled away from him, giving him a horrified look. "I-I'm sorry! I didn't mean..."

Cordelia sighed, shaking her head at the pair.

"Well." She chuckled. "This ought to be a learning experience for you, won't it?"

END

A/N: Bet you didn't see *that* coming, did you? Well, that's the end of that arc. A huge shoutout to gokart48 for enabling this whole thing to happen. And this concludes the first half of Lucina Reacts, story-wise, anyway. Lucina and Robin are finally together. They confessed it, they kissed off screen, it's all done.

Also, Cordelia is officially capable of outgambitting Todd AND Laurent. Called it. Next chapter, Lucina Reacts to Shin Megami Tensei IV!

Also, STINGER related to the second sub-plot.

Meanwhile...outside Ylisstol...

As one saga ends, another begins. Thus is the way of life from time immemorial. And with the ending of the long, arduous saga of Robin and Lucina's unrequited love, now another saga is to be told, one that is equally arduous and equally brainless.

"I'm...sleepy..." The pink-haired girl yawned, leaning against a tree. Her beloved black pegasus grazed lightly on some grass, studying her mistress closely. She was clad in Plegian sorceress garb- translucent leotard and armour pieces and all- but it seemed almost unfitting on her.

The girl's companion sighed, rubbing his pointed ears and ruffling his hand through his rough brown hair as he leaned on the axe he liked to battle with, rubbing his red tunic. "We only rode for two hours. How are you so sleepy?"
"I've always...*yawn*...been sleepy..." She admitted, frowning. "I was...wondering. Do you think Fiora...ended up here?"
"It's a good guess she'd try to find Emmeryn, from what I know about her." The boy admitted. "Hey. You know more about her than the rest of us. You came from her world, after all."

The third companion looked up from the fire. Her armour was that of the Ylissean Pegasus Wing, her spear of the finest Ylissean iron. Her medium-length hair was a deeper brown than the boy's, and done in a bun behind her head to keep it out from her eyes when she rode on the back of her pegasus.

"Lady Fiora would indeed look for her mother first." The armoured girl admitted. "It's almost natural she would end up in Ylisstol. Still, we must be prudent.

Phila would not approve of people flying about in her territory, much less ragtags like us. I suggest we fly towards a different city and attempt to enter quietly if we are to find her."

"You know...I'm too tired for this..." The pink-haired girl leaned to go to sleep, placing her hands to shield her cheek from the tree bark as she went to take a nap. "Sleepy..."

The boy groaned, studying his Dragonstone, which pulsed green with the power within. It had but one name carved into it- the name of the Divine Dragon's Voice, Tiki.

"...to think *she*, of all people, is Aversa's daughter..." He chuckled, before closing his fist on the Dragonstone. "Then again, I can't talk either. I haven't exactly got the most conventional parents ever."

So, I hope you enjoyed that chapter, leave your ideas, comments, suggestions, reviews, criticisms and thoughts, and I hope you have a GREAT day! Until next time!

Chapter 44: Lucina Reacts to Shin Megami Tensei IV!

Lucina Reacts to Shin Megami Tensei IV!

A/N: Welcome, one and all, to Lucina Reacts! After the absolutely unexpected end to last chapter, I am REALLY excited to kick off the next subplot. But first, a little interlude, before we get to it, while I gather more stories, games, anime and whatever else to feature and find more tropes, clichés and plots to subject our unfortunate cast to.

But first, let's play a little game. Literally! And this story, by the way, is based on my actual experience playing this game. Feel free to laugh at me being a noob~

DISCLAIMER: Fire Emblem belongs to Nintendo, otherwise-WHERE'S MY DAMN OWAIN AMIIBO.

Shin Megami Tensei IV belongs to Atlus. Warning for spoilers.

All mentioned franchises belong to their respective owners.

"OH NAGA I'M SO HAPPY FOR YOU TWO!"

"Gggh! Mother..." Lucina squirmed, being pressed into Robin's side as her mother hugged them tightly. "I-It's n-not that exciting..."

Robin wheezed out, being crushed by the queen's surprisingly tight hug. "Ggh...Sumia...I didn't know you started training your strength..."
"I'M JUST SO HAPPY THAT YOU GUYS FINALLY GOT AROUND TO ADMITTING IT! IT'S JUST SO EXCITING!" Sumia squealed happily. "I-I have to plan the wedding!"
Chrom, who was watching the whole display, crossing his arms and leaning against the room's wall, sighed. "Sumia, I think we're being a little hasty with the marriage."

"Come on! I want to *officially* spoil my grandchild!" The woman cried, pouting.

"You've spent a lot getting Morgan her own library *already*." Chrom pointed out exasperatedly, before turning to his friend. "Speaking of which, Robin."
"Y-yes?" The grandmaster choked out, still crushed in Sumia's embrace, his cheek crushed against Lucina's arm.

"You two are *not* to even *sleep* in the same room as each other, in this palace, until you're married." He declared, staring at him intently. "I already have to deal with *one* Morgan, I'm not about to deal with *two* running around the palace!

Oh, by the way, the wedding should take us a couple of months to plan."
"Oh come on!" Sumia cried, frowning. "They're young people in love, Chrom! They should get the right to express that love however much they like!"
"Sumia, you *realise* that's our daughter, right?"
"I know!" She nodded eagerly. "Hey, Robin never complained when *we* had fun..."

Robin grumbled. "Actually, I was going to tell you two to keep it out. Many times."

Lucina was just embarrassed, for her part. "M-Mother...c-can you let go of me now?"

"O-oh, sorry!" The falcon knight pushed them out a little too strongly, almost forcing both to the floor. Robin inhaled deeply, coughing as Lucina patted his back to help him catch his breath.

"Good Naga, that woman hugs like a vice..." The grandmaster wheezed out, before looking up at Chrom. "A-also, d-do you *seriously* t-think I-I'd d-do that with h-her?!"

Chrom frowned. "I'm not particularly interested in being a grandfather when I barely have a daughter to begin with, Robin. I think I *already* have enough to deal with."

As if on cue, Lucia tugged on her father's trousers, looking up plaintively.

"Papa, Papa, can Cousin Cindy fwy me awound on her pegasus?" She inquired hopefully. "Pweaaaase?"

"No, Lucia! It's too high!"
"But she pwomised to keep me safe!"

Robin looked over to Lucina incredulously. "Cousin Cindy? Cousin Lucy?"

The princess sighed, slapping her forehead lightly with her palm. "Father isn't really that imaginative. You know that."
"I suppose..." The grandmaster pulled himself up, sweeping his robes of dust. "I'm gonna need some air after your mother all but strangled me. I'll see you later, Lucina."

"Uh...I-I'll see you too. I-I guess t-this is where most couples usually say 'love you'?" The princess inquired, blushing slightly. "R-right?"

Robin looked down, his cheeks rouging. "Uh...I-I suppose. Yeah. Um...I-I...love you. L-Later?"

Lucina made a choking sound, before looking away from him. "Uh...I-I...uh...love you too. I'll...see you later..."

Robin blinked, before scurrying off out of the room, blushing furiously.

Sumia squealed, closing her eyes and clasping her hands. "SO ADORBS!"
"...adorbs?" Chrom blinked, staring at his wife.

"Reflet taught me that word! It means *cuuuuute*!"

"...that woman's a bad influence." Chrom muttered, shaking his head and sighing. "A *really* bad influence..."

Lucina groaned, before shaking her head and walking out. "I'm going to go get some air. I'll talk with you later, Mother."
Sumia waved at her as she left the room. "Alright! I'm just going to go plan the wedding! I need to get the perfect dress and invite all the people and-"

Chrom placed his hand firmly on Sumia's shoulder. "Honey, I don't think that's a good idea."
"Honey?" Sumia inquired quizzically.
"...Reflet's getting to me too." The Exalt admitted, frowning. "Like I said, she's a bad influence."
"That's hardly a nice thing to say about the nice lady!"

"May I remind you *who* persuaded Henry it was a *good* idea to experiment with raising undead water buffalo to save on resources?!"

Lucina headed straight down to the room where the laptop was kept, shaking her head to clear her mind of thoughts.

The last twenty four hours had been absolutely chaotic. Ever since she'd finally confessed her feelings, the general feeling in the castle had been, for lack of a better description, partly relief, partly assurance and part happiness for the couple. Maribelle had been the second to find out after Cordelia and Reflet; needless to say, the assured smirk on her face when she knew she'd be collecting on her bet was second to none.

Of course, the Shepherds being tightly knit as they were, word spread quickly. Soon, the only people she wagered were unaware of them were Emmeryn and Gangrel, and only because they lived quite far away from Ylisstol. Inevitably, the Justice Cabal had been up in arms, trying to find the mysterious mastermind who had succeeded in getting them to admit their love for each other, while Laurent and his compatriots were stumped as to who might've possibly done it.

And, of course, there was her mother, who had almost had died from happiness when she found out. Lucina kept the truth of the matter- that Chrom had been involved in the plan- from her, for fear Chrom himself would either deny it or be smothered to death in hugs and Naga-knows-what from his wife.

She just needed a break from it all. She would've gone for a little sparring or practice with her sword, but as her luck would have it, Henry's latest experiments with the Risen had somehow left the room in the palace reserved for sparring purposes in an unspeakable mess- to the point Libra had been brought in to exorcise the room by a paranoid Lissa to ensure that there were no evil spirits left behind- and so she was forced once more to resort to the laptop for entertainment.

She had not opened the door for more than a second before-

"I can call you Mom now!" Morgan wrapped her arms gleefully around Lucina's waist, smiling. The princess felt her breath forced out of her as her daughter gratefully hugged her tightly, looking up.

"Finally, I can call you Mom!"

Todd rubbed the back of his head, sitting on a chair next to the table. "Heh. Didn't peg you as a softie for your family,

Morgan."

Lucina blushed slightly, looking down at Morgan. "Uh...I don't think I'll...be too used to this, yet, calling you *daughter*, Morgan. I-I hope you don't mind, b-but I'm not too used to being someone's girlfriend yet, let alone someone's *mother*..."
"Oh, oh, I don't mind!" Morgan squealed happily, relinquishing her mother. "Just...I'm just so excited! I can finally call my mom Mom..."

The princess sighed. "Yes, and I can still call you various...other names..."

"Soooo...when are you and Father going around to making me?"

Todd nearly spat out the drink he had in his mouth, while Lucina stared at her, her blush intensifying.

"M-Morgan!"
"What? It's an honest question!" The tactician cried. "Come ooonnnn!"

Todd wiped his mouth, shaking his head. "...heh. Crazy woman. And some weirdoes think I'd like her.

Anyway, Lucina."
"H-huh?" The princess looked up at him, still stunned by Morgan's comment. "What?"
"I was thinking you might want a little break from the whole 'you and Robin are a couple now' thing." The male tactician stated casually. "Y'know, the Cabal's going mad. We still don't know who did it, and my mother's not telling, either. In fact, Morgan was kicking herself when she found out how it happened."
"I should've come up with that..." The female tactician complained.

"So, I thought you might want to play a game to unwind." Todd offered, gesturing to the laptop. "I found the *perfect* game, too."
"Huh?" Lucina strolled over, staring at the screen. "What game would *this* be? Please don't tell me it's that perverted game where your mother got that weird costume."
Todd frowned. "Persona's not *that* bad! You want perverted, go play Rance or something, good *Naga*...

But, anyway, no. Not Persona, though I saw Persona Q in this laptop- good Naga, Ushio's talented. No, I found a better game. Shin Megami Tensei IV."

"...why does it sound like I'm not going to *like* this game?" Lucina inquired, rubbing her chin. "It sounds like I'm not going to like this game."
"It's about a samurai- basically, what Say'ri is- that summons demons to protect his country- that, despite having Japanese stuff, looks like medieval Europe, or Ylisse, to you- and fights alongside them to do stuff.

That's about as much as I can say without spoiling the game. It's pretty hard, but fun."

Lucina inhaled deeply. "You know, this sounds *exactly* like a game Henry would like."
"I'd rather not show him this game." Todd admitted. "I'm not about to have the likes of Mara or Beelzebub wandering around Ylisse. I'd probably have to call in Zelretch or something to fix *that*..."
"Zelretch?"
"Don't ask. An old friend of my mother's." The male tactician explained, pulling a chair out for her to sit. "Come on, let's get started."

Morgan eagerly sat down next to her mother, watching the screen. "This looks like a fun game..."
"I can see this going horribly wrong. I can feel it in my bones, or so the saying goes." Lucina muttered, taking her place at the laptop.

"...for some reason...this Walter and Jonathan...they remind me of Father and Kellam. And this friend reminds me of Henry..." Lucina muttered, looking confusedly at the screen.

"That's...not all that far from the truth, actually. " Todd mused. "Wonder when I'll get my own actor allusion."
Morgan frowned. "...this Navarre guy rubs me the wrong way. Wait...huh. He sounds...familiar..."

Lucina pinched the bridge of her nose. "I think I already don't like him. So...these Luxurors and Casualries are what we would call nobles and peasants?"
"Basically." Todd nodded in agreement. "Only you get treated even more like dirt for being a Casualry. Or something. I dunno, the game doesn't really go into detail about that."

"Huh. Wait...what...is that a wrist-mounted computer?" Lucina stared at the screen in disbelief. "What?!"

Morgan tilted her head. "Is that possible?"
"Basically. Only far less functional than this one, but this one can't summon demons. At least, I *hope* it can't." The male tactician mused, watching Lucina skip through the dialogue. "Ggh...I forgot how long it was until you started Naraku. Relatively, anyway."

Lucina looked up, as the gameplay started proper. "Alright, so...now what. I'm going into this tower...and where are the demons?"
"They're the blue pixelly things." Morgan pointed as one appeared in front of her. "I think. Probably."

"I'm not sure that's what demons look like..." The princess muttered, frowning as she approached it.

"Wait, wait...WHAT?! How is a blue two-headed horse creature a centaur?!"

"Yeah. The series tends to take artistic license with mythological creatures." Todd admitted. "It's not too big of a problem, usually."
"Oh. Right." Lucina shrugged. "Well. "

She tilted her head as she effortlessly beat the Centaur without taking much damage. "Huh. You said this game was hard? It doesn't seem all too-"

...

"WHAT THE I JUST GOT BEATEN BY A TINY ELECTRIC RAT" Lucina yelped, shocked. Todd rolled his eyes.

"Yeah. Unlike a certain yellow abomination, Chagrins tend to be much more irritating."

Morgan frowned. "How are they beating your higher levelled demons?"
"I don't understand!" Lucina cried out in frustration. "This is utterly ridiculous!"

The death cutscene played for the third time in a row, as the princess groaned. "This is starting to get irritating.

How many times have I paid this Charon person to free me from the afterlife?"
"I think you've run out of Macca now." Todd mused, chuckling. "Next time, you're probably going to *really* be dead."

"Curse these irritating demons..." Lucina muttered. "Alright. How do I fuse demons? I need stronger demons to kill these irritating rat creatures."
"It's the Mido app in the menu." Todd pointed out on the screen. "Go on it and it should give you a bunch of demons you can fuse."

Morgan pointed at the screen eagerly. "Oh! Oh! That Heqet demon looks alright."

"Yeah, Morgan knows what she's on about." The male tactician nodded. "Pick Heqet."

"She looks like a frog creature of some sort..." The princess mused as she selected her demons to fuse, watching the fusing animation before...

"...what the...this is *not* Heqet." Lucina muttered, staring at the screen. "...that...looks like a slime monster."

Todd frowned. "Fusion accident. Try again."

"...alright. I have these two other demons, I think I can-nope, another Slime." The princess sighed in irritation. "Come on!"
"I think you should stop fusing before you lose more demons..." Morgan pointed out helpfully.

Lucina closed her eyes. "And to think my luck extends to video games. Well, at least these creatures aren't as vulnerable as humans, right?"

Todd raised a finger to say something. "Well, actually-"
...

"WHAT THEY'RE WEAK TO EVERYTHING?!" Lucina cried as she saw her Slimes die to two lightning attacks from the aforementioned electric rat demons. On the upper right corner, the turn counter had gained two blinking symbols.

"...and the enemy just gained turns." Todd pointed out. "Well."

Lucina's party was vanquished yet again, as the death cutscene played once more. She sighed irritably, clenching her fists.

"Oh come on! I don't think I've even-nope." The princess stood up, throwing her hands up in defeat. "I'm not having this. This game is utterly *ridiculous*."

Todd held up his hand. "Hey, wait! You haven't even gotten past the second...floor of the first dungeon."

Lucina stormed out of the room, leaving a frowning Morgan and a laughing Todd.
"Aww." The female tactician pouted. "I was hoping she'd *enjoy* this game."
"Heh. She hasn't even gotten to the first *boss* yet." Todd mused, chuckling as he took Lucina's seat. "Oh well. I'll have a play then, since why not."

END

A/N: Not really all that funny or important. I'm sorry about that, I confess that I lost half the actual chapter when my computer crashed. I managed to salvage some of it, but the quality suffered.

I'll try to make up for it next chapter. Next chapter, Lucina Reacts to Crossovers!

So, I hope you enjoyed that, leave your reviews, comments, suggestions, criticisms, ideas and thoughts, and I hope you have a GREAT day! Until next time!

Chapter 45: Lucina Reacts to Crossovers!

Lucina Reacts to Crossovers!

A/N: Welcome, one and all, to Lucina Reacts! Since I've been getting a lot of questions about Fates, I'll clear the air now. If I have the game- and I likely will not get it until the DLC that allows for both paths and the third path comes out- then I will write about it. However, for the foreseeable future, the main focus will be on our dear Ylissean friends. Even if there is to be a theoretical, say, Corrin or Azura Reacts, Lucina Reacts will likely continue alongside it.

Because, damn it, Awakening fanfiction won't die out just yet. Also, I'm going to try out a new format of chapter here. See if you guys like it, and all.

DISCLAIMER: Fire Emblem belongs to Nintendo, otherwise Fates would have Phila, Mustafa and Sumia confirmed as Einherjar (WHERE IS MY SUMIA AMIIBO)

All mentioned franchises and characters belong to their respective owners.

Robin stared at the tall, imposing armoured figure pointing a spear at him, smiling. He shook with fear, watching the man slowly walk towards him, the stinging wound in his chest making his shirt feel uncomfortably wet.

"Either way..." The brown-haired man- Lancer, he'd identified himself earlier as- simply gave him a nod of his head. "It's over for you. My lord commands it."
'N-no way...' Robin shook his head, staring at the man and clenching his fists. *'...are you kidding me?*

I was given a second chance at life. I won't just die here pointlessly!'

The man looked around, hoping for something to fight with- a pipe, a gun...

'*A sword.'* Robin thought. *'Wait...a sword? What?'*

Unbeknownst to him, the circle of magical symbols behind him sensed his intent. It shone suddenly with unnatural power, as an entity of legends arose from it, their honed, ancient blade drawn already.

Immediately, it saw two things- a mage, threatened by a man in armour, presumably his assailant.

It knew, instinctively, what it had to do. It held its sword with both hands, preparing for its assault.

Robin didn't turn around fast enough before he was knocked down by a blue blur rushing past him, a golden sword shimmering in their hand, as she slashed at the other figure with a forceful downward blow, knocking him back entirely. She stopped at his side, their sword at the ready.

The man shivered, looking up to face his saviour, who was framed in moonlight from the window.

'*W-what the...a girl?'* Robin stared in disbelief.

Indeed, his savour was a female swordsman. Her clothes were light; a blue tunic, lined with gold thread, crossed over with a black leather belt linking to the scabbard at her waist, over a pair of black tights and blue leather boots. In her hands was a golden blade, a teardrop-shaped hole near where the hilt met the blade. Her face was delicate, framed with shoulder-length cerulean hair and staring down upon him with two sharp blue eyes.

"I must ask of you," The swordswoman spoke, pointing her sword to gesture at him. "Are you my Master?"

"...Lucina..." Robin stared at the blue-haired girl, shocked. In the middle of the ruins, amidst the chaos, the girl had kissed him full on the mouth. He stumbled back, blinking.

"What the..."

Lucina stared at him plaintively, as if asking him to respond in kind.

Meanwhile, Tharja stared at them from below, clenching the knife in her hands tightly- so tightly her knuckles turned white. A fury filled the raven-haired woman, one calling to mind a woman scorned.

How *dare* that blue-haired *whore* kiss her Robin? Robin was hers. Hers alone. Nobody had the right to place their filthy

lips upon his lips.

His lips.

Her Robin.

Her Robin.

Lucina was a threat. She couldn't be allowed to live. Robin was in danger if she stayed alive. It was settled.

Tharja glared up at the pair, clenching her knife tightly and leaping up.

"LUCINA! I WILL KILL YOU!"

Lucina drew her own sword, jumping down to meet the insane woman. She glared down at her, wielding her sword deftly.

'*I won't let this woman take Robin away. Even if I die- no, especially if I die...I will make it clear how I feel about him.*'

"I will kill you this time, Tharja." The blue-haired woman declared, staring at Tharja through her blade. "I won't change the future anymore."

Tharja's face twisted into a horrific, hateful mask, before she charged at Lucina, screaming wordlessly at the top of her voice.

Chrom had ruined it. He ruined it all.

"If I were to tell you to, say, kill all the Plegians..." Those fateful words had brought upon a massacre that the District of Plegia had never seen before. The very soldiers supposed to be protecting the downtrodden Plegians were now slaughtering them all, and it was all because of a foolish joke he'd made to Princess Emmeryn, his beloved sister. He'd never thought it would spiral out of control.

It was his fault. He had to fix it somehow-

No, no, the power of the King allowed for no deviations. Even as Emmeryn was strong willed, no command was so easy to defy, not even one so utterly against her nature. No, he knew what he had to do.

'*I'm...sorry, Emm.*' Chrom closed his eyes, glad that his mask hid his face even when nobody was there to see it. *'I'm sorry things had to end like this.'*

He could see them now. Robin had cornered Emmeryn in his Knightmare Frame, and he could see the slender frame of his sister pointing a rifle at it.

"It's jammed up!" Emmeryn cried, trying to fiddle with the gun in her hands. "I have to...hurry!"

Suddenly, she heard the sound of boots on gravel. Whipping around, she pressed her hand onto the trigger, praying it wasn't one of those Plegians she needed to kill, only to see the muscular frame of her masked brother Chrom.

"Oh!" The woman sighed, relieved. "I thought you were one of *them*."

Chrom continued walking, strolling straight past her. Emmeryn continued.

"So...I was thinking we could run the Specially Administrated Zone of Plegia together...wait, Plegia?" The woman's face shifted into a confused expression, tilting her head as Chrom faced her, his expression hidden behind his mask.

The man nodded slowly after a pregnant pause. "Yes. Yes...I would've liked that, Emm."

This was for the sake of the cause. He had to do it.

'*I'm...sorry, Emm.*'

"Huh?" Emmeryn tilted her head.

"You and I. Together." Chrom drew his pistol, pointing it at his sister, aiming directly at her chest.

He had to blink back tears. This wasn't supposed to happen. It wasn't supposed to happen.

With a sense of dreadful purpose, he pulled the trigger once.

"...and Grima is burning them for all eternity!" The foul priest Validar roared from his pulpit, gesturing wildly about the punishment to anyone who did not follow his incredibly bigoted 'cult' to the divine dragon Naga.

Gregor, of course, was disgusted with this nonsense already.

'*Ggh. Gregor is going to need good drink after preacher talking complete ram dung.'* The man groaned as he looked over to the end of the pew.

"Excuse me. Man is needing of little men's room."

The woman next to him glared at Gregor. "Where are you going?"
Gregor continued trying to push his way through. The woman stayed put. "Hey, what's your problem?"
'Gregor not wanting to use this ex-oh, who am I kidding? This is going to be ***fun****.'* Gregor closed his eyes, turning to her.

"I am Grima-worshipping whore, currently enjoying congress out of marriage with Feroxi, Loptyr-worshipping boyfriend who works at training center for terrorists." The man stated, a cheery smile on his face as the woman next to him stared at him in horror.

'*Now, for clincher!'*

"So, Hail Grima, and I wish you *happy* afternoon!"

The woman could only stare at him in horror as he slid out from the pew.

It was only then he noticed people starting to stand up. Perhaps it was from the remark, or perhaps it was something else they'd heard.

Either way, something was about to start.

"Don't be stupid." Lucina muttered, glaring straight at Noire, her steely blue eyes piercing the other girl. The sky beyond the corridor was lit with the city's night skyline, and a pale crescent moon shone in the heavens above.

Noire stepped back, but barely looked up at her. Her head was hung low in despair.

"You're in no position to question my help. Or do you just hate the idea of it?" Lucina continued, not moving an inch.

Noire looked up, staring right back at her. "Well, I'm gonna be a different kind of magical girl. That's what I decided. I'm not gonna screw anyone over or take anyone for granted."

Lucina seized at the implication of Noire's words, but if she was infuriated, she otherwise didn't show it.

"And I won't associate with anyone who does." Noire declared, continuing. "I don't need anyone's thanks.

I'll be the only magical girl around who doesn't use her magic for herself."
"Well." Lucina stepped back, turning her head to her. "Then you are going to die."

Noire's head didn't move an inch. "So what? If I'm gonna die, it's gonna be when I can't kill witches anymore.

No one's gonna need me anyway, right? I'm okay with that."

The girl slumped to the floor, barely propping herself up on her arms. Her face had slowly faded to an expression of apathy, matching her words.

"The world doesn't need a magical girl if she can't even kill a witch."

Lucina's expression hardened. "Why are you doing this to yourself? Why won't you trust me?

Can't you see I just want to help you?"

Noire stared up at her, scoffing. "Why don't I trust you?

Maybe it's because I can tell what you really are. Maybe I *know* you're lying. You look like someone who's given up on

everything. When you talk, you use empty words; in fact, you're doing it *now*. You say you want to help me, but I know that's not what you're thinking.

You're not fooling anyone. Uh-uh."

Lucina crossed her arms. "Do you realise you're just making Severa suffer more and more?"
"Severa?" Noire's stare hardened. "This has nothing to do with her."
"You're *wrong*. Everything has to do with her."

Suddenly, Lucina transformed into her magical girl form in a flash of blue light, her sword at the ready.

"You're sharp, Noire." The girl admitted, slowly advancing towards Noire. "Yes, you're right about me. I don't give a *damn* if you live or die, I don't care. I just don't want Severa to see you like this as you destroy yourself.

If you don't let me help you now, you're going to die either way."
Noire seized slightly, staring at that oh-so-*sharp* blade in Lucina's hands.

"You see, if you make her suffer any more..." Lucina pointed her sword directly at Noire's head. "If you make Severa suffer any more...

Then I will kill you, right here, right now, Noire."

"Chrom!" Robin reached out for the blue haired man as he faced the giant wolf-headed Risen that had descended from the ceiling.

Chrom grinned at it, hefting the massive sword he had in his hands over his back. The Risen stared down at him, roaring incomprehensibly. His audacious grin merely widened.

"I'm going to tell you something right now, something important, so you better clear out the cobwebs from those huge ears of yours and listen! The reputation of the Shepherds echoes far and wide!" Chrom announced proudly, pointing at his own chest with his thumb. "When they talk about its badass leader, the man of indomitable spirit and manliness...

They're talking about me! The mighty Chrom!"

With one swift stroke, he drew his sword from the scabbard and pointed it at the Risen.

Robin shivered. "C-Chrom...I don't think it likes us too much..."

Chrom merely chuckled, challenging the beast to a standoff.

"Now *come on!* Show the mighty Chrom what you're *made of*!"

The fight had just begun, and little did they know that the tiny boy hiding behind Chrom was the very catalyst of a destiny far greater than the universe itself.

"What...in the name of Naga...did I just read." Robin blinked, stepping back from the computer. Reflet giggled. "You like my crossover fic? I'm pretty proud of the piece with Noire in it, too."
"That was...I don't..." Lucina was speechless. "...what?!"

Todd, meanwhile, clapped. "A masterpiece, mother. An absolute masterpiece."

Chrom slapped his forehead with his palm. "Reflet, I have actual *lawmaking* to do. Was this necessary?"

"You guys are boring." The grandmistress threw her hands up in the air and shut the laptop. "Seriously? I do this *one* thing for you guys and it's just criticise, criticise, criticise!"

"...wait, was that uploaded?" Robin inquired, raising his finger.

"Of course." Reflet shrugged. "What else would I have done?"

"REFLET!" Lucina cried. "WHY?!"

"...A girl needs to be creative too, y'know." Reflet commented. "Sheesh."

Robin closed his eyes. "Come on, Lucina, let's go."

"I should have you arrested for wasting my time..." Chrom remarked, shaking his head.

"You guys have no appreciation for talent." Reflet crossed her arms, huffing.

END

A/N: Just a little chapter for me to write while I get myself out of writer's block. Sorry, lads and gents. Next chapter, Lucina Reacts to New Future Children! Yes, the new future children.

References made this chapter:

-Fate stay/night

-Mirai Nikki

-Kingsman: The Secret Service

-Code Geass

-Gurren Lagann

-Puella Magi Madoka Magica

A cookie for anyone who figured out where all the scenes were from before the author notes.

So, I hope you enjoyed that, leave your reviews, comments, suggestions, criticisms, reviews and thoughts, and I hope you have a GREAT day! Until next time!

Chapter 46: The Alternate Future Children, Part 1!

Shepherds React to Alternate Future Children, Part 1!

A/N: Welcome, one and all, to Lucina Reacts! After the lacklustre last couple of chapters- and being spoiled for Fates, thanks a lot guys, now I can never unsee what I have seen, you monsters-

I'm back. Now, if only I was rich enough and Fates was out in English, you'd have your Azura Reacts already. :P

Also, you guys are monsters for spoiling Fates for me. ;-;

DISCLAIMER: Fire Emblem belongs to Nintendo, otherwise we would have expies of Sumia, Lissa and Lon'qu in Fates. (You may have not noticed, but I like Sumia a lot.)

All mentioned franchises and characters belong to their respective owners.

A Tavern in Ylisstol...

"So that lad, Inigo, is your godson?" A blonde maiden asked, pouring Reflet out a drink. Reflet took the drink gratefully, smiling at her.

"Well, in a sense." Reflet explained. *'Well, I kinda am. In another world. As a favour to Olivia.*

Naga knows I'd deny that girl anything.'

"Heh." The maiden chuckled. "So he is. I can see it, y'know. You love hanging around guys."
"And girls. I love the girls too." Reflet smirked. "Surprised nobody's snapped *you* up yet~"

The maiden blushed. "You're too kind, Miss Reflet."

"Well, if Chrom once had his eye on you, you can't be that ugly." Reflet reminded her, winking.

"My, two lovely lasses sharing a drink? I'll join in." As if on cue, Inigo sat next to Reflet, smirking cheekily. Reflet rolled her eyes.

"Boy, I knew your mother. I knew your mother in two realities." The grandmistress shot back. "Don't you try your Casanova crap."
"Casanova?" The boy tilted his head. "Heh. He sounds like a fun guy to be around, if you're comparing me to him.

And you, miss." He looked over to the bartender. "What's this about having Chrom's eye on you?"
"*Had*. I used to be a servant of his, back before the Shepherds became all big and famous." She remarked. "Y'know, that could've been me in the palace instead of Queen Sumia."
Reflet shrugged. "True."

Inigo shook his head in disbelief. "You're kidding."

"No, she isn't. Trust me, I've been to enough Outrealms to know she isn't kidding. Chrom used to be worse than you at womanising." The grandmistress remarked. "Seriously, if it wasn't Sumia, it could've been Sully, or Maribelle, or even your mother."
"Me? A prince?" Inigo tilted his head, rubbing his chin thoughtfully. "Well...*Prince* Inigo...I like the sound of that. Sounds pretty fitting to me.

Hm...maybe I could use that..."
"The name's Gerda." The maiden waved at him.

"...now I know who you are." Inigo snapped his finger. "You were one of the camp followers accompanying us back during the wars!"
Gerda grinned. "Got it in one. I dunno if I ever fixed you up, dear."

Reflet looked around. "Huh. Guess you got a nice deal out of it."
"Well, running a tavern here in Ylisstol's a pretty good deal, I suppose." Gerda shrugged. "So, why the sudden interest in me and Chrom's history?"
"You should probably drop by the palace." The grandmistress offered. "You know, old times. I mean, you didn't fight with us, but Chrom's probably going to recognise you."

Gerda merely laughed, shaking her head. "No, no, it'd be pretty awkward. Besides, it's been a long while since I talked to the guy.

Thanks for the offer though."

"Well, that's a shame." Inigo sighed. "So, any chance you and I could-"
"Boy, I've been married since the end of the war." Gerda admitted, holding up a finger with a wedding ring. "You're gonna have to try harder 'n that to get at me."

Inigo backed off, frowning. "Oh."

Reflet stood up. "Well, it's been nice talking to you, but I better go. It's a bit early for me to drink like a madman, isn't it?"
"Wait, why'd you call me over here?" Inigo inquired as the grandmistress strolled off.

Reflet drew near him, whispering to him. "It's about your mother."
"Huh? What about Mother?" The boy asked, confused. "Is she okay? Is something going to happen?"
"No, nothing. It's just, well, *where is she*?" Reflet inquired. "Haven't seen her in a while."
Inigo thought carefully. "Well, uh..."

Meanwhile...

"Heh." Gaius sat atop a stall roof, waving a bunch of chocolates in his hands as several rich nobles checked their pockets confusedly.

"Like taking candy from a baby. Nah, that's harder than this." He remarked, chuckling as he scampered off across the stalls.

Meanwhile, Olivia, who was crouched nearby, squeed happily.

"I love it when h-he does that..." The dancer sighed dreamily, watching him leap from rooftop to rooftop. "I-I just w-wish he'd sweep *me* away l-like that..."

Back with Reflet and Inigo...

"...she's stalking Gaius again, isn't she?" Reflet questioned him. Inigo sighed, exasperated.

"Yes, yes she is. Wait, that's all you were going to ask me?"

"Yeah." Reflet nodded. "Basically."
"So, why did you need to-"

Suddenly, Todd appeared from next to Reflet, tapping his mother on the shoulder. "Mom!"
"Oh, hey, what is it?"

"Fates was released in Japan."

"WHAT?!" The grandmistress stared at him. "So I can finally fulfil my booty call on Azura *and* have my Elise *imouto* action?!"

Inigo gave Todd a confused look. He shrugged, confusedly, before turning back to his mother.

"Nah, Sakura's the best little sister. The tactician responded. "You're delusional."
"Dammit, I'm hopping over to there now and I'm grabbing me a copy. No, *both* versions. See you two later!" Reflet began sprinting through the crowds, leaving both boys behind.

Inigo gave Todd a strange look. "...what, may I ask, is an emu-toe? And who're Elise and Azura?"
"Little sister. My mother has...a thing for little sister heroines. And many things, in fact." Todd admitted. "Sometimes, I think she's still a kid mentally. And those two are...err, characters in a game my mother wants to get."

"Yeah." The boy sighed. "Mother can be...a little troublesome herself." He looked away before pausing.

"Todd."
"Huh?" The tactician looked up, feeling his companion tap his shoulder. "What?"
"I don't think people are supposed to be sleeping with their heads in beer barrels." Inigo remarked. Todd's eyes widened

as he turned to face the person who was supposedly sleeping in a beer barrel.

Judging from her attire, she was a dark mage, wearing the same kind of clothing that the likes of Tharja did. Her translucent black robes barely concealed pale skin, and both boys' eyes were drawn briefly to her rather large chestpiece, covering her rather large chest, before their gaze travelled towards her neck. Her head was lowered into the barrel, from which a light snoring could be heard, but they could see a hint of shoulder-length pink hair poking out from underneath.

Inigo slowly moved to approach her, but Todd was next to her before he could move. He examined her closely.

"...no way. *Nanami*?!" Todd cried in disbelief. Inigo raised an eyebrow, curious.

"Nanami?"
"Probably not. Wrong world, but damn if she doesn't *look* like her..." The tactician mused, before taking one of the dark mage's head, leaving his companion confused. "Hey, Inigo, take her legs. We'll get her to the castle before anyone asks any questions."
"There's a perfectly nice tavern here!" The boy protested, gesturing to the one they just left.

"One, you're not flirting with her. Two, I have a hunch this girl isn't just a dark mage."

Inigo tilted his head. "And why's that?"

Todd dipped his hand into the barrel, before lifting out something that made the boy's eyes widen.

It was a burnt, singed version of one of Aversa's golden bangles.

Todd sighed, shaking his head and starting to chuckle.

"It seems Auntie Aversa may have some explaining to do to Lucina."

Meanwhile...

Gaius retreated over the rooftops with his ill-gotten treats, landing safely on top of a house several blocks away from the palace. He fished out one lollypop from his pocket, grinning at his prize.

"Heh." The thief chuckled, opening the sweet wrapper. "Now, to enjoy the bounty of a *completely* productive day-"
"Looks nice. Mind if I have some?"

"Grah!" Gaius cried out in shock, nearly dropping the lollipop into the crowd below, before looking to the source of the voice. "Crivens! Who's up here?!"

"Me, of course." The boy behind him was grinning.

He had piercing green eyes, poking out underneath a head of short, rough brown hair. His ears were pointed, telling Gaius almost immediately he was likely a manakete, one of the rare few individuals capable of turning into a dragon. His attire was almost as loose as Gaius' own- a leather sleeveless vest exposing part of his toned chest, and loose leather trousers and boots to complete the ensemble.

He was also eating an apple, looking curiously at the thief.

"Hey." The boy raised an eyebrow. "Didn't you look when you climbed up here?"
"Crivens, I didn't think anyone *would* be up here!" Gaius cried, stuffing his sweets back in his pockets. "Just who are you, anyway?"

"Bagri." The boy extended his hand casually to the thief. "Pleasure to meet the famous Gaius in person."

Gaius looked uncertainly at him. "*Famous* Gaius?"

"Wait, crap. I'm not supposed to-"

"You're Tiki's, aren't you?" The thief cut him off. "Tiki's son, I mean. You don't look like Nowi's, and you're definitely not Nah's, unless someone's not telling me something."

Bagri blinked confusedly. "How'd you figure me out so quickly?"
"Not many people wander around Ylisstol with pointy ears." Gaius remarked, before pulling Bagri's Dragonstone out of

his pocket, much to the manakete's confusion as he rustled around his own vest for it. "Or a Dragonstone."

"How'd you-"
"I've been in the thieving business long enough." The thief reminded him. "I'm gonna need a nickname for you.

Wait, wait. If Tiki's your mom, who's your dad?"
"Robin, of course. Dad's around here, isn't he?" Bagri's eyes whipped around.

'*Uh oh.'* Gaius thought, frowning. *'This is going to be one sticky situation if Tiki's son by Robin's here.*

*Lucina **really** isn't going to be happy about this.'*

"Uh..." Gaius rubbed the back of his head. "You said Robin, right? Not, say...Robert? Ricken?"

Bagri shook his head. "No, Robin. Mom will prove it, trust me."

'*Lucina's going to go mental.'* Gaius lamented. *'Well, there's nothing for it, at any rate...'*

The thief offered him his hand. "Here. Bagri, right? I'm calling you Spike from now on."
"...all right?" Bagri took his hand. "Where are we going?"
"Tiki's going to have a little explaining to do when I get back to the castle." Gaius remarked. "Come on, let's go."

Bagri tilted his head. "Why would Mom need to do a little...explaining?"

"It's a *long* story."

...

Meanwhile...

"Good Naga, what does this girl eat?" Inigo grunted, as he and Todd hauled the dark mage girl up the hill towards the palace, carrying her at each end- Inigo at her feet, Todd at her head.

"Probably the same thing Sully and Kjelle eat to build their muscles." Todd muttered, clearly struggling. "She's smaller than us, but she's *heavy*..."
The girl snored above them, mumbling in her sleep. "Ggh...blueberries..."

"My, my. How risqué! A sleeping girl, being carried home to the castle by two *dashing* young boys!"

As if on cue, Aversa had suddenly appeared in front of the three, tilting her head and smirking. "I didn't take you two for that kind-"
"Sadly, today I am *not* wooing another lovely maiden." Inigo remarked, frowning. Aversa scoffed.

"Oh, you don't have to hide it, dear boy~" She winked at him. "I know what you really think~"

Todd piped up from the back. "Actually, we were just wonderin-"

"Aversa...mama..." The girl muttered suddenly, almost causing the tactician carrying her head to trip and drop her. Aversa's eyes widened.

"...mama?"

"...yeah." Todd nodded. "That's your daughter."

The dark sorceress, was, of course, taken aback. "...a-a daughter?!"

Inigo sighed. "Seems like it. At least we know where she gets her body from."
"...hoho, while I do enjoy my...fair share of men, I don't think I've had the pleasure of mothering a ...child..." Aversa remarked slowly, losing her confidence and staring at the girl.

Inigo grunted. "Yes, your daughter."
"W-well...that's hardly possible!" Aversa cried. "I mean, I've checked. I'm not pregnant, and I..."

Todd shook his head. "That's not the only answer. Remember Fiora? She was from a timeline where Lucina never existed and there was a whole different set of future children.

For all we know, she could be one, too."

Suddenly, the girl stirred, her hazel eyes fluttering open as she looked up at her mother.

"...mama?" She inquired hopefully. "Where...am I...?"
"...no?" Todd shook his head. "You're in Ylisstol."

Aversa crossed her arms. "Y-you must be mistaken! I'm not your m-mother, girl. I-I mean, I can see t-the resemblance, but-"
"Mama...I-I'm...Yolanda, your daughter." The girl softly stated, rubbing her eyes. "S-sorry about the...sudden drop in...I-I didn't fall asleep here, did I?

A-And can you let me down?"
Todd shook his head and obliged, motioning to Inigo to let her down. "No, we found you asleep with your head in a barrel. Yolanda, was it?"
"Morgan? Brother?" She looked over at Todd. "Is that...you?"

'*Crap.'* Todd's expression immediately changed to one of deep concern. *'She's calling me brother, so that means...*

Uh-oh.'

Aversa paused. "Brother? That means..."
"That means Robin is her father." Inigo completed for her. Yolanda's head turned towards him.

"Inigo? You know where Father is? And why is your hair different?"

To compound matters, Gaius suddenly appeared, pulling a boy with pointed ears through the gate.

Todd looked exasperated. "...Gaius, *please* tell me that is *not* who I think it is."

"Yolanda?" The boy called. "What the-where were you?!"
"I was...I took a nap..." The dark mage explained. "I...thought you two were watching me..."

"You two?" Todd scratched his head. "Okay, whoa, whoa. Hang on. Firstly, manakete guy, explain."
He pointed at the boy with pointed ears. "You. Who are you?"
"I'm Bagri. And why are you wearing Father's robes?" The manakete retorted.

"*Father*? Oh, you're not serious. Not one, but *two* children of Robin's." Todd cried out in exasperation. "Come on!"

And, as if on cue, Lucina and Robin walked out of the palace proper, talking to each other while holding hands.

"...you know, Lucina, I was...made aware of this nice tavern in Ylisstol, where we could get some privacy..." The grandmaster explained. Lucina blushed slightly.

"U-um...w-well...i-if you think that's-"

Yolanda and Bagri both pointed at Robin simultaneously. "Father?"

Robin's head snapped up, staring at the two.

"...w-what?"

Lucina's eyes widened in surprise. "...d-did they just...c-call you Father?"

To be continued...

A/N: Yes, Reflet likes Azura. And Elise. A lot. Those of you who know what I'm getting at, congratulations.

Also, I might finally be recovering from my bout of writer's block, but my schedule may be irregular as it hasn't left me just about yet. And *damn* Robin's going to have to do a lot of explaining.

So, I hope you enjoyed that, leave your ideas, comments, suggestions, criticisms, thoughts and reviews, and I hope you have a GREAT day! Until next time!

Chapter 47: The Alternate Future Children, Part 2!

Shepherds React to Alternate Future Children, Part 2!

A/N: Welcome, one and all, to Lucina Reacts! Now, to tease you Aqua/Kamui shippers because why not, Kamui/Elise best ship, because Elise is best waifu. That is all, I'll see myself out.

But enough talk about Fates, we're talking about Awakening while we wait for it to be released over here. For all of you seriously wondering about some...certain spoilers, they may appear in cameos or as the subjects of one chapter, but I will likely save them for when/if, I ever actually GET Fates. In the meantime, have some more panicking Lucina, whipped Robin and very unamused Todd.

DISCLAIMER: Fire Emblem belongs to Nintendo, otherwise Elise would have been a character in Awakening. (In case you couldn't tell yet, I really like Elise. And I haven't even played the game yet.)

All mentioned franchises and characters belong to their respective owners.

"Father?" Robin looked taken aback by the two new arrivals. Yolanda nodded sleepily, rubbing her eyes, while Bagri nodded happily.

"Yes. Hello, Father!"

Lucina was reduced to blinking rather rapidly for a few seconds. Inigo, Todd and Gaius swore they could *feel* killing intent slowly ooze from the princess.

"E-eh...I got things to do." Gaius spoke up, hastily taking his leave. Inigo, looking around worriedly at Lucina, decided to follow suit.

"A-and I've got a date! I-I really must go launder my cat for my date with evergreens!" The boy blurted out hastily before running after Gaius. Todd looked at Inigo in disbelief as he scurried off.

'*Gee, thanks, Inigo. What a good friend **you** are.*' The tactician rolled his eyes.

Lucina turned to Bagri slowly, her face twisted in a smile, her eyelid twitching.

"...who is your mother?" The princess uttered out sweetly. The manakete started shivering himself.

"T-Tiki...a-and her mother's...A-Aversa..."

"...Lucina, before you start stabbing people, listen to me." Todd stepped towards her, taking care not to alarm her. "Look, you have no idea how infinite the possibilities are."
"Lucina, I would *never* do such a thing." Robin calmly intoned, facing her down. "I swear, I have eyes for you and you *only*."

"He's right, you know. The guy saw Cordelia naked by accident once and didn't even bat an eyelid."

"D-Damn it, Sumia! That was a secret! A *secret*!" The grandmaster cried out in embarrassment. Todd shrugged.

"It's either that or your girlfriend guts you." The tactician reminded him. "If I had to pick between embarrassing secrets and being gutted, I'll take the secret."

"Then explain these two." Lucina pointed, drawing her sword to point at both of them. Bagri was shivering in his boots.

Todd cleared his throat. "It follows that if there are infinite worlds, there are infinite possibilities, therefore the only conclusion, since Robin here is all but Lucinasexual, is that these two come from other Outrealms where he married Aversa or Tiki, and the other guy's joking. You're joking, right?" He turned to the manakete, who nodded eagerly.

"I-I was...I was joking! I-I know he isn't my dad...m-my dad has brown hair..." He squeaked out, shrinking away; his companion was too sleepy to notice. "A-and h-her dad was p-pink haired..."

Lucina took his words into consideration for a second before sheathing the Parallel Falchion. "Excellent. Alright, that misunderstanding has been cleared up now!" She smiled sincerely, a stark contrast to the mood she was in mere seconds ago. "So, why are you here?"
'And here I thought someone would die.' Todd mused, sighing in relief. *'Good Naga, that much killing intent would kill a*

normal man...'

Bagri was still scared of the jealous Lucina he'd seen briefly, slowly nodding. "I-I...I was looking for a friend, t-that's all! A friend! Pleasedon'thurtmelpromiseheisn'tmydad..."

Robin tilted his head. "...alright. So...you two aren't my children. Thank Naga..."

Aversa seemed disappointed. "Aw. And here I thought I would have to fight-"
Lucina immediately glared at her.

"...I'll just shut up now." Aversa took the opportunity to flee before the princess decided to preemptively eliminate any threats to her relationship with Robin.

Todd rubbed his chin. "A friend, you say. What, like, you wanted to *make* friends or-"
"Actually, there were three of us." The manakete explained. "We kinda gathered up together in the Outrealms to go exploring. Y'know, Ylisse and Valm are nice places, but I kinda got bored of the place.

And Yolanda here just got swept across wherever she came from."

Robin nodded slowly. "And the third?"
"We were e-encamped just outside Ylisstol," Bagri explained, still eying Lucina's sword carefully. "T-there were three of us; m-me, Yolanda and a-another girl. A-Artemisia, I think she was called..."

"Artemisia..." Robin rubbed his chin. "...hm. Alright. We'll find her. What should we expect?"
The pink-haired girl suddenly spoke up, her eyes slowly opening up.

"She's...pretty tall...and she has brown-ish hair..." Yolanda sleepily stated, taking a moment to yawn. "She has...armour like...the pegasus riders here wear..."

Lucina thought carefully. "A woman my age, with similar armour to those in the Ylissean Pegasus Wing. She should be relatively distinctive, considering almost everyone else with such armour are training with Cordelia at the moment."

Todd sighed. "I'll get looking for her. You two...watch over these two so they don't get into trouble with the Justice Cabal or something."

Lucina studied him suspiciously. "You're *part* of the Justice Cabal. Why would you care if they get caught by them?"
The tactician spared Yolanda a glance, watching her yawn briefly.

"...well, they *are* my alternate universe siblings, of sorts." Todd admitted, shrugging. "It'd be kinda rude for me to leave them out to dry like that, no?"

"...you have some ulterior motive, I can feel it." The princess grumbled, before shaking her head. "Fine, Robin, let's take these two inside. It is rather cold outside, after all.

I'm sorry I doubted you, Robin." Lucina looked genuinely penitent. "It...is unusual for me to react so harshly...you would never do that, after all."
"Crazy jealous, much?" Todd remarked, whistling.

"Shut up, Todd."
"Gotcha." The tactician took this opportunity to make his exit, stage left to hunt down this Artemisia person.

Minutes later, in the palace...

"So..." Tiki spoke up, yawning sleepily and looking Bagri up and down. "...this is my son."

"Err...technically, I'm your son from a different world where you, err, married Robin." He explained, still looking behind him to watch out for Lucina, who was watching them from the door, crossing her arms.

Tiki tilted her head, confused. "I...marry Robin?"
"You were quite in love with him." Her son explained. "He always reminded you of your dear Mar-Mar."

"Ah...yes," The manakete nodded, smiling tenderly. "Robin did remind me of Mar-Mar...the way he had people trust him, the way he leads them...and his looks-"
"Ahem." Lucina cleared her throat loudly.

Aversa, meanwhile, was staring the younger manakete up and down, rubbing her chin and smiling appreciatively.

"My, my." The sorceress spoke in a sultry voice, chuckling. "You seem quite the personality, and your body isn't too shabby, either. Do you, by any chance, like older women?"
Bagri blushed profusely at that. "Um...err...you're, um, my...uh...aunt..."
"Only in another dimension, dear. I'm not your aunt here." Aversa reminded him teasingly. Bagri stepped back, his face turning red in embarrassment.

"Ahh..."

Robin facepalmed, exasperated. "Aversa, is this *really* necessary?"

"My, *onii-chan*, are you getting protective?" The sorceress teased him. "Don't worry, I'll have enough time for *you* after finishing with this boy~"
"...oh, now you call me that since Todd *told* you what that meant." The grandmaster responded. "Damn this *anime* thing."

"Onii-chan, don't treat your little sister like that!" Aversa whimpered mockingly, grinning. Robin was about to retort about how much older Aversa was than him when suddenly, however, Yolanda tripped and fell asleep on her shoulder, knocking the sorceress over.

"Sleepy..." The dark mage uttered before falling unconscious. Aversa squirmed underneath her, grumbling while being pinned underneath her daughter's chest.

"Gggh...the time my supple chest is a disadvantage..." The sorceress muttered.

Robin looked over at Bagri. "So...you're pretty active-"
"Learned from the best." The manakete admitted. "Gaius and I were pretty close in my home reality."

"...but...a thought occurs. Why aren't *you* as sleepy as your mother and Yolanda is?"
"I dunno. Teenage rebellion? Being half human?" Bagri shrugged. "My Tiki was a lot sleepier than this. Tiki?"

The older manakete had already fallen asleep on the table. Robin sighed.

"Well, thank Naga you got that part from alternate-universe me and not her." The grandmaster remarked. "We have enough sleepy people here as it is."

He strolled over to prop Yolanda and Tiki up to be in less uncomfortable positions as they napped, while Lucina glared at Aversa.

"...must you be so flirtatious?"
"If you have it, flaunt it." The sorceress retorted, smirking. "Of course, you wouldn't know too much about that-"
"ADEQUATE!" Lucina snapped, hugging her arms over her- perfectly adequate and not at all flat like an ironing board-chest. "They are *ADEQUATE*!"

"I was referring to your flirting skills, dear." Aversa responded, winking at her. Lucina froze, before blushing in embarrassment.

"O-oh. U-um..."

Robin sighed. "Just ignore my sister. Please. Can't Todd hurry up? This is starting to get very awkward..."

"Y-you're telling me..." Bagri uttered out, still flustered by Aversa's advances towards him.

Meanwhile...

Todd sighed, pushing his way through the crowds of Ylisstol and trying to look out for a girl of the description he'd been given. "Of course those three have to show up in the middle of one of the busiest days of the week.

Wonderful. This'll be like trying to find a needle in a hay-"

"Excuse me!"

The tactician was suddenly bowled over by a girl tripping over him. Knocked over, the boy glared up at whoever had knocked him over.

"Hey!" Todd snapped irritably, wincing at his knee being scraped across the rough path. "Watch where you're going, will ya?!"

"S-Sorry!" The girl offered him a hand up, allowing Todd to get a closer look at his accidental assailant.

She was wearing armour of a sort he'd never seen before; not in Ylisse, Plegia, Valm or Regna Ferox, nor in the histories of Magvel and Elibe he had read and viewed pictures of while bored in the library- or playing old games of Fire Emblem on the laptop's emulator. Her hair was done in a ball atop her head, but the sunlight and the angle at which she was looking down at him made it hard for him to discern what colour it was apart from 'light'. Her features were quite light and feminine, slightly obscured by the blue scarf she was wearing wrapped around her neck. In her hand was a cleric's staff, again unfamiliar to his eyes, either from the games he'd played or the world he lived in.

Her accent was hard for him to identify, too. She spoke English- or Ylissean as they called it around here- and sounded vaguely Chon'sinese, from what little he'd heard her say, but if it was from Chon'sin, it wasn't anything like Lon'qu or Say'ri.

"Are you alright? You took quite a spill." She inquired, tilting her head as Todd took it, grumbling.

"I'll live. Why're you in a rush? There's nothing going on in Ylisstol today."

"So that's what this place is called! Ylisstol!" The cleric responded, amazed. "That's cool."

"...you're not from here." The tactician commented. She shook her head.

"Of course not. I'm from...err...a far-off kingdom." She explained, smiling. "Yes, a far-off kingdom. I kinda came here to see the parents of one of my friends, but I don't think they're here right now, so I was going to go grab some food. You wanna join me?"
"No thanks." Todd shook his head, chuckling. "It'd be weird for me to join a complete stranger for lunch, and anyway I'm looking for someone...your name wouldn't be Artemisia, by any chance, would it?"
The girl tilted her head confusedly. "...that's a weird name. Of course not."
"Oh. Alright then. I'll leave you to it." Todd sighed. "Have a nice day."
"O-oh! Wait! S-since we're talking about names, what's yours? Just in case I run into you again someday? Not literally, of course." The girl quipped, giggling at herself.

Todd smiled. "The name's Todd. Yours?"
"Kanna. My name's Kanna." The girl pointed at herself happily. "I guess I'll see you around then, Todd?"

'*Kanna. Why does that name sound familiar?'* The tactician mused briefly. *'...never mind, I'll figure it out later.'*

"Alright. I'll...see you around, if you're ever in Ylisstol, Kanna." Todd waved at her and continued running.

Kanna chuckled to herself. *'Huh...he seems nice. Wonder if I'll see him again?'*

Todd eventually managed to push his way through the crowds, sighing as he collapsed onto the door of a tavern and pushing himself in.

He sighed heavily, wiping his brow. "Good Naga, it's hot-"

The tactician froze, looking over at the back of the tavern. Through the crowded room, he could spy the familiar glint of bronze Ylissean armour. His eyes were drawn towards the glint and he focused closely on the person wearing it.

Her hair was a dark brown, tied in a bun behind her head, and a silver lance was perched next to her. Engraved upon the back of the armour, however, was not the Mark of Naga, but the harmonious union between the Marks of Naga and Grima that he'd seen once before; the medallion Emmeryn's daughter Fiora carried with her.

'*That MUST be Artemisia.'* The tactician concluded. *'I doubt anyone else would be wearing such armour...'*

He carefully strolled towards her, pushing past the crowds to speak to her. Todd lightly tapped her on the shoulder.

"Excuse me."

Artemisia turned to face him. Her eyes were a somewhat chilly blue, stunning Todd briefly, before he shook his head.

"Erm...hi?"

"Who are you and what do you want with me? Be quick with it." Artemisia warned him brusquely.

'*Eesh. This girl doesn't take any nonsense.*'

"A couple of friends sent me." Todd explained. "They wanted me to find you."
"Hm." The pegasus rider stared at him sternly. "So they did. Who were they?"
"...erm...Yolanda and...some other guy. Bag-his name was crap."

"...I believe you." Artemisia sighed, picking up her lance. "Well? Where are my companions?"
"The palace, actually." Todd stated. Artemisia lifted an eyebrow, looking at him carefully.

"What? So Lady Emmeryn is detaining them?"

'*Oh brother.*'

...

"Where is Lady Emmeryn? Where is Lady Fiora?" Artemisia inquired, walking into the room where Tiki, Aversa, Lucina and Robin were, along with the other two children.

Robin looked up at her from where he was sitting with Lucina, frowning. "I'm guessing this is the third child?"
"Mhm. She comes from Fiora's world, it seems." Todd nodded, gesturing to the familiar coat of arms of Ylisse-Plegia. Lucina frowned.

"She won't like the news, then."

"News? Wait, who are you?" Artemisia immediately strolled up to Lucina, staring at her tiara and then at the Falchion. "What right have you to wear those? The Falchion is the property of the Royal-"
"I am Lucina, Heir to the Throne of the Halidom of Ylisse." The princess responded regally, drawing herself to her full height. Even Todd was cowed briefly by her display of power. "I am indeed worthy of wielding this blade, and if you wish to complain about it, you may take it up with the Exalt Chrom himself!"

She sat down after that, leaving a stunned newcomer and a very dazed Robin.

"...my. Lucina...I've never seen you so angry since the war." The grandmaster admitted, hugging her to his side briefly.

"I have had a *long* day with all these children of yours." The princess admitted. "I'm sorry, Robin."

"No, it's not your fault."

Artemisia took a step back. "...so this world is ruled by the Exalt Chrom and not the Exalt Emmeryn?"
"Well, we tried to warn you when we saw the banners of Ylisse being flown outside the gate." Bagri remarked. "But you decided to march in ahead-"
"I had to locate Lady Fiora." The pegasus rider responded. "Her safety matters the most."
Robin raised a finger. "Actually, if you're looking for Fiora...she's actually currently in the village of Renais, a few miles west of Themis. She'd be living with Emmeryn here.

I'm aware of the state of your world, Artemisia."

"...I see." The pegasus rider remained taciturn. "Thank you, stranger."

"I'm Robin, the court tactician." The grandmaster introduced himself, before motioning to the other tactician. "This is Todd, a son of a friend of mine and another tactician. I'm assuming you know the other two."

"As a matter of fact, I was suspicious of Yolanda. Aversa was a war criminal in my world who was executed at the hands of Phila." Artemisia calmly recounted. Aversa frowned.

"Oh. *Charming.*"
"You said the exact same thing when you were executed."
"Nice to know that I share the same taste for dying wherever I live." Aversa remarked somewhat annoyedly.

Bagri stretched his arms and tapped Yolanda on the shoulder, who woke up with a bleary rub of her eyes. "So, that's all three of us back, then. I guess we'd better be heading out to find Fiora, yeah?"
"We should. I am getting concerned that she may be injured." Artemisia stated, preparing to walk out of the door. Todd, however, stepped in front of them.

"Wait, wait, wait. Hang on." The tactician called out. "Is this all of you?"

This time, it was Yolanda's turn to speak.

"Actually..." The dark mage started, taking a moment to yawn. "...there's more of us."

"More...alternate children?" Robin inquired. Lucina stared at her.

"What do you mean more?"
"Well, we kinda gathered a big group of future kids. Y'know, like a dung beetle gathers dung into a ball." Bagri explained, chuckling.

Todd's expression immediately changed to a haunted one. "...how many?"
"Oh. Just Donnel, Priam, Walhart and Say'ri's daughters, and Flavia's son. Oh, and Basilio's son, can't forget him. I think we had another one, but he kinda left to do his own thing.

Oh, wait, we also had this girl called Ophelia, but we never found out who hei parents were."

'*...that name sounds very familiar.*' Todd mused. *'I can't help but think I've* ***heard*** *it before...'*

"...wonderful." Lucina started groaning. "Please, *please* tell me they're not *all* Robin's children."
"Or Mother's." Todd added. "Please."

Bagri shrugged, a teasing grin on his face. "Can't tell ya that. Now if you excuse us..."

"I want to sleep a little first..." Yolanda pleaded as Bagri took her hand.

"Not now, Yolanda. Artemisia might start getting lonely without her Lady Fiora~"
"I take her safety seriously, boy." The pegasus rider snapped back at him. "Tch.

We shall not trouble you much longer. Goodbye."

With that, she took her two other companions out of the room, presumably taking them out of the palace.

Todd sighed. "Well. Alternate Future Children. That's a thing."

"Indeed it is..." Lucina nodded, rubbing her temples. "I think I'll need one of those aspirin confectioneries. Robin?"
"Sorry, Lucina. I'm all out." The grandmaster confessed. "I'll need to ask Miriel for some more."

Suddenly, Reflet burst into the room, an irritated expression on her face.

"God *damn it*! They ran out of copies of *Conquest*! And to think I've been trying *not* to spoil myself for the game, what with spoilers *everywhere*!" The grandmistress cursed. "I wanted my Elise imouto action NOW! Oh well. I'll wait for them to release it in English. I'll wager that they get someone nice to dub over Azura's songs-

Oh, hey. What did I miss?"

Robin just stared at her.

"Imouto...act-I don't even want to know." The grandmaster sighed. "Just...thank Naga you weren't here."
Reflet looked confusedly at him.

"Huh? What? What did I do?"

END

DISCLAIMER: Spoilers for Fire Emblem Fates.

A/N: Because you people kept begging for FE:F stuff, I couldn't resist putting Kanna in as a cameo. Probably the last time it'll be done until I get the game and therefore can properly write them. Although proper characterisations and me don't have a...very nice relationship, as you can imagine.

So, next chapter, Lucina Reacts to Date Peeping! Hohohohoohoh. This is gonna be fun.

So, I hope you enjoyed that, leave your ideas, comments, suggestions, criticisms, reviews and thoughts, and I hope you have a GREAT day! Until next time!

Chapter 48: Lucina Reacts to Date Peepers!

Lucina Reacts to Date Peepers!

A/N: Welcome, one and all, to Lucina Reacts! In light of...fairly recent bad news that you may all be aware of already- but I will not cover in further detail here, we may be in need of a pick-me-up.

On a more cheerful note since we may need that, since you people all asked for it, Lucina Reacts will *finally* get a crossover with Weiss Reacts! Yes, at long last, you will get your Tharja/Velvet wombo combo, Lucina will finally chew out Blake for screwing up her world with fanfiction, and we will possibly even have more jokes at Corrin/Azura's expense. *grin*

So, let's get this glorious chapter on the road!

DISCLAIMER: Fire Emblem belongs to Nintendo, otherwise Gregor would have made a cameo in Fates (hell, knowing Gregor, he might've. :P)

All mentioned franchises and characters belong to their respective owners.

"H-huh. So t-this is w-what a c-calm dinner f-feels like..." Lucina mused, blushing nervously as she picked at her food, looking at her equally nervous boyfriend. Robin nodded slowly.

"Yeah...i-it's a lot less...chaotic." The grandmaster admitted. "I...I don't really know how this works..."

"I guess we just...u-um...eat? And then talk?" Lucina stated, blinking rapidly and trying to maintain her composure.

Robin nodded. "Y-yeah. That's w-what that book I read on this said..."
"Y-you read a book?" The princess inquired.

"Of course! I...I wanted to make it a-a good experience for you, L-Lucina..."

"...tell me what that book is, I-I think I should read it." The princess pleaded. "Please, Robin. D-do you think t-this is a little...weird?"
"W-well...I mean, n-normally, couples d-do this to...erm, get to know each other better, b-but...we've been living i-in the same castle for years..." Robin responded. "U-um...errr..."

The couple had decided to try out the concept of a 'date' that Reflet had suggested to them to get to know each other better. Robin had been about to protest the fact that he and Lucina hardly needed to know each other better when she and Robin had lived under the same roof and spent almost every other day in each other's company before the princess begged him to go along with it for the sake of being able to be with each other in peace.

For that purpose, Robin had recruited a woman called Gerda; she came recommended by Inigo, of all people- to find him an excellent place to have dinner with Lucina in peace at- she'd found a relatively unknown eatery in the northern sector of Ylisstol, where only Miriel frequented- and the sage was currently busy with some sort of device she called a 'bicycle'- allowing the pair to have some peace, assured the Cabal would be unable to follow them.

Lucina breathed heavily. "...um...so...do we just, talk and enjoy the f-food, Robin? I mean, I know this was intended to get u-us to know each other better, but..."

Robin sighed in relief. "Yes, that sounds like a good idea.

You know...this food really is exquisite."

"Yes." The princess nodded, smiling. "It really is well-made. Inigo's friends are well-informed."
"I wonder how he knows her, though...and why she seems so familiar..." The grandmaster pondered. "Ah, well."

"S-so...um..." The princess started twiddling her fingers. "Eh...um...would it be...e-erm...rude to ask for a...kiss? I-I mean- what am I saying? T-this is so embarrassing..."
Robin's cheeks rouged. "Heh...um...well..." He looked around instinctively to ensure nobody was watching, before realising nobody should be.

"Um...I s-suppose..." The grandmaster nodded.

He really was lost on how to do this relationship thing. Robin was a man of many talents- a master strategist, a skilled

pianist, a skilled cook, decent at writing and many other skills; indeed, he was a veritable jack-of-all-trades. Of course, when it came to love and Lucina in particular, nothing in his encyclopaedic knowledge could him. He envied Cordelia sometimes; the falcon knight, despite not being as knowledgeable as he was, knew more about love than anyone else in the Shepherds, even than the likes of Reflet, who specialized in matchmaking.

She would know what to do when your girlfriend asked you for a kiss. Or if you were supposed to ask for those kinds of things. Or if-

"Heehee."

Robin was snapped out of his fugue by a giggle behind him. He flinched.

"Lucina...did you hear that?" The grandmaster inquired. Lucina nodded.

"Yes. Yes I did." The princess cupped her hand around her right ear to hear where the giggling was coming from.

...

"Those two are so awkward and adorable together."
"I know, right? It's so cute~"
"Seriously, they're worse than Cordelia! I mean, Robin had to read a book to learn how to go on-"

"Ahem." Robin loudly cleared his throat, moving the brush where his stalkers were hiding aside, with Lucina starting at them behind him, her hand on the hilt of the Parallel Falchion.

Cynthia and Morgan froze, both blunettes caught in the act of eavesdropping. Morgan waved sheepishly at her parents.

"Hi...mom...dad..." She greeted them, laughing nervously. "...nice night for a walk, huh?"
Cynthia swallowed nervously. "U-uh...sister! I see...you've been polishing your sword quite...nicely..."

Robin crossed his arms, looking quite irritated. "Morgan, why did you follow your mother and I?"
"I...uh...wanted to root for you! You know how it is, with new couples and how hard it is-" Morgan laughed nervously.

"You're a worse liar than your grandmother." Lucina remarked. "Why are you actually here?"
"...I...errr...wanted to see how badly this date would go..." The tactician admitted, chuckling nervously and buckling under her mother's glare. Cynthia sighed, before gaining a determined look in her eyes.

"If we're caught, we're caught! THE JUSTICE CABAL WILL NEVER SURRENDER!" The pegasus rider declared, raising her fists, before Morgan yanked her aunt from behind.

"Now's not the time Cynthia! I think we should cut our losses and go!"
"B-but a Hero of Justice never retreats!"
"My mother looks like she'll *cut you* if you don't go!" The tactician pleaded as she yanked Cynthia away with her, the eyes of her parents following her closely.

Robin sighed when she was out of earshot. "I really don't know where she gets that from."

"...perhaps it's my fault, as she likely gets it from *my* mother." Lucina responded, grumbling. "Or she's spent too much time around Reflet."

"That does tend to have that effect on people." The grandmaster admitted, hanging his head in defeat. "...s-so...should we finish our dinner?"
Lucina nodded. "Yes...yes, that sounds best. That way I can...calm down, and resist the urge to yell at Morgan later."
"Trust me, Lucina," Robin reassured her. "You're not the only one who's going to be yelling at her later."

Meanwhile...

"Gggh...I hate you." Sully grumbled irritably. "You know I really hate you, right?"

Maribelle smirked, her hand extended to receive something. "Well, Sully, you know the rules. You made a bet and now that you lost it, I am here to collect."
"You cheated and helped Cordelia get those two together!" Sully complained.

"Our bet never said I wasn't allowed to do that." The noblewoman pointed out.

"Damn you and your stupid rules lawyering. Next time, I'm making sure you don't pull any of that crap." Sully roughly shoved a small bag of coins into Maribelle's hand. "There, you happy?"
"Very much so." Maribelle responded smugly. "Never bet against the house, or so the common folk say."

The cavalier gave her a furious glare as she walked off, muttering under her breath. Maribelle chuckled to herself, pocketing her ill-gotten gold.

"Hmph. If anything, they should be thanking me for ending that dreadful tango of 'will-they-won't-they'." The noblewoman declared. "To see that those two would hardly recognise love if it hit them in the face is an affront to my-oof!"

She was interrupted, of course, by Morgan running straight into her, knocking her back slightly. Cynthia shook her head, looking up. "Oh, h-hey Maribelle."
"Errm, sorry about that, we'll just be on our way-"
"Now wait just a minute!" The noblewoman snapped. "What is the meaning of this? Why did you just run into me?"

"We're, erm, trying to get away from my dad so he doesn't punish me." Morgan explained. "Now if you excuse me *I really must be on my way*-"

Maribelle raised an eyebrow. "Why, exactly, are you running away from Robin?"
"We kinda listened in on his date with Lucina and we, erm, got caught!" Cynthia explained hurriedly. "Now can we *please go*?! I think my sister might be going to stab me in my sleep and I rather like living!"

'*...eavesdropping.'* Maribelle thought, staring at the pair disapprovingly. *'How uncouth...'*

"Well, get yourselves gone then!" The noblewoman snapped. "Go on! Before I change my mind about telling your parents, Morgan!"

Morgan gave her a grateful look, before yanking Cynthia to her side and running off into the distance. Sully put a hand on her hip, giving Maribelle a quizzical look.

"You're *helping* them?" The cavalier inquired. Maribelle crossed her arms, scoffing.

"D-don't get the wrong idea! I was simply deciding not to waste the effort of having to go and find Lucina to make her scold that little rascal!"

"Heh. You're a lot more than Lissa than you let on." Sully remarked, before the noblewoman propped herself up on her tiptoes, glaring into Sully's eyes.

"Don't you *dare* say anything about my Lissa!"

Sully scoffed. "Or what, you'll slap me with a glove and challenge me to a duel? That Fiora girl tried that on me because I accidentally disrespected her honor or something the other week.

I knocked her on her ass. Good fight, but she's a little too quick to piss off."

"Lissa is *far* purer than you're implying!"

Suddenly, however, Maribelle felt a chill run down her spine. She immediately turned around to see Tharja, who was heading from the same direction Morgan and Cynthia had come from, her head facing down and her arms huddled around a tome. Sully crossed her arms.

"Heh. Fancy seeing you here-"
"I don't have time for it, Sully." Tharja hissed at her angrily. "Go away before I hex you."
Maribelle tilted her head. "That is hardly any way to treat old friends, Tharja. That's quite rude, even for you. Did something happen?"

"It seems like you all don't know me then." The dark mage retorted sullenly. "Tch. I don't have time for this."

Tharja rudely stormed off. Maribelle gazed at the dark mage as she walked past her, trying to figure out why the already sullen sorceress was even more brusque than usual.

She swore she caught the glimpse of a tear or two, slowly rolling down the dark mage's cheek, before Tharja swiftly strolled into the night.

The next day...

Maribelle crossed her arms, watching Lissa excitedly chat with her and Frederick-once again dragged into acting as their companion for the day by Chrom- carefully contemplating the sight of Tharja possibly crying the night before.

'*...what could that woman possibly have been crying about?*' The noblewoman mused, tapping her chin pensively. *'...it's just not like Tharja to cry. Perhaps someone dumped water on her head- her hair did look a little wet...'*

Lissa continued speaking, unaware of her companion's contemplation. "...so, Freddiebear-"
"Please, milady, don't call me Freddiebear." Frederick pleaded, a haunted look crossing his face. "I haven't a clue where that name came from, but it makes me look like some sort of cuddly animal."
"But you are cuddly!" Lissa protested. Frederick slapped his forehead with his palm, exasperated.

"...I am your bodyguard, your Majesty. I don't think I should look *cuddly* to your enemies."

"Even if we pump more chocolate into you?"
The knight's expression looked even more haunted. "*Please*, no more chocolate. I must keep in shape if I am to protect you."

'*Naga, please, no more chocolates. I am sick to* ***death*** *of eating the chocolates of her admirers. Thank Naga for those potions of Miriel's allowing me to void myself of those damned sweets...'* The knight thought.

Lissa frowned. "Awwww...fine. I won't call you Freddiebear anymore. So, where was I? Oh, right, Donnel!

So, as I was saying-"
"What about Donnel?" Maribelle suddenly looked up, interested in the subject.

"I was just saying...Donnel kinda just waltzed up to me yesterday and...I think he asked me to dinner? And how could I say no? Donnel's kinda cute, after all." Lissa admitted, giggling.

Maribelle's eyelid twitched. "I...see."

"Yeah, and I'm going with him tonight. I think it'll be fun! He's just cute, you know?" The cleric admitted, sighing. "You're not...mad, are you, Maribelle?"
"Huh? Um, no, dear Lissa! Why would I be mad that you're...having dinner with...Donnel?" The noblewoman responded, smiling just a *little* too sweetly.

"...excellent!" Lissa answered, smiling brightly. "So, I should get ready for that. I'll just leave you with Freddiebear-"
Frederick cleared his throat rather noisily.

"I mean, Frederick. You two are fine, right?"
"Actually, I have to go powder my nose." Maribelle stood up, dusting herself off. "Do you mind, Lissa?"
"Of, of course! Go ahead!"

Maribelle stepped out of the room, strolling carefully away. When Lissa was out of earshot, the noblewoman growled.

"So...Donnel thinks he can court Lissa without *my* permission?" Maribelle declared. "How uncouth! I will...of course...have to resort to...uncivilized means to ensure that Lissa is treated well! I wouldn't want some brute to have his way with *my* Lissa, after all...

N-not that I care, or anything. She's simply my friend, after all. N-nothing more. But how...wait, that's it!"

She snapped her fingers.

"I will just have to...*watch out for her*. Yes, I'm not doing the same thing as Morgan is, that would be dreadful. I'm not *stalking* her, I am simply *watching over* her, like Frederick over ourselves. Yes...quite." Maribelle chuckled, tapping her chin pensively. "But who shall I recruit to be my assistant? I need an assistant...in case I need to handle Donnel, after all."

Maribelle looked around quickly and spotted Lucina, who was quietly reading a book. The noblewoman breathed in, before putting on her widest smile and approaching her.

"Hello, Lucina, dear, how are you today?" Maribelle said, greeting the princess. Lucina looked up from her book.

"Ah. Good afternoon, Maribelle. To what do I owe this pleasure?"

"I...erm...am in need of your services, dear." Maribelle explained, clearing her throat. "You see, your aunt Lissa is...in possibly mortal danger. Yes, mortal danger."

Lucina stood up, grasping the hilt of the Parallel Falchion. "Mortal danger? Where is she? Haven't you told Father yet?!"

Maribelle held up a finger. "Ah...that's the thing. She...isn't in danger *yet*, but she might be. And I need you to accompany me."
"Huh?"
"We are going to watch over your aunt to ensure she isn't in any danger whatsoever!" Maribelle offered, smiling.

Lucina thought for one second.

"...point me where you need me. I cannot allow my aunt to be in danger!"
'...I feel guilty for using you like this, Lucina...'The noblewoman contemplated. *'...but my Lissa must be protected.'*

"Excellent. We move at sunset."

To be continued...

A/N: Maribelle recruiting Lucina to stalk Lissa. This ought to be ridiculous. Also, what's with Tharja? Maybe you'll find out soon enough! Also, since I must as the village troll, take up my usual time to do this, blah blah blah Kamui/Elise master race blah blah.

Anyway, next time, the culmination of Maribelle's, ahem 'protection' of Lissa from afar.

So, I hope you enjoyed that, leave your ideas, comments, suggestions, criticisms, reviews and thoughts, and I hope you have a GREAT day! Until next time!

Chapter 49: Lucina Reacts to Date Peepers, Part 2!

Lucina Reacts to Date Peepers, Part 2!

A/N: Welcome, one and all, to Lucina Reacts! Now, a little heads-up on my situation for the last week; I was in Germany for a week, spending most of it doing internship at a summer camp for six hours a day from Monday-Friday, in addition to wanting to see the city itself. That meant obviously that any and all fanfic updates came late or not at all. However, I DID work on this chapter while I was there, allowing me to release it with a little editing. That is all, now have your clingy Maribelle action!

DISCLAIMER: Fire Emblem belongs to Nintendo, otherwise Crimson or Flora would be more heavily pushed as Male!Corrin's love interest. (the feels)

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Sunset, just outside Ylisstol Palace….

Maribelle waited just outside the gate to the palace, watching the sun set over the mountains just beyond the city, her arms crossed and her foot tapping impatiently, waiting for Lucina to show up. Moments ago, she had seen Lissa leaving the palace with Donnel, and she wished to get her stalk-*careful guardianship* operation over with.

After all, she couldn't leave dear Lissa with some person who might do bad things to her. That would be almost *unthinkable.*

'*Tch. Lucina should be more concerned about her aunt.'* The noblewoman thought, huffing irritably. *'After all, Naga knows* what *could be happening to her! I mean, even* Donnel *is capable of atrocities, and I'm doing this to make sure she isn't hurt!*

She is *my friend, after all! J-just my friend!'*

Finally, after what seemed to be an eternity, the princess finally appeared at the gate, clad in a dark russet hood and cloak wrapped around herself, with the hood partially obscuring her face. Maribelle hissed at her angrily.

"Lucina! What are you doing?!" The noblewoman cried. "T-this isn't some sort of c-cloak-and-dagger operation o-or anything! Y-you might give people the wrong idea!"

"I was told we would be watching over my aunt, and so I took the attire I would be needing to do so. Reflet advised me to wear these just in case we might be spotted."
"Spotted? W-we're not doing anything wrong that would get us into trouble if we get seen! D-don't be silly!" Maribelle snapped. "Ggh….."

'*Great. Reflet knows I'm doing this. Naga knows* ***that*** *woman's ever been good for anything…..'* She seethed. *'The only thing I can do is hurry up and hope she doesn't find out before she gets the wrong idea! Naga knows I need her to start spreading indecent rumours about Lissa and I!'*

The noblewoman grumbled, before sweeping across her dress, turning her back on Lucina. "Well? We should go now, then, if you're not busy! Lissa will not protect herself, so we must do it for her!"

"Alright." Lucina started strolling towards town, before turning to Maribelle. "Where did you say Aunt Lissa was headed again?"

"Town! If you must know, she was going to the northern quarter with that Donnel boy!"

"Donnel? As in, the villager Donnel?" The princess inquired, tilting her head. The noblewoman nodded hurriedly before pushing Lucina ahead.

"Yes, yes. THAT Donnel, now hurry up! We are going to LOSE Lissa if we don't keep moving?"
The princess tilted her head, confused. "Huh? But Donnel's strong enough to protect her-"

"No, he isn't! Not from THIS threat! Now hurry up!" Maribelle cried. "And if you see that Reflet, tell her that I called this operation off to go back to Themis!"
Lucina held up a finger. "You're not doing anything that Reflet could *remotely* corrupt if you're just protecting my aunt, right?"

"That woman can corrupt the image of Nah standing in an open field with a stick in her hand." Maribelle remarked, an expression of distaste clear on her face. "Do not underestimate that pervert's ability to manipulate any situation to her liking! Now let's go!"
She stormed past the princess, somehow managing to move incredibly quickly despite her heels and physics dictating she should be far slower than she was. Lucina tilted her head.

"…..the northern quarter is that way, Maribelle."
"I KNEW THAT!"

Minutes later…

"Ma always used to like moonless nights." Donnel explained, his voice shaking as he stared at Lissa. The cleric was smiling playfully at him over their dinner- a nice roast Ylissean deer sirloin paired with finely made rabbit stew- waiting for him to continue.

"And why was that? Don't worry about little old me, I'm just interested~"

The villager boy started blushing slightly as he continued. "W-well….s-she always s-said it was b-because y-you c-could see t-the stars better than n-normally...y-you know, like y-you can't see 'em out here b-because of a-all them lights…."

"Huh? You mean all the lights here are why you can't see stars at night?" Lissa inquired, curious. Donnel nodded.

"Y-yeah. M-Miss Miriel t-taught me that…..c-course, she then s-started talking about t-the merits of t-telepathy a-and how s-she suspects m-miss Reflet h-has it….that's…um….i-is it h-hot in here? O-or…."

Lissa giggled. "It's not exactly *swimsuit* weather- I had to wear my fur coat today. Are you blushing, Donnel~?"
"Y-ye-I mean, n-no!" The villager boy had to look away, twiddling his fingers. He really didn't know what to do in this situation.

Maribelle was perched behind a nearby potted plant, hissing angrily at him.

'*S-stuttering and acting like an innocent farmboy….who does he think he is? Trying to seduce Lissa with his innocence…'* Maribelle growled. *'…..h-hmph. I-I don't care.I-idiots. L-Lissa can court who she likes and I won't ca-'*

"Maribelle…why are you muttering to yourself?" Lucina inquired. "You seem quite angry."

"I-I do?"

"And that leaf doesn't seem like you should be holding it so tightly." The princess pointed out. "Also, we're paying quite close attention here, are we not? What are we looking for?"
"Signs of disruption!"
"Like what? It's just Donnel." Lucina pointed out. "He isn't exactly a threat to Aunt Lissa, right? You've fought at his side for years, you should know."

"M-maybe he's turned traitor!" Maribelle snapped. "Y-you never know!"

"As skilled a fighter as Donnel is, I don't personally believe he has the *capacity* to commit treason!"

"A-anyone could be a traitor!"
"So are you saying *Robin, Mother or Father* could be traitors?"
"I-If they're attempting to seduce Lissa, then clearly t-they're trying to get valuable secrets out o-of her! Y-yes! Clearly!"

Lucina just stared at her in disbelief. "Am I *hearing this right?!* You would think *Robin* would betray Ylisse?!"

"Ma? Lucina? What're you doing here?"

Both women froze to see Brady, in what looked like an overly elaborate waiter's uniform, crouching down to look at them.

"B-Brady?! What are you doing here?!" Maribelle cried, staring at him.

"I was, er, gettn' that work experience ya wanted me ta, Ma." The cleric explained. "Ya know, after ya told me ta get some non cleric-related work and, er, not look too….irreputable?"
"The word is DISREPUTABLE!" The noblewoman snapped. Lucina glared at her.

"What is wrong with you?!"

"I am sorry, but just being a healer does not give one high social prospects in high society, and I only want the best for MY son."

"But ya said the other day that Libra-"

Maribelle hushed him. "Never mind what I do, only what I say! Now get behind here before I get caught!"

The noblewoman quickly yanked her son behind the plant they were crouching behind, grumbling.

"Ma! I'm trying ta work here!"
"And now you're going to hide with me so I don't get caught!"
Brady looked over to Lucina. "Do ya know what's goin' on here?!"
"She's…..stalking Lissa." Lucina answered, her eyes narrowing irritably. "I think."
"I am not *stalking* Lissa! I am attempting to ensure Donnel isn't betraying her!"

"Makes me wonder how I'm alive if Ma's this crazy 'bout Lissa." The cleric remarked. Maribelle glared at him.

"W-what are you implying?! A-are you implying p-perverted things about L-Lissa and I-I? I-I only have the *purest* of i-intentions!"

"Hey, Lissa. Do ya hear that?" Donnel suddenly spoke up. "It sounds kinda loud from here, but I think we're, err, disturbing somebody…."
The princess looked around worriedly. "Are we? Huh."

Lucina yanked the noblewoman down, glaring at her. "Now look what you've done!"
"I have done nothing w-wrong!"
"You're stuttering! You know it's wrong!"

Brady looked worried. "I kinda don', ya know, *want ta get fired,* so can I go back ta work now?"
"No, then Lissa will see me!" Maribelle complained. "Now sit down! You can always work somewhere else!"

Lucina huffed. "I swear, Maribelle. If we get out of this without Aunt Lissa seeing me, I am going to ask Miriel to check on you or have Libra ensure you aren't mentally deficient."
"M-mentally deficient?! *Lucina*, how dare you?!"

"Oh, excuse me, Maribelle, am I the one who dragged us all out here on a false pretence of *Donnel committing TREASON* to make sure Lissa isn't being hurt?"
"That is a good reason though!" The noblewoman protested.

Brady, meanwhile, sighed and shook his head. "The way things are goin', I'm probably gonna have to live off an allowance or somethin', Ma."

Lucina rubbed her temples, sighing. "I regret not taking Robin up on his offer of helping him study the royal archives and helping *you* instead. I can't even leave or *I'll* look like a stalker!"
"I am NOT stalking her!"
"Right, and Tharja doesn't stalk Robin all the time."

'…..*funny you should mention that….'* Maribelle thought, but did not state. She then looked up, seeing Lissa and Donnel stand up from their seats. She clenched her fist.

"Come on! We have to follow them!"
Lucina glared at her. "Or what?"
"Or we'll both get caught and Chrom will kill us both." Maribelle stated matter-of-factly. "Now let's go! The game's afoot!"

'*Why, of all nights, does Miriel have to run out of those aspirin confectioneries today? And they would be so useful, too….'*
Lucina lamented as she was dragged along in the crazed noblewoman's scheme.

Brady sighed, resigned to losing his job. "Meh. I'll just tell 'em my Ma's a crazy woman."

The trio followed Lissa and Donnel throughout town, watching their movements carefully as they slowly snaked through the northern quarter of Ylisstol, talking to each other leisurely as they walked through the gates and onto a grassy hill overlooking the town walls.

Maribelle looked increasingly irritated as she tailed the pair, jumping from brush to brush. "Tch. Grassy hills…..Donnel,

you sly, sly man."

"You're grasping at straws, Maribelle." Lucina remarked. "Admit it. You like Donnel just as much as the rest of us, know he doesn't have the capacity to betray anyone and you're just acting jealous because he's with Aunt Lissa."
"I refuse to admit something that is a slanderous lie!"

Brady sighed. "Ma, yer more obvious than Lucina ever was about Robin."

"I was never that obvious."

"Ya *blushed every time Robin complimented ya and ya made googly-eyes like no tomorrow at the dinner table*! I may be not all that well-educated, but I ain't that stupid."

"Not well-educated?!" Maribelle stared at him.

"I never did listen to that tutor ya hired for me. He always spouted a load o' crap about being proper instead of, ya know, *teachin*'."

Maribelle looked offended. "I beg your pardon?! Gah…..no time for this nonsense. I have to listen to those two and make sure they aren't d-doing anything objectionable!"
She looked over at Lissa and Donnel as they took their seats on the hill, looking over the town.

"H-heh….." The villager rubbed the back of his head nervously, looking over at his companion. "S-so…..Y-Your Worshipfulness-"
"I told you, it's Lissa! *Lissa*! Sheesh, we've been friends for years, you don't need to call me by that silly name." The cleric responded, giggling. Donnel looked down, blushing.

"Hehehe...y-yeah..."
Lissa tilted her head. "Y'know, you seem a little...bashful. Is there something wrong?"
"N-no! Nothing, nothing," The villager responded, shaking his head. "It's just..."
"Just?"

"I...uh...I never really...er...spent time...with a g-girl alone..." Donnel admitted.

Lissa giggled. "Is that all? You know we're friends, right? You can be as open as you want to be around me! Remember? I told you to treat me like an older sister!"
"W-well..."

Maribelle flinched. "...t-this is proof that he's up to something! Why would he take Lissa out to dinner if he only saw her as a sister?! Huh?!"
"I don't know about you, but this is *juicy*!" Anna piped up suddenly, scaring the three.

Lucina jumped, glaring at Anna. "You! What are *you* doing here?"
"Taking pictures, duh." The merchant responded, holding up her snapshot tome. "Pretty juicy ones, too~"

Maribelle glared at her angrily. "How *dare* you stalk Lissa l-like some kind of depraved voyeur?!"

Lucina gave her an incredulous look. Anna, however, took it in stride.

"You think about it. The down-to-earth, blushy, sweet and kind boy from the boonies, and the happy-go-lucky, cute and mischievous sister of the Exalt? I'd make tons of money just selling the pictures to the...ahem...*right* authorities!"

Lucina sighed. "As always, your depravity knows no bounds when it comes to money."
"I'm just trying to make a living here!" Anna protested. "I'm not committing a crime, or anything!"

The noblewoman huffed irritably, looking away from her. "Tch. Typical merchant, always looking to swindle lesser minds..."
"Hey!" Brady cried, offended. "Ya made me work as one ta get better at-"
"S-shush!"
The merchant shrugged. "If it makes money. You should've seen the pictures I sold of Reflet and Sumia, too. Ohohohohoho...I'll be living off *those* a while..."

The princess facepalmed. "Why am *I* the one who ends up in these situations?!"
Brady chimed in. "Yer ma's not the one who wanted ta stalk her best friend!"
"It is NOT stalking!" Maribelle harshly responded. "What do you think I am, some kind of oversexed depraved peeping

Tom like-"
"Like Tharja?"

Maribelle, Lucina, Brady and Anna froze in place, their eyes slowly looking up to see a curious Lissa, looking down into the bush.

Lucina felt her blood run cold. "...h-hello...Aunt Lissa..."

"Hi. Any reason you guys are in a bush?" The cleric inquired sweetly, smiling. Anna smiled confidently.

"Oh, just taking inventory."

"Liar!" Maribelle cried. "You were stalking them!"

"...I have no regrets. I got all the pictures I wanted!" Anna yelped as she sprung from the ground and sprinted towards the city. Donnel ran after her, yelling.

"I-It's nothin' like that! Come back!"

Lissa turned to her best friend. "You, Maribelle?"
"Um...I...I was just, erm...passing by, and I happened to drop my parasol!" The noblewoman explained hastily, holding up her parasol shakily. "Yes, o-of course!"
"Ma was stalkin' you n' Donnel." Brady corrected for her.

"I WAS NOT-"
Lissa turned to Lucina. "Is that true?"
"Yes." The princess stated exasperatedly. "Definitely.

Maribelle looked shocked. "T-traitor!"

"Why?"
"I...w-wanted to...protect my best friend, dearest Lissa!" Maribelle cried, shaking her head. "I didn't want Donnel to...do anything unmentionable to you!"
'Yes, because you want to do it to her instead.' Lucina thought, wisely holding her tongue.

"...you realise Donnel just wanted to talk, right? It wasn't, like, a date." Lissa explained, frowning. "I *did* tell you that."

Maribelle looked up, surprised. "...you did?"

"Earlier today!"

The princess suddenly turned towards her. "So you dragged me along to stalk my aunt because you didn't even *listen* to her?"
Brady simply threw his hands up in resignation. "I give up. Ma, Lucina, I'm going ta bed and hopin' I can beg for my job back tomorrow. See ya."

The boy walked off down the path to Ylisstol, leaving the three nobles.

"I told you, I was *protecting* her! I couldn't *bear* to see one of my...friends be so hurt!" The noblewoman stated. "Yes, my friend! My dearest, most beloved friend! My *friend*!"

Lissa tilted her head, examining her friend closely. "...is something wrong, Maribe-"
"Friend! Just a friend! Nothing more! I do *not* find you attractive!"

The cleric turned to her niece. "Lucina, is something wrong with her? Is she sick?"
"Just...leave it to someone like Miriel or something." Lucina answered, standing up.

"But I can heal her!"

"This isn't something you can heal so easily. Trust me." The princess responded, before gazing back towards the city.
"I'm going to go see if Robin's still working. You want to come along?"
"Oh, that sounds interesting! I wonder what he's doing?" Lissa chirped, walking alongside the princess down to Ylisstol.

Maribelle was still in place, however.

"Yes, Lissa is most *definitely **just*** my friend! I would...I would be *hurt* that anyone would think that *I* would want to do...a-

anything unmentionable to-hey, wait!

Don't just leave me here! Come *baaaack*!"

END

A/N: Yes, Maribelle, we believe you, you're not interested in Lissa, yeah, okay. Whatever. So, next chapter, Lucina Reacts to Beach Episodes! And no, I haven't played the Summer Scramble DLC, so I'm going to assume it didn't happen in the Reactsverse.

So, I hope you enjoyed that, leave your ideas, comments, suggestions, criticisms, thoughts and reviews, and I hope you have a GREAT day! Until next time!

Chapter 50: Lucina Reacts to Beach Episodes, Part 1!

Lucina Reacts to Beach Episodes!

A/N: Welcome, one and all, to Lucina Reacts! Now, I'm going to take time out from my usual cheery/self-deprecatory attitude to rant; for those people *asking* about new chapters, I'm currently on vacation and enjoying my summer, as well as having other things and trips to do which will take time out of fanfiction writing. While I still enjoy writing it, I must ask that people not ask for update times, as I'm finding it hard at the moment to keep up a schedule. It doesn't get the story updated faster, so please, be patient and I will attempt to write to the best of my ability!

Now that we got this far too serious note out of the way, let's have the fanservice!

DISCLAIMER: Fire Emblem belongs to Nintendo, otherwise Reflet would have her own amiibo.

All mentioned franchises and characters belong to their respective owners.

The sun was beating down upon Ylisse that day, and all felt it keenly- the lucky ones were merely drenched in sweat, and the less so were utterly exhausted, splayed out on the cool grass in the futile search for anything cool to take comfort in, or clutching at barrels of stored rainwater and stale ale for any drop of moisture they could bring down into their mouths.

Such was the case with Cordelia and Sumia in the palace courtyard.

"Good gods..." Cordelia collapsed onto a bench in front of the palace doors, wiping her temple of sweat and resting her javelin on the side, placing her palm on her cheek. Her normally pale skin was rouged with the heat, and her hair was slick with sweat from the effort of training and the extreme heat.

The falcon knight groaned. "It's sweltering out here. Barely survived through training..."
Sumia rested her head on her friend's shoulder, her eyes closed as she breathed heavily. "Yeah...it's too hot to do anything outside..."

"I just wish Miriel would get that air cooling device she was talking about finished...then this would at least be tolerable..." Cordelia complained.

Sumia shook her head. "It blew up."

"It *blew* up?!"

"I...don't know how, but it did." The queen explained. "I don't even want to know how..."

Cordelia closed her eyes, sighing. "Is there nothing else we can do?"

A shadow suddenly came between Cordelia, Sumia and the sun. Reflet stood between them, a beach umbrella in her hand, with the butt planted into the ground. She stood triumphantly in front of the pair, her free hand on her hip.

"Of course there is, ladies!" The grandmistress announced triumphantly. "We could all go to the beach!"
Sumia held up a finger. "But the best beach in Ylisse was closed because...I don't remember why, but it got closed by something."

Reflet scoffed, holding up a golden debit card, marked with the logo of the Antic Order. "Not necessarily, no."

Cordelia chimed up. "What do you intend on using that for?"
"Why, getting us a nice private beach in the Outrealms- no pesky bandits like in that one DLC, so we can enjoy our day out." Reflet explained, winking. "Well, I say *get*, but I'm just bribing the Anna in charge of it."

Sumia gazed at her gratefully. "You'd do that for us?"
"Yes, totally. Besides, I've wanted to break out my nice swimsuits for the last year." The grandmistress explained. "Truth be told, this heavy coat's starting to chafe on me. I kinda want to run around barefoot on sand and stuff. Haven't done that since Vacuo. Hehe...I really need to get in touch with Cindy again, she was a fun girl..."
"Vacuo?" Cordelia tilted her head curiously.

"Not important. Anyway, Sumia, dear, could you get everyone ready? I'd imagine they'd be happy to get gone of this heat."

The queen stood up quickly. "That sounds wonderful! Let's do that! You're a lifesaver!"
"Among many other things." Reflet replied with a smirk. "Come on, let's get ready! I'd rather not stay in this sun any

longer!"

Later...

"Reflet invited everyone to come to some beach Outrealm with her?" Kellam inquired, towering over Robin, Lucina and Morgan. Sumia nodded eagerly.

"Yeah! You guys should get ready! Come on, get up!"

Lucina held up a finger. "Wait, Mother."
"Yes?"
"Does that mean I have to...wear a bathing suit?"

"...of course! What else do you wear to a beach?" Her mother responded eagerly. Lucina turned red, looking away in embarrassment.

"...o-oh..." She stared down at her chest mournfully.

Robin's eyes widened, looking over at Lucina. "...b-bathing suits? I-I mean, no, can we not wear something else?"
Morgan raised an eyebrow. "Father, did you just *imagine* Lucina in a bathing suit?"
"No! Why would you s-say that?! I would never p-picture Lucina in a thin, revealing bathing s-suit...h-her perfect...s-skin...revealed..." Robin sputtered out, shaking his head. Lucina's head turned towards him, shocked.

"R-Robin! N-Not in public!" The princess cried, before placing her hands over her mouth. "I-I mean, n-no!"

Sumia rolled her eyes. "Oh, calm down. I've heard of what you think about Robin's body, you're not exactly clean of perversion, Lucina~"
"MOTHER!"
Kellam grumbled. "Like mother, like daughter. Anyway, does anyone else know about this?"
"Cordelia's telling everyone else." The queen stated. "She's at Miriel's house now, I think, telling Ricken and Miriel about the trip."

The knight cleared his throat. "Your Majesty, you'll forgive my rudeness, but I don't think bringing a mad scientist on a beach trip is an entirely good idea."

"Oh, don't be silly, Kellam! It'll be fun!" Morgan pleaded. "Besides, it'll be a chance for you to take that armour off and impress all the girls. And the boys, too."

"I'd rather not."
"Oh? Do you have someone in mind? Oh, oh, is it Maribelle? Panne~? *Stahl*-"

Robin cleared his throat rather loudly. "*Morgan*."

Kellam, however, seemed impervious to the tactician's ribbing. "You just go on thinking that."

"So there IS someone!"

Sumia giggled at her granddaughter. "Well, I'll leave you two to get ready. Morgan, Kellam, should we leave the two lovebirds to get dressed?"
"At least...I still have my m-more conservative clothing..." The princess sighed in relief as the knight and her daughter filled out of the room behind her mother.

Robin seemed disappointed for a second, before looking up. "O-oh...yes, that's a good thing."
"...is your *nose bleeding*?"
"I-It is? Oh dear." Robin stared at the slow trail of blood snaking down his lip.

"Did you hit your head, Robin? I-I'll get some ice!" Lucina stood up.

Meanwhile, outside the room...

"I suspect...somewhat ridiculous events are at work, and Reflet will likely attempt something at the beach." Laurent explained to his companion Nah. The mage had his hand cupped on the door to Robin's room, eavesdropping on the plan- he had followed Sumia ever since she'd said Reflet had invited everyone to the beach.

"I would estimate the probability of Reflet planning some sort of antic to be near certain, and so we must move quickly.

I am, of course, aware that we do not have Miss Fiora nor, as a result, Miss Artemisia's talents to assist us- Lady Emmeryn is currently hosting the two as to assist in her recovery-, so it will just have to be our duty to monitor her antics, Nah. Do I make myself clear?"
"...y-yes..." The manakete's voice seemed unusually shaky. Laurent paused briefly.

"Nah? Are you hurt?"
"N-no..." The mage immediately turned around to look at her. The girl had her arms wrapped around her chest nervously. At the gaze of Laurent, she immediately lowered her hands by her side, looking up at him.

"...Nah, are you feeling alright? Are you ill?"
"I am...I am fine." Nah breathed deeply, mastering herself and regaining her composure. "I was just...concerned about the dress code of the beach, that was all. I was concerned that we may lack appropriate clothing. As it is in the tropics, we cannot simply wear the same clothing we do in Ylisse, and I am not sure I have the right clothes."

"That is fine. I can acquire some clothes for both of us that will suit the climate." Laurent reassured her, adjusting his glasses. "...Nah, why have your cheeks turned red?"

"N-no reason..."

"You've grown a fair bit after the war. Most women's clothing should fit you better now- knowing you're about my height, I may have to ask-"
She pressed her hands around her ears. "Okay, okay, I get it! Can we just get ready for the mission?"
"...you seem...unusually agitated, Nah, but I can attribute that to the heat." The mage coolly concluded. "Very well, perhaps Lady Cynthia will be will be amenable to lending her clothing to you, but we must hasten; I expect the party will be leaving for the beach soon."

Half an hour later, at the palace gates...

The message had been delivered to as many of the Shepherds as possible- Emmeryn and Gangrel were left out for obvious reasons, among others- and so most of them were on their way to the palace gates, there to make their way to the Outrealm Gate and then to the beach.

Among those gathered were Cherche; having brought with her five hampers of homecooked food for everyone, a very cautious Kellam who was holding Morgan's coat up, shaking it to make sure she hadn't smuggled anything with her, and Miriel.

Miriel exhaled sharply. She held a heavy suitcase in her right hand, with her left adjusting her glasses over the bridge of her nose, a slight frown on her face.

"Your Majesty..." The mage began, looking over at Sumia. "You know, I have done several studies in to the health effects of being exposed to the sun, and I discovered that the potential for certain cancers will increase when spending extended durations of time under direct sunlight. As I am aware of the potential debilitating effects of such cancers, I believe it would be better for my health to stay ins-"
"Oh, don't be silly, you'll be fine!" Sumia reassured her. "You're not going to die from a little sunshine! Come off it, Miriel! And what's that suitcase for?"
"I will be using some specialised devices to calculate the interval between oscillations originating from the gravitational force of the lunar body of Ylisse, arriving at the littoral zone we shall be occupying."

The woman stared at her confusedly. Laurent, who was carrying his own suitcase, sighed.

"My mother will be measuring the frequency of tides hitting the beach."

"Miriel!" Sumia cried. "We're not here to measure the marigolds!"

The scientist looked over to Chrom for assistance. "Your Majesty?"

Chrom, the mighty Exalt, slayer of gods, whose name was sung in Ylisse and Valm in praise, merely shrugged powerlessly. "...Sumia's right, you should come with us. It can't be healthy to stay inside all day and do research on whatever you do."
Reflet smirked. "Chrom?"

"Hm?"

"You're whipped." The grandmistress mimed herself cracking a whip to emphasise what she meant. The Exalt raised an eyebrow. "...whipped?"

"That, I'm afraid, I cannot translate. I do not speak the dialect of Ylissean Reflet insists on using." Laurent remarked drily.

Lucina chimed in. "D-do we have to wear bathing suits?"

"Well, you're not staying in clothes that dark in the sun, are you?" Reflet inquired. "Unless you *want* to stay here and burn in Ylisstol with nobody around?"

The princess exhaled, defeated. "...fine..." She looked down at her chest again, ashamed, before huddling herself. Robin placed his arm around her.

"Don't worry, Lucina, it won't be that bad..."
"...I-I'm not embarrassed! T-that's absurd!" Lucina cried. "I-I'm just...a-a little...unused to it..."

"A-as am I..." The grandmaster admitted shyly.

Todd chuckled. "Well, I've been dying for a little sand and sea here. This coat gets a little stuffy. You guys see Severa or Noire anywhere?"

Robin briefly looked around, shaking his head. "Why? I haven't-"
"If you were expecting us to come *dressed for the occasion*, Todd, you're daft." Severa remarked as she walked into the palace grounds, Owain and Noire tagging behind her. She lugged a huge bag along the path seemingly without effort.

Todd raised an eyebrow. "What's all that?"
"A few bathing suits. I can't pick just *one*." Severa stated, staring at him. "Are you mad?"
"A few? Try enough to clothe the whole of Ylisse and then some, looking at the size of that thing."
"And you would know anything about fashion?"
"I know enough to know what's practical, and lugging ten tons of clothes around *isn't."*

"I tremble with excitement for our expedition to the realm of oceans!" Owain declared proudly. "I tremble also with fear, for I know not how I can restrain my excitement without risking utter destruction."
"That's not the only thing that needs restraining." Severa remarked snappily. Reflet sighed.

"Severa, just pick one. Todd or Owain? You can't have both and we don't have enough time for you to snap at both."

"Me? Pick one of those i-idiots?!" The mercenary stared at her, sputtering slightly, her cheeks reddening slightly. "H-heh. N-no way."

Noire frowned, hugging her arms around herself. "I...I want to go home now..."

Todd spared Noire a brief, apologetic look. "...don't worry, it won't be that bad. You can even stay up on the beach. You don't need to go into the water."

"I-I suppose..." The archer looked around nervously. "G-good point. T-thanks, Todd..."

The tactician sighed as he looked around. "Speaking of which, anyone seen Libra or Tharja?"
"I am here, Todd." The priest emerged from the palace, adjusting his usual robes. "Tharja will be down shortly, but she insisted everyone go on ahead. I will wait for her here."

"Excellent." Reflet adjusted her robes and moving up the strap of her bag. "Well, shall we get going? I think we shouldn't be keeping everyone waiting too long."

Sumia began walking towards the gate, turning to the grandmistress. "Lead the way!"

As the gathered Shepherds began moving out, Laurent turned to Nah and Kjelle, clasping his hands together.

"Remember. We are not there to have fun, we're there to ensure Reflet does not attempt to do some sort of antic." The mage explained.

"And I thought I got a break from training." Kjelle remarked. "I didn't cut out a valuable day from my training schedule just to watch Reflet do things, you know."

Nah was looking at the bathing suit Cynthia had lent her and was currently in a bag at her side. "Um..."
Laurent turned to her. "Something wrong, Nah?"

"I'm just...not sure this bathing suit could be considered a suit...are you sure this was Cynthia's?"
"She handed it to me." The knight stated. "I'm pretty sure that's hers. Even if it isn't exactly...modest."

"A-alright..."

The mage inhaled deeply. "So, are we ready?"
"Yeah, sure. I just want to ask, are you sure you're not overreacting?" Kjelle inquired. "It's not as if it's impossible Reflet's doing this without an ulterior motive."
"The probability of that is almost miniscule."

Nah raised her finger. "She...raises a good point. We could be seeing something in nothing."
"I doubt that Reflet would dare pass up an opportunity to do something imma-"

Cynthia poked her head out from around the wall. "Hey, guys? You coming or what? We're leaving soon."
"Just a moment, Cynthia. We were just discussing what to do at the beach." Laurent responded. "We'll be there shortly."

"Alright! Don't be late! Last person in the gate's a stinky egg!" With that, the princess bobbed away from the trio, completely unaware of what they were discussing.

Half an hour later...

Reflet was the first one to step out of the Outrealm Gate leading to the beach Outrealm. "We're here, guys!"

Robin and Lucina were the second people to step out from the portal, beholding the beach.

It was a long, pristine beach, the sand almost white above the water littered with only a few sea shells. The beach itself extended well beyond the border of sight, and the water was almost sparkling, a bright azure. Higher up on the beach itself, there were several huts, staffed with whom appeared to be Anna sisters, with one stall purporting to sell food and drinks, and others serving objects called 'surfboards' and 'diving suits', as well as a couple of seemingly residential huts and one large one, with the label 'Changing Rooms' on top of it.

Lucina breathed in deeply. "...it's beautiful. Absolutely beautiful. Why did you invite us here?"
"You like? It'll cost me a fortune to pay for it, but it's coming out of...um...hm...he did say it would come out of Tohsaka's money, so eh, it's all good." Reflet chuckled. "I felt like doing something nice for your guys for once."

One Anna did indeed approach them, grinning. "Hello! How may I help you today?"

"We're buying the beach out for one day. Debit card, please."

Anna produced a strange contraption. "Alright, hand it over."

Todd, having stepped from the Gate, raised an eyebrow as his mother passed her card over for Anna to charge. "You take debit cards?"

"Well, we used to only take gold, but taking direct debit from our more modern customers is *far* better for business. We can expand our services, you know?" Anna explained, chuckling. "At this particular establishment, we take payment in Ylissean sovereigns, lien, yen, dollars, euros, credits, septims, drakes, rupees, ducats, florins, macca, galleons, gil, pounds, simoleons and Pokedollars, too.

And if you don't have those, we have a nice travel bureau five minutes away on foot."

Robin scratched his head. "The only currencies I know from those are sovereigns and rupees."

The Anna serving them smiled. "Alright. Miss Reflet, you're a regular visitor, so you know where to get the keys for the changing room. You can all buy refreshments and such at the huts to your left, and I hope you enjoy your day!"

Vaike leapt out after them, grinning. "Hell yeah! Teach totally digs this! Come on!"

"Don't forget Gregor!" The mercenary roared after the younger man. "I am in need of...ahem...light refreshment. Did merchant woman say where beer can be bought?"

Cordelia strolled out next, with Lon'qu following silently behind her. She turned to Reflet.

"Where are we to get changed?"
Reflet pointed over at the hut. "Over in the big hut. Boys and girls get changed in separate rooms. And Vaike, no peeping

or I swear I'll turn you into a frog."
"W-what? No, I'd never peek! Vaike doesn't peek at pretty girls! What're you talking about?!" The fighter protested his innocence.

Sully emerged, rolling her head on her neck. "Hell yeah! Now this...this is my kinda place. And don't worry, Reflet. If that perv catches a peek, I'll make sure he won't be seeing much of anything. Or feeling much of anything, for that manner."

Vaike swallowed nervously, before scampering off to follow Gregor to buy beer.

Lucina turned to her lover, exhaling. "I...suppose we should get changed quickly, yes? I'll see you in a little, Robin."
"You too. Remember, i-it's not that...embarrassing, we'll all be in bathing suits." The grandmaster reassured her with a smile as she began trudging off to the changing rooms.

'*I-It's...not that...*' The princess thought, sighing to herself.

In the women's changing room...

Cordelia studied the strange cabinet in front of her- it was fashioned from metal, with four slits cut in the upper half where she could see into the cabinet, and a lock of some sort sealing it tight. "What is this?"
"It's a locker, Cordy." Reflet explained. "You put all of your stuff in there when you change, and nobody can steal it. It's like a chest. Only taller."

Aversa, who had come along, scoffed at the bathing suits her compatriots brought along.

"My...you people lack imagination." The sorceress remarked. "I chafe at the thought of wearing proper attire for bathing, but I cannot see how you all dress so modestly."

Lucina stared at her like she was insane. "T-these bathing suits are too revealing! F-far too revealing!"
"If you're scared Robin will see something, I'm surprised he hasn't already seen everything." Reflet remarked. Aversa grinned.

"Oh? Lucina, you *sly* minx-"
"I-I HAVEN'T DONE ANYTHING INDECENT WITH HIM OKAY IT'S NOT LIKE THAT" The princess cried, blushing profusely.

The sorceress sighed deeply. "Ah, well, young love. Soon enough, you two will be doing far more...indecent things than a mere romp in be-"
"Be silent, you oversexed deviant." Tharja remarked, stepping into the changing room and shutting the door behind her. "I don't know how Robin puts up with your nonsense."
"Tharja dear, I am shocked you think my dear brother would *think* of hurting poor little Aversa..."

The witch glared at her. "You're insane."
"My, the pot calling the kettle black." The sorceress retorted. Reflet, however, frowned.

"Tharja, you seem more pissed off than usual. Which is a shock, knowing that's impossible under normal circumstances. What's up?"
"Like you'd care." Tharja scoffed dismissively. "It's none of your business."

"Wow. And to think two months ago, you tried to kidnap me. You really got over me quickly. I'm hurt." The grandmistress clutched her chest, chuckling.

Tharja shook her head. "Say what you will. I'm going to get changed quickly."

The witch stormed off towards the stalls in which all the people were to change. Reflet spied Maribelle's eyes following Tharja.

"...you know what's wrong with her, Maribelle?"

"I haven't a clue." The noblewoman explained. "Why?"
"You were just staring at her like-"

"Maribelle!" Lissa's voice cried from the back. "Do you mind tying this up for me? I can't seem to reach behind my back!"

The noblewoman blushed immensely. "...u-um...Y-yes, o-of course, Lissa! H-how could I say no?"

She immediately glared at Reflet. "Don't you dare assume anything perverted."
"I didn't say anything~" The grandmistress responded, whistling innocently. Maribelle spared her one last glare before walking towards Lissa.

The first person, surprisingly, to come out in their bathing suit was Sully. It was a pretty plain composition, all things told- a light, white shirt and shorts, exposing little skin above the thigh and shoulders. She looked around.

"What?" The cavalier inquired. Sumia spoke up.

"That's your bathing suit?"
"What else am I supposed to wear? I'm not exactly here to show off."
Cherche looked disappointed. "Ah, and I was so looking forward to seeing what you would be wearing to swim."
"Back off, lady. The hell I'm wearing something revealing so Ruffles can go ogle me, or Vaike." Sully remarked. "Although knowing Ruffles, he'll do it anyway."

"Dammit, Sully! You're not being very photogenic."

The cavalier whirled around to see Anna, who was clutching a snapshot tome, frowning. "The hell?"
"You don't look good for pictures. Come on! All the adoring fans want to see more- and that way they'll pay me more! That toned body, those lean, muscled curves-"

"You're our Anna, right?" Sully asked briefly, before shaking her head. "Ah. Fuck it."

She picked up a nearby coat hanger. "C'mere, you damn pervert!"

"I-I was kidding!" Anna pleaded as she fled the furious cavalier. Reflet frowned as she followed, heading to the back to change.

"And to think I was looking forward to posing for it. Oh well."

Lucina, meanwhile, faced her own bathing suit, swallowing nervously. "Um..."

"...something wrong, Lucina?" It was Cynthia, tilting her head at her. She herself was in a striped blue-and-white one piece, a gift from Reflet from a place called 'Japan' in the Outrealms.

"It's just...I-I think I need something more modest..."
"You think Robin will stare?"
"...y-yes..."

Cynthia facepalmed. "Lucina! He's your *boyfriend*. He'll stare at you anyway! And it's not like he doesn't stare at you!"
"I-It's...not that..." The princess explained.

"...so you're scared he'll see that you're as flat as an ironing board?"
"Not so loud! Shush! Shush!" Lucina pleaded. "A-and I think m-my chest is...o-of adequate size!"

"Robin's Robin. He won't care!" Cynthia responded, giggling. "Besides, it's not like everyone is exactly *bigger* than you, right?"
Reflet then emerged from her stall, dressed in what seemed to be a flame-patterned red bikini, displaying her...rather considerable assets to everyone, among her other qualities, including her rather well-maintained body- a perfect mix of lean muscle and fat.

Lucina stared at her jealously. "...w-what..."
"Please, my eyes are up here." The grandmistress remarked sarcastically.

The princess frowned. "...y-you were saying, Cynthia?"
"...oops."

"...my diet of meat buns and milk didn't work..." Cordelia muttered miserably as she stared at Reflet's chest, before looking at her own mournfully. "...that book lied to me..."

Nobody, of course, noticed Nah sneak in through the back and into the stalls to change out of sight of everyone, too embarrassed to show her body to everyone.

To be continued...

A/N: Yes, this will be a two parter. And it will be incredibly silly and nothing short of fanservice for everyone and everybody involved. Plot goes out the window entirely here! Props to anyone who can figure out where and when each and every single currency Anna mentioned was used!

So, I hope you enjoyed that, leave your ideas, comments, suggestions, reviews, criticisms and thoughts, and I hope you have a GREAT day! Until next time!

Chapter 51: Lucina Reacts to Beach Episodes, Part 2!

Lucina Reacts to Beach Episodes, Part 2!

A/N: Welcome, one and all, to Lucina Reacts! Just one more chapter until the one and only crossover with Weiss Reacts, which, for anyone who does not follow that story, will be posted as a separate story in the RWBY/FE crossover section due to the nature of the story, as understandably having to write two separate chapters for the same story from two sides would be unfair for those who don't follow one of the stories. After the crossover is over, both stories will resume updating as usual.

However, enough blathering. We've got a story to do!

DISCLAIMER: Fire Emblem belongs to Intelligent Systems, otherwise...I'd make a joke involving Flora and Fates here, but I've a *burning* desire to get on with this story. (I'm not sorry.)

All mentioned franchises and characters belong to their respective owners.

Lucina sighed, frowning. "T-this is ridiculous! W-why..."

She, of course, was staring at Reflet's rather considerable chest. The grandmistress was not shy at all about displaying her body to everyone- hardly a surprise, given who she was.

"...oh come on. She's not that big." Cynthia scoffed. "You're overexaggerating."
"Cynthia, *you* have a bigger...ggh, what am I saying? Why do I care?! M-my body is perfectly adequate! *Perfectly*!"

Cynthia giggled. "Tell Cordelia that."

The falcon knight was huddling on a bench, rocking herself tightly.

"...lies...it was all lies...meat buns and milk do nothing for it...no..."

Lucina tilted her head. "Maybe I should try meat buns and m-ow! Cynthia! Why'd you hit me!"
"Don't be silly! Robin won't care! Reflet says he's got...um...a flat chest fetish or something, though she called it something weird, like *pettanko* or something-"
The princess sharply blushed. "N-n-no he d-doesn't! W-why would you say that?! H-he's not a pervert! O-Of course not! Totally! H-he's not that perverted!"
Reflet rolled her eyes. "It seems this fic's getting a little M-rated. Then again, I suppose a bunch of attractive women dressing in swimsuits wasn't exactly going to get away with a K rating...

So, girls, you got any idea of what you wanna do today?"
This time, it was Sumia's turn to speak up. "Well, I was thinking we could...play that beach volleyball thing you always talk about?"
"A little too *Dead or Alive* for my tastes. I was thinking just have a bunch of drinks and sit in the shade or something watching everyone make fools of themselves."

Sumia raised an eyebrow. "How do you mean?"
"...there's beer and cocktails involved." The grandmistress explained, smirking. "This'll be fun to watch."

"Yeah, well, you try anything, I'll knock you on your ass." Sully growled, having returned with a bent coat hanger and a dazed Anna dragged by the scruff of her neck. "Ggh...I haven't even left the damn dressing room and I have to deal with these damned perverts...damn it."

"Sully, dear, unlike poor Anna, I can fight back." Reflet retorted, winking.

Lucina sighed, standing up and looking at her own swimsuit mournfully. "Well...I guess I ought to change soon. I can't exactly stay inside here all day, even if I wanted to."

Cynthia smiled. "That's the spirit! I'm sure Robin'll like it-"
"S-shut up! He's not perverted! H-he's not like that!" The princess snapped, her cheeks red.

Sully merely grumbled as she dumped Anna onto a bench, before storming out of the rooms, muttering under her breath about 'perverts' and 'getting her peace', as Lucina took the opportunity to storm off to the back of the stalls to change.

Meanwhile, in the male changing room...

"So, how everyone liking Gregor's clothes?" Gregor inquired, boasting what appeared to be a stereotypical Hawaiian tourist shirt and khaki shorts, replete with sunglasses perched on his forehead. "Bought these from shop just five minutes away. Is good deal, but Gregor thinks, is little too tight around waist."
Robin sighed, looking down at his own gut. "...you know...I have been putting a little weight on lately too."

The mercenary crossed his arms. "Gregor is not liking implication that he is getting old and fat- he is old, not so much fat."
"Have you, though, Robin?" Chrom inquired, raising his eyebrow. "You don't look it."
"...yeah, well...it's been a while since I've had to do anything particularly physically strenuous..." The grandmaster admitted. "...you think Lucina will notice?"
"Lucina won't care." The Exalt reassured him, chuckling. "Why, do you think she'll care that her boyfriend puts on a little weight? If that's what she cared about, I would be disappointed."

"...heh. I suppose. Then again, she's...perfectly shaped. She's fitter than me, after all." Robin sighed. "Eh. I'm worrying too much. Thanks, Chrom."
"Don't mention it."

Todd sighed. "Well, you two have one thing in common. You're both insecure about your bodies."
"What would Lucina possibly be insecure about? She's got a...you know, what I was about to say could easily be construed as perverted, so I'm just going to leave it there." Robin quickly noted. Todd raised an eyebrow.

"Have you seriously never noticed? Like, seriously? *Seriously*? Have you never seen her get all jealous of Tharja or Aversa or..."
The grandmaster merely tilted his head, confused. Todd facepalmed in exasperation.

"Oh brother. Just...you'll see when we get out of here."

Gaius suddenly poked his head out from the stalls, looking around. "...you guys mind if I, err, stay in here?"
Gregor raised an eyebrow. "Why is candy lover ashamed to come out? Gregor thinks is shame if toned body is not displayed to adoring female fans."

"I...err...crivens." The thief blushed briefly. Robin turned towards him.

"Gaius, what's wrong?"
"...my shorts seem to be missing." The thief admitted. "I mean, didn't stick all my candy down 'em, so I don't care too much...but now I can't exactly go out without dressing up properly and that'll look weird."

Robin looked towards Todd. "Where's the Justice Cabal?"
"We need Morgan, Cynthia, Severa AND Owain to make a full meeting, so we couldn't exactly have done it ourselves." The tactician pointed out, offended. "We're pranksters, not amateurs."

Robin stared at him incredulously. "Really now, you expect me to believe that. Then who stole his shorts?"

Meanwhile...

Olivia huddled Gaius' shorts to herself, giggling.

"...o-one day, Gaius...o-one day..." The dancer promised, mainly to herself, as she looked at the piece of clothing, smelling faintly of sugar and literally crammed with candy. "...w-we'll finally be together...w-when you notice me..."

She sighed happily, pressing it to her cheeks as she snuggled it tightly.

Back to the male changing room...

Todd shrugged. "And besides, if we wanted to prank Gaius, we wouldn't do that. We'd lock him in a...room...with...Olivia."
Realization dawned upon his face.

Robin paused, staring at him. "Olivia?"
"...I think we may have found your shorts thief."

Gaius exhaled, rolling his eyes out of sheer exasperation- this wasn't the first time someone had stolen his garments.
"Crivens. Well, looks like I'm staying in here for today unless you guys can get me new shorts."

"Worry not. Gregor will buy new shorts for sweets lover." The mercenary offered. "Is on roof, as they say."
"On the house, and you only say that if you're the bartender offering him drinks." Todd pointed out helpfully.

From the back of the changing room, however, interrupting the four in front, was a rather...suspect conversation.

"O-Owain! Where are you touching?" That was Inigo, who sounded somewhat flustered.

"Relax, friend! You asked me to do this! Now stay put!

"Ggh...do you have to be s-so embarrassing?"
"For once, you're being manhandled, Inigo! Or would you rather Gerome manhandle you?"
"Q-quit using that word! That isn't the one describing what we're doing r-right now, O-Owain!"

Todd raised an eyebrow. "...this is probably not what I think it is, otherwise the mental image of Owain and Inigo *en flagarante* is never going to leave my head. I'd better check that out."

'*Also, whatever it is, I'm sure I can parlay it into some blackmail material. Definitely, Inigo sounding like the male version of Severa for a little while's good for it...*'

Chrom groaned, rubbing his temple. "Yes. Yes, I think you should."

Later...

Finally, after various mishaps, the Shepherds finally filed onto the beach to enjoy the sun as they'd come to do.

Todd lay underneath a beach umbrella, sighing as he waited for the rest of the Justice Cabal to assemble, wiping sand off of his bare skin- the boy was, after all, clad in nothing but swim trunks.

"...I don't even want to *know* how Inigo ended up like *that*...and I don't think Owain wanted to either." The tactician reflected. "Seriously, how did those two end up like that?"

Severa was the first to show up, surprisingly. She had her arms crossed over her chest, looking around shiftily. Noire was behind her, blushing somewhat. Todd noted they were wearing the same one-piece swimsuits- Severa's was in blue, and Noire's red-

"Q-quit staring!" Severa snapped, glaring at him, her cheeks red with embarrassment. "...p-pervert..."

"H-hi...T-Todd..." Noire smiled weakly at him.

Todd blinked, shaking his head and snapping out of his fugue. "O-oh. Hey, Severa. Hi, Noire. You guys know where Morgan and Cynthia are?"
"T-tch. N-no." The pigtailed girl looked away, grumbling. "F-for your information, I don't. They were doing something p-probably perverted in the changing rooms...q-quit staring at me!"

"I-I'm not! Honestly! I'm just trying to be polite!"
"Y-you don't have to stare at me!" Severa retorted, before looking away. "...p-pervert...and quit staring at Noire!"

'*Come on, am I that obvious? I-I mean...I'm not interested in them...b-but these two don't look bad at all...*' Todd admitted, before shaking his head. *'Dammit, no! Elf, bad! I'm a professional prankster, not some sort of pervert harem protagonist! Leave that to Issei or something!'*

As if on cue to save him, Owain suddenly showed up, looking somewhat dishevelled.

"Behold! I am free from the terrible captivity that I struggled with, in the deep and darkest depths of the changing room!" Owain pronounced. "And where are the rest of our esteemed comrades?"
"I was hoping you knew where Henry and Gerome were." Todd admitted, sighing. "Well, if it's just us four meeting today, we might as well start without those guys-"
"Nonsense!" Owain cried. "The Cabal cannot convene without its full strength! You never know if our dark villainous enemies will be listening in!"

"That's...actually precisely the point of this meeting." The tactician sighed, nodding. Owain immediately looked around, his eyes darting around to spot these spies.

Noire giggled a little. "O-Owain...t-they a-aren't watching us r-right now...c-calm down..."

"My sword hand twitches with a desire to cut down our opponents and bring justice to all!"

"S-Severa...c-can you tell him t-to calm down?"

The pigtailed girl, who had been indeed staring at the imaginative boy's body for a minute, snapped out of her own fugue. "...r-right. Yeah. Owain! Curb it!"

Todd cleared his throat. "Now, we didn't actually have an antic planned for today, sadly. We thought taking a slight break since Cordelia stole our thunder and got those two loveable morons together was a good idea."
Owain nodded. "Of course! Even Justice must retire to rest, if only for a night!"

"...well, our...*esteemed* opponents seem to think otherwise." Todd stated with a chuckle. "You see, our enemies, the Anti-Antic Alliance seem to think we're planning something."

Severa stared at him, blinking. "Wait, so we're *not* going to prank someone? That's new."
"So, we're going to not do anything too rash." The tactician stated. "Simple as. Tell the others that."
"...is that it? You called me here for that?" The pigtailed girl inquired, looking irritated. "That was what I was going to do in the first place! Good Naga...is this because Laurent messed up your scheme? Todd, get over it! He outplayed you!"
"...tch. Nobody outplays me." The tactician scoffed, rolling his eyes. "L-Laurent just got lucky. Anyway, we all clear on what we're all doing today?"
"Of course! In the interests of protecting Justice and Freedom, I will stay my sword hand, and remain in inaction!" Owain saluted quickly, before running off to the other parts of the beach. "AWAY!"

Severa rolled her eyes. "...fine, fine. We'll play along. You didn't need to call us out there for that."

Todd scoffed, looking behind him.

"And besides...I think we've got a way to...make 'em pay for what they're doing."

"I thought w-we weren't doing a-anything rash..." Noire pointed out.

"This isn't rash. Yet."

Meanwhile...

Laurent sighed. "...Kjelle...why are you staring at Severa? Our target is Todd."

"I'm ensuring our target didn't give her anything." The knight reminded him. "In case he's planning some sort of antic."

"I doubt it required such...close surveillance, Kjelle."

"S-shut up, Laurent." Kjelle snapped. "I was not staring at Severa *that* close."

The mage shook his head. "We cannot afford mishaps. We have but three active members of our organisation, and all of the Justice Cabal is currently in charge of this trip. And where is Nah?"

"...r-right...here..." The manakete squeaked out behind him. The uncharacteristic squeak, of course, was cause enough for Laurent to turn around, concerned.

Nah had matured much faster than her manakete mother, who still looked at most, eighteen years of age- having matured rather rapidly after the war was over, and looked her age, if a little on the young side; somewhere in the early twenties. Part of the maturation was her height- she was on par with Laurent in height, a far cry from her almost child-like size when they had first met. Tiki, when consulted on this, had chalked it up to half-human ancestry and a lack of stress stunting her growth, akin to Tiki's own circumstances sleeping for the last millennium or so.

Another part, of course, was to do with certain areas; specifically, the chest area.

"...i-is something wrong?" The manakete inquired, blinking and blushing slightly. "I...I'm not used to showing off m-my body like this...m-my clothes u-usually hide it..."

Laurent blinked. "...h-hello, Nah. I...erm..." He cleared his throat, attempting to regain his composure. "...you...you look fine. Yes."

Kjelle punched his arm. "Laurent!"
"Ah! Kjelle, that was unnecessary."

"...w-what are we doing?" Nah inquired, lying down next to Laurent, watching the Cabal separate.

"...ggh...um...w-we're...we were doing something of some sort...my memory seems to be failing me..." Laurent hastily muttered, taking off his glasses to wipe them. Kjelle facepalmed.

"And you get on *my* case about Severa?"
"This is completely d-different! I seem to be...l-losing my concentration! I-It must be the s-summer heat..." The mage complained. "Do not worry, I am f-fine."

Nah tilted her head. "...Laurent? Are you suffering heatstroke?"

Kjelle rolled her eyes, glaring at him. "No, no. Nothing like that. Just...you don't wanna know. Can we just rush the Cabal already? They're planning something."
"...y-yes, of course!" Laurent nodded hurriedly. "Yes, indeed. The Cabal m-must be planning something. Yes."

The knight groaned. "Oh, we're not getting anywhere today, are we?"

Meanwhile...

Robin sighed, sitting up in the drinks hut and looking at the glass in his hand. "...Reflet, what did you order me?"
"A cocktail." The grandmistress answered. "You need a drink or two. You know, to loosen up?"
"I'm a teetotaller." Robin explained calmly, studying the glass. "Does this have alcohol in it?"

Reflet frowned. "...you're no fun. Come on, just this once!"
"I don't like drinking."

"You're at a beach! You should have some! Unless you're trying not to drink because Lucina would kill you, in which case it's both pretty admirable...and tells me you're whipped."

Robin blinked. "...whipped?"
"Don't ask. But, I suppose you've got a point about not wanting to get drunk." The grandmistress sighed, shrugging.

"...you just want me to get drunk because I'll do something indecent with Lucina, don't you?"
"...it's not an *'if*', but a '*when*'. I mean, you have Morgan." Reflet pointed out. "You two *will* eventually do *something*. Oh, and when you do, *do* tell Sumia."
"R-Reflet!" The grandmaster cried, embarrassed.

"She *really* wants grandkids. You know, so she can spoil them." The grandmistress mused. "That's nice, having grandkids to potentially spoil. I wish I had grandkids, myself."

"You do?" Robin raised an eyebrow.
"Well, I mean...isn't that the wish of most parents? Live to see their grandkids? One day, you'll see Morgan's kids, and then you'll know what Sumia feels." Reflet explained. She sighed, shaking her head.

"...the drinks and the heat must be getting to me. Ignore me, I'm getting a little sentimental."
Robin chuckled. "You know, when you aren't trying to prank us, you're not so bad."
"I only prank you because I love you." Reflet shot back, smirking. "Like, really. Lucina and you, you both needed some slack, and I thought you two were the perfect match."

"That doesn't reassure me." Robin sighed, shaking his head. "Still...nice to know you had...good intentions. I guess."
Lucina walked up behind them. "...h-hey. Robin."
The grandmaster turned to her, before staring, his eyes widened. "O-oh...Lucina...h-hi."

"...why are you amazed? It's not like it's nothing you haven't seen before." Reflet remarked. "It's less than that time we crammed her in Yoko's bikini. You're rocking that one, by the way, Lucina-"
"S-shush!" Lucina snapped, blushing. "D-don't say such things!"
"I have a feeling the fans aren't so appreciative of my remarks towards cute girls either right around now." Reflet sighed. "Honestly, but fine."

Robin coughed. "U-uh...Lucina...e-er...you look great!"
"I-I do? U-Um..." The princess rubbed her arm, looking away embarrassedly. "I...I didn't think you'd...l-like it very much..."

Reflet groaned. "Oh, these two are going to go on forever. Just get used to it! You're dating! You're going to see a *lot* more than *that* eventually!"

Suddenly, however, as if to spare the couple any more embarrassment, Cordelia mercifully approached them, frowning. Reflet turned to her.

"Cordelia? What's wrong?"

The falcon knight sighed, before pointing towards the beach. "Just...just look towards the beach."

Robin and Lucina both groaned. They knew this was definitely, definitely not good news.

"...fine, what is it? It's going to be bad." The grandmaster sighed, standing up and turning towards the beach.

Down, further into the beach...

"Todd, how did you...how did you catch me so easily?!" Laurent cried. He had been bound with rope, tied to Nah, who was also struggling.

Todd rolled his eyes. "Well, unlike me, you were a *little* busy being distracted by the sexy. Seriously, though, Nah pulled a Tiki or something, I could've sworn she wasn't *this* curvy. Or *that* tall.

Eh. Probably her being half-human or something."

"D-don't look! Please!" Nah pleaded, blushing profusely.

"D-distracted? Don't be obtuse. M-My mind is proof against s-such nonsense."

"Then how'd I catch you off guard then, Laurent?"

Kjelle rolled her eyes- she was also tied up, bound somewhere away from them and guarded by Noire.

"You know, Laurent, if you hadn't been busy crushing on your girlfriend, this wouldn't have happened."
"G-girlfriend?!" Nah cried, blushing. "We're professionals working together t-to stop antics! W-we're not dating!"
Laurent merely cleared his throat, attempting to maintain composure. "I can assure you, Todd, myself and Miss Nah are not, in fact, in a relationship of a romantic nature, despite what i-it looks like."
"So it's *Miss* Nah now? Good Naga, you're digging yourself deeper." The tactician remarked, smirking. "Then again, you're only human."

"I have n-not permitted such base desires to corrupt me!" The mage cried.

"You just keep telling yourself now. I'll be telling the fans to start writing Nah/Laurent smut-"

Robin tapped Todd on the shoulder. "Ahem."
"...oh. Heeeeey, Robin! Hi! How are you?" The tactician greeted him, smiling.

"...what do you think you're doing?"

"Tying Laurent up. I'm still mad about the festival."
The grandmaster facepalmed. "Well, then *untie* him!"
"Why?"

Reflet tutted. "Yeah, Robin? Why aren't you any fun?"
"Don't encourage him, woman! You are a *terrible* parent!"
"Says you. You raised *Morgan*."

"...good point."

"Enough!" Suddenly, Miriel's commanding voice took charge as she strolled towards Laurent. "...do any of you have a knife?"
Reflet stared at her incredulously. "...I'm barely wearing a swimsuit. I don't think any of us have the space for a knife."
Robin looked over to his girlfriend. "Lucina, you have the Falchion, right?"
"I've got nowhere to hide it, and it would chafed me if I'm wearing so...l-little..."

Miriel sighed. "Very well. I will attempt an...experimental method of untying my child."
"Experimental?!" Todd stared in horror. "Oh *crap*. N-no need! I'll untie him-"
"Yes...this should serve to provide intriguing results, ameliorating my current research into the structure of rope." The sage muttered to herself as she whipped out a strange, bronze button with what appeared to be a small switch on top. "If

I am correct, this should disintegrate the rope threads entirely using miniature shocks of thunder magic, allowing Laurent to escape.

If I am incorrect...well, I am unaware of what the worst case scenario will be then, but rest assured it will *not* involve the disintegration of everyone around. With a probability of about...ninety-nine-point-nine percent."

Robin sighed. "Well, it was fun while it lasted. Lucina?"
"I'll tell everyone to start packing up. This is *not* going to end well."

Todd ran towards her. "Miriel! *Miriel*, don't!"
Miriel flipped the switch.

The good news; it released Laurent from the rope, disintegrating the threads of the rope entirely.

The bad news; within seconds, it also disintegrated the threads of the clothing of everyone outside on the beach.

Needless to say, after mass embarrassment, a rush to get dressed and a dressing down towards Miriel, it was determined that the party would now return to Ylisse, having had collectively decided that they had had enough of the beach for one day.

END

A/N: Well, Miriel, you party-pooper. Also, my justification for Nah having a more adult body; she's almost certainly half-human- which means she likely ages faster and probably ages faster and Tiki. Also, rule of funny. I wasn't too proud of this chapter- I had to rewrite it completely about three times and I still wasn't proud of it. Sorry, guys.

Next chapter, the one and only Weiss Reacts/Lucina Reacts crossover! As said before, it will be posted as a separate story in the RWBY/FE crossover section due to the nature of the story, as understandably having to write two separate chapters for the same story from two sides would be unfair for those who don't follow one of the stories, and after the event, all stories will update as usual.

So, I hope you enjoyed that, leave your ideas, comments, criticisms, thoughts, suggestions and reviews, and I hope you have a GREAT day! Until next time!

...stinger.

Later that night...

Miriel sighed, looking at her thread-disintegration device. She calmly scribbled something down into one of her various notepads.

"...Thread Disintegration...the effects were...much more widespread than once thought." The sage noted. "Duly noted for further experiments. Recommending the use of dragonstones to stabilise the magic utilised."

No sooner had she finished than she swept the glasses off of her head and wiped them clean, before placing them back on.

There was science to be done, and applications to be discovered. Her self-declared *magnum opus*, the Miriel Vapour Turbine Engine- operating on the burning of coal to produce steam to create a new sort of power source- had currently run into a rut, with her being unable to identify an appropriate fuel that would be able to fuel the engine itself without the need for overusing magic- and many of her other experiments- including the Amorous Partner Machine- had failed horribly.

Science in Ylisse had hit a wall, so to speak.

"...it seems I must turn in for the night." The sage muttered, speaking to nobody in particular, before someone knocked at her door.
She blinked. "...who might be attempting to speak with me at this hour?"

The sage strolled towards the door, opening the door to reveal a very weirded-out looking Morgan.

"...Morgan? I must confess, I have no idea what you might be doing here this late. Is there something troubling you? Perhaps I may avail you of a hot beverage or-"
"No, no." The tactician shook her head, rummaging in her pocket. "I...I found this...*thing* outside the castle, on my way back in. I thought you might know what it was. Well, two things, actually."
"Oh?" Miriel adjusted her glasses as Morgan produced the objects.

One was a strange pendant of some sort- a golden pendant with an azure gem inset. The colour was reminiscent of water, and Miriel could sense great, purifying magic from it- but if it was magic, it was certainly not of Ylissean origin. Perhaps it was made to manipulate water, or purify using water, judging from the colour alone. She had never heard of such unusual magic before, but it was not impossible.

The second object was a brooch of some sort marked with an unusual insignia; two axes crossed together over a white circle, with a wreath crossing together behind it. Two words were imprinted upon the badge, three words which neither Miriel nor Morgan recognised as anything belonging to Ylisse, Plegia or anything in their world.

Beacon Academy.

END

Chapter 52: Important Crossover Update

Hi, everyone! ElfCollaborator here! No update today, just a small heads up.

The Lucina Reacts/Weiss Reacts crossover is now up as 'The Best Reactsverse Crossover', in the RWBY/FE crossover section. Be advised that while this story is not going to be updated while the crossover is ongoing, the events of said crossover will be referred to and canon to both stories. There may also be some (or quite a few) minor plot developments that may become important later on, which you will miss without reading the story. There may also be some teasers towards the next installment of the Reactsverse, Corrin Reacts, set in the world of Fire Emblem Fates, as well as Weiss Reacts Volume 3, the last volume of Weiss Reacts itself.

So yeah, just a little heads up. Feel free to ignore the crossover-if, say, you're not a big fan of RWBY or FE, but I'm leaving a fair warning for my valued readers that there may be some plot developments you will miss if you skip the crossover.

With that, have a good day and I'll see you guys back after the crossover's over!

Chapter 53: Lucina Reacts to RWBY Vol 1, Part 1!

Lucina Reacts to RWBY Volume 1, Part 1!

A/N: Welcome, one and all, to Lucina Reacts! Now, before we begin, if you haven't yet, please go read my story The Best Reactsverse Crossover, a crossover with my other story Weiss Reacts, primarily because that story actually has some spoilers, foreshadowing and events, particularly involving Tharja, without which some things from here on out will not make sense. It'll be one fun ride from here on out. However, I DO have a history of being very disappointing *cough*romanticsubplots*cough* so do take that with a pinch of salt.

That being said, we will cover Volume 2 at a later date, so fear not. That being said, let's get it done!

DISCLAIMER: Fire Emblem belongs to Intelligent Systems, otherwise Henry would be in every game made after Awakening. And have sunglasses. (Henry with sunglasses. Amiibo when?)

RWBY belongs to Rooster Teeth.

All mentioned franchises and characters belong to their respective owners.

"Wonderful." Chrom remarked, rubbing his head and availing himself of one of the aspirin confectioneries that had become commonplace in the palace of late, glugging down the tablet with a glass of water.

He was sitting beside Robin in his personal study, scrolls of various laws of the land laid out on the table with various alterations made by both Robin and the other nobles and royals, discussing the events of three nights ago.

"We still haven't a clue where the Risen came from." Robin stated, sighing. "We've been trying to find it, but Miriel said it was likely just a freak accident involving magical discharge from one of the magical academies near Ylisstol."
"Like I said, wonderful." The Exalt responded, exasperated. "I have to deal with our people rioting over, of all things to riot about, the rise of some morally-corrupt poet or other. It's just poetry!"
"The people nowadays tend to be distrustful of anything seen to be morally corrupting. Like, for example, anything Reflet likes." The grandmaster reminded his friend. "I've read some of the poetry, and really, the most objectionable content amounts to the implication of a woman accidentally slipping into the bath with her husband."

"Reflet would have a field day." Chrom commented, sighing. "For once, I wish our country had more Reflets."

Robin stared at him in horror. "Be careful what you wish for. We already *have* the Cabal, we don't want more of *her*, too."

"…..good point. That would be a national disaster."

The grandmaster chuckled. "I miss having these talks with you. Reminds me of the good old days. I should take more breaks."

Chrom smirked. "You, take a break? Ylisse would *fall*."

"Good one." The grandmaster shot back, letting out a dry laugh, before taking a drink. Suddenly, the sound of a child's crying pierced through the corridors, followed by who sounded like Sumia trying to comfort her.

Chrom sighed, pulling himself back out of the table. "Lucia must have tripped and hurt herself. Excuse me, I think that's my cue."

"You do that. I'll see if Lucina's not busy." Robin nodded, standing up. "I'd like a little break before I look over these laws on bread tax."

"Thanks." Chrom nodded. "I'm….frankly still in disbelief I actually supported marrying off my daughter to my best friend and came up with the plan."
"Oh, Reflet had a field day with *that* too." Robin grumbled. "And Sully wasn't too happy she lost that bet with Maribelle about me and Lucina…"
"As long as she's happy." The Exalt stated, shrugging. "I figured if I had to give my daughter up, it would be to a good person. I'm glad she has good taste. Just…..don't…..you know, *make* Morgan, like my wife seems to be wanting you to. I don't think I could handle being a grandfather this young, and I might have to kill you for touching my daughter."
Robin blushed profusely, looking shocked. "I-I…t-that's not what I want to do with Lucina!"

He added in a whisper, "Not y-yet anyway…".

"I heard a yet at the end there!" Reflet remarked, popping her head through the door.

"W-what?! I-I would…ne-"
"Come off it. She's your girlfriend, and, frankly, she's hot. If I was in your position, I'd hit it." Reflet remarked, before wrapping her arm around Robin.

Chrom cleared his throat, somewhat uncomfortable with Reflet showing interest in his daughter. "Yep, it seems it's my cue to go help Sumia out with Lucia. Dear, I'm coming!"

With that, Robin was left to the mercy of his counterpart.

"Does your depravity know no end?!" Robin cried.

"Nope. Although props for the reference. You're coming with me, Robin~"

"What? What kind of weird scheme are you going to get me involved in?!"
"What? Scheme? No! Not this time! No, we're going to do something FUN!"

The grandmaster stared at her. "W-what do you mean-?"
"We're going to introduce you to the wonders of marathoning a series, so you can lighten up a little. I won't get you involved in antics. Yet."

Robin swallowed nervously. "Oh, why doesn't that comfort me?"

Minutes later, in the library….

Lucina squirmed as Morgan pushed her into the room. "M-Morgan! What are you doing?"
"Come on, moooom! We have to do something together! As a family!"

The princess blushed profusely at being called 'mom'. "I…um…I…."
"Reflet told us we should watch the show about team RWBY!"

"They have a….what did Reflet call it….a-an anime?" Lucina was suddenly curious. "…..that reminds me of when we played a game based on our lives…."
"That you utterly failed at." Morgan pointed out cheekily.

"I-I'm not good at video games! I-I only just found out what those were two months ago!"

"That's no excuse~"

Reflet suddenly showed up, pushing Robin into the room. "Alright, I got your father, Morgan."

"Yay! Family time!" The tactician cheered. "Also….what *IS* that smell?"

"Popcorn." The grandmistress responded with a smile. "I decided to make you guys some. It's a nice snack. Kettle corn, too.

Todd loved it when I bought a small pack back from the Outrealms, so I always carry around a kettle with me and one of those camping stoves so I can make some anywhere."

Morgan chuckled. "That's pretty sweet."
"He's my son. Of course." Reflet chuckled right back, before sitting Robin down on the seat in front of the laptop. "Now, you three get comfy, yes?"
Lucina stared at her. "You're responsible for this? Why? What's your angle? What are you planning to do with us?"
"Well, with the whole crossing over with our friends in Beacon thing, and you guys barely getting some time to yourselves as a family since Cordelia managed to get you two to quit dodging the question, I decided to take it upon myself to get you guys some free time." Reflet admitted, shrugging and smiling. "You guys need a break, really.

So, uh….yeah. There's a bowl of popcorn behind you- you guys should try it, it took me a bit to get this right-"
Lucina held up a finger. "Wait, wait, why should we trust you? You're in cahoots with the Justice Cabal!"

"Oh, trust me. If I wanted to visit antics upon you, you two would be naked, making out on the floor-probably doing something worse, but then this fic would get an M rating-, with Anna sneaking pictures to sell on the black market, before you could do a thing to stop me." Reflet remarked, smirking. "No, I'm doing you two a favour."

Robin blushed at the comment, before shaking his head. "I….I suppose she's…..just being nice then. Huh."

"Like I said, I do everything for the sake of happiness." Reflet declared. "I'd give you the whole spiel on that being the reason I joined the Antic Order, but I'd have a feeling you'd want to strangle me.

Anyway, I've delayed you enough, now get to watching!"

With that, Reflet walked out of the room, leaving Lucina, Robin and Morgan in front of the laptop.

"Huh." Lucina blinked, a little surprised. "…..she just wants to give us a break. Robin, is there anything she might possibly use to start an antic?"

"…..not a thing. Reflet seems to be telling the truth. For once." The grandmaster admitted, sighing. "…..although if our clothes vanish on us and you start feeling weird, we're blaming Reflet."
Morgan frowned. "Or maybe she just wants us to spend time as a family."
"…..she's done antics many times before. It's hard to believe that." Lucina reminded her daughter. "…..now….what are we actually watching?"

Robin examined the screen. "…..RWBY? It….seems we're watching something about Ruby's life here, although it looks quite different from what we saw."

"Ah, right." The princess nodded. "This…..shouldn't be too bad…..it doesn't look too indecent, and it doesn't look like that Madoka Magica thing Henry liked…."

"Madoka Magic?" Robin inquired, raising an eyebrow.

"Don't ask. Really."

Morgan grabbed the bowl of kettle corn, placing the bowl in her lap and taking a seat next to Lucina. "Well, let's get watching, yeah?"

The princess sighed. "Alright, I suppose. I have a feeling Reflet's got something set up if we leave this room before we're done, so we might as well."

…..

Ruby Rose

"Huh." Robin nodded. "So that's how their creation myth goes. From dust to dust….strangely poetic."

Lucina frowned. "You know, I never got the impression that their world was going to be doomed quickly, like this intro says it would be….or that might just be me. We've lived through similar times."

"Well, with those confounded gun-scythes, I'm not surprised." Robin remarked. "If we had those tools here, imagine how short wars would be."

"With those tools…..they'd be quite brutal…." The princess reminded him. "…..anyway…."

"Ruby looks….younger here." Morgan noted, watching the titular character in browse around the store. "….I'd say two years younger?"
"Huh. That's odd." Lucina noted, rubbing her chin. "They're fully grown men, and they're getting their backsides handed to them by a girl almost a decade younger than you, Morgan."

"Well, she *was* pretty badass when she was with us." The tactician pointed out.

Robin stared at her. "…..badass?"
"Word meaning awesome, cool, kicking tons of backsides? Reflet taught me that."

The grandmaster frowned. "She's a bad influence."

"Hey! Wait, hang on….isn't that woman on the flying thing their teacher? What was she called….Cinder?" The tactician pointed at the screen as the then-mysterious woman in the dress fought off Glynda.

Lucina nodded. "You're right. Huh. That's curious. From what I remember, she was Glynda's colleague. I wonder what must've happened?"

"The same thing that happened with Gangrel and Walhart. They decided to turn a new leaf." Robin mused. "…..and I didn't notice this when we were with her, but Ruby talks quite fast."

"Huh. So that man Ozpin's their headmaster." The princess noted. "….where was *he* when his students were in danger?"
Robin thought for a moment. "Likely busy. And he *did* send Miss Cinder to fight with us, so I doubt he was unaware his students were in danger."

"True. Wait, Ruby was *fifteen* when she was taken by a school like that?" Morgan commented, surprised. "…..wow. She….she was some sort of prodigy."
"She would have to be, to use a weapon like that blasted scythe…." Robin remarked.

Shining Beacon

"The more this tells us about Ruby, the more I regret not talking to her." Morgan stated, frowning. "She sounds like a fun person!"

"She's obsessed with weapons. And here I thought she was the sanest of the four girls." Robin mused, sighing. "Oh, well. It seems nobody's completely sane in that world. Save for Weiss, of course."

"….wow. Weiss….Weiss seems quite unreasonable here." Lucina remarked, frowning. "Really, blowing up at her for tripping? Even if the stuff's explosive, to them, it doesn't even seem to do all that much damage!

I don't recall Weiss being so….irritating."

Robin nodded, taking a look at the popcorn bowl. "Indeed so. She struck me as more victim than oppressor, so to speak….Morgan, do you mind if I try whatever you have in your lap there?"
"Reflet made it for all of us, so sure!" The tactician offered him the bowl. "Have some."

He popped a kernel or two into his mouth, as Lucina continued watching the episode.

"…..and Blake was quiet? My….this world really is nothing like the one we saw."

Morgan suddenly perked up. "….is that Jaune? Please tell me that's Jaune."
"Huh? Why? What's special about him?" Robin raised an eyebrow.

"Apparently Todd knows." Lucina remarked darkly, looking irritated. The grandmaster looked confused.

"….Lucina, what's going on?"
"You don't need to know."

"Oooh!" Henry suddenly poked his head in, grinning. "Is it a case of the bloody Mon-ooh!"

A book slammed the dark mage in the face, knocking him out of the room. Lucina huffed angrily.

"No. I'm just fine."

Robin simply looked concerned, before the taste hit him. "….hey, this is really good! What did Reflet say-"
"Shuuush, dad! I'm trying to watch this!" Morgan warned, shushing him as the knight appeared onscreen, introducing himself to Ruby.

Shining Beacon, Part 2

"Wow." Robin remarked, frowning. "Weiss, you're surprisingly a lot more irritable than when we met you…"

"Dust for Dummies? Guess someone actually *has* a case of the bloody Mondays…." Morgan quipped.

Lucina frowned. "…..perhaps we met a different Weiss. I can't imagine the Weiss we met would ever act like that, except maybe in response to that Yang girl's antics."

"Yes, of course you wouldn't mind the boys, Yang." The grandmaster looked irritated, sighing. "….good Naga. I'm thankful she and Reflet didn't go out to flirt with anything that moves…"
"Blake also seems a fair bit quieter here." The princess noted. "Either something happened in the two years since this or we met an alternate version of team RWBY."

Robin nodded, taking a handful of popcorn from the bowl. "I'm hoping it's the two years that changed Weiss. I'd hate to

have to deal with one who nearly bites people apart for a simple accident."

Lucina sighed. "She reminds me of a less loveable version of Maribelle...and what is that you're eating?"
"Reflet's kettle corn." The grandmaster offered her some. "You want some?"
"…..it looks….good…I suppose I'll have it."

Morgan chuckled at Blake's remark about happy endings being rare in real life. "Heh. The world's not a fairy tale and we don't always have happy endings. How I'd like to prove you wrong, Blake.

After all, I'm living proof that's a lie."

The First Step

"At least Nora seems familiar." Morgan sighed in relief. "I wish I got more chances to talk to her. She seems fun."

Lucina looked stunned. "…she was shooting…explosives? Is that what they're called? Anyway, she was *laughing maniacally* while shooting grenades everywhere. She's a bad influence!"
"All the fun people are bad influences to you, mom!" The tactician shot back."
"That's not true! …..Laurent isn't!"
"He's boring! And he's too obsessed with stopping people finding out he's got a huge crush on Nah to be fun!" Morgan cried.

Robin raised an eyebrow, curious. "Laurent's in love with Nah?"
"Everyone can see it. Oh, and we even found the love letter he wanted to give to her. It's so cute!" Morgan remarked, squeaking happily. "And ever since we found it, he's wanted to bring the Cabal down…."

"Wow, you really can sink low." Lucina remarked about Weiss' obsession with partnering with Pyrrha. "Insufferable and a glory hound. A wonderful combination to be around."
"I wonder how Ruby put up with that?" The tactician added. "I'm hoping she's a little nicer than that…."

"…..so they launch their students off cliffs to initiate them into the school?" Lucina looked curiously at the screen. "….I'd assume the school has something in place to protect their students should they be potentially unready for it, right?"

Robin shook his head. "It'd be a senseless waste of life if they didn't. And none of the teachers there seem like that."

First Step, Part 2

"That's so cool! I wish I could do the same thing they could do with those things!" Morgan exclaimed, envious of the sheer physics-defying insanity the Beacon students pulled to propel themselves or stop their flights to a halt.

Robin rubbed his chin pensively. "…..Miriel would likely have a fit trying to figure out how their world's weapons work. Or, worse, actually *make* one of their weapons work."

"Weiss, you really are cruel." Lucina remarked. "Seriously, you'd prefer that you'd have nobody to Ruby? That's…..just not mature at all."
Morgan grinned. "And of course she turns into a coward the moment the Beowolves show up. That's right. Run, girl, run."

The Emerald Forest

Robin whistled. "Well, it seems we know how easy angering Yang is. Those poor Grimm…."
"Almost like what happened when those Grimm tried to hurt Weiss." Morgan mused. "Ouch."

Lucina seethed, shaking her head. "Weiss, how can you be so ungrateful? She saved you while you were too busy trying to figure out what to do!

Good Naga, I'm hoping she isn't like this anymore. Going through your training in a situation like that, you'd likely be dead."

"And Naga knows I'd rather not get hit by that scythe…." The tactician whistled, watching Ruby cut the tree down in one slash with Crescent Rose. "I'm surprised a girl her age can even lift that…."

"Well, Nah probably could." Lucina pointed out helpfully.

"….I was being metaphorical."

"Right, right. I'm….not used to metaphor." The princess admitted, sighing.

Robin frowned. "I can see what he was talking about when Jaune said he lacked power. At least Pyrrha helped him out."
"Obviously that's the official couple here." Morgan scoffed. "Really. Pyrrha's too obvious. And Jaune's one lucky boy.

…..although dammit I want him."

Lucina glared at her. "Morgan, he's an entire world away."
"Can't a girl dream?" The tactician remarked wistfully, sighing.

Emerald Forest, Part 2

"…..and of course Weiss is completely incompetent in an actual situation." Lucina noted, sighing. "This is almost *nothing* like the professional we met. Well...professional in skill, at any rate."
"Well, she's just as neurotic as you, mom~" Morgan pointed out, grinning. The princess glared at her daughter.

"I am *not* neurotic!"

Robin rubbed his chin, shaking his head. "No, no, this isn't going right…why would you touch something glowing in a cave, in a place known for having giant monsters?"

"…..perhaps Jaune isn't as experienced as he is now." Morgan pointed out. "There was a time we'd make that mistake. And live, obviously."

"…..and HOW did Ruby get into the air?!" Lucina cried, confused. "HOW?!"

Players and Pieces

"Okay, *how* did those two get on a giant bird Grimm?" Lucina inquired, scratching her head, watching Ruby and Weiss hang from the talons of a giant Nevermore. "….what kind of terrible plan gets you hanging from *that*?"
Morgan giggled. "The fun kind!"

"You spend too much time around Reflet." Robin remarked grimly.

"…wow. Giant scorpion AND giant raven. This ought to be interesting." The tactician commented, rubbing her hands in anticipation.

"….and FINALLY, Weiss seems a bit nicer." Lucina commented, sighing in relief. "It's a relief to know she isn't completely insufferable."
Robin nodded in agreement. "It's weird to see this after having met the actual people behind it face to face and seeing how different they are."

"Wait, wait! Awesome fight scene!" Morgan cried happily. "Come on, shush, mom, dad!"
"Alright, alright." The grandmaster sighed. "We'll be quiet."
"Yay!"

….

"…..oh my Naga….." The tactician breathed in. "That….that was the best. Thing. EVER! Nora's awesome, Pyrrha's awesome-gaaaaah! I wish I could've seen them fight like that! Especially that slingshot trick with Ruby and Weiss and-gaaah!"

They actually get *taught* to fight like that! That's so awesome! Why don't we have that kind of stuff?!"

Lucina held up a finger to speak. "For one, we lack Dust. And we also lack the Aura that allows them all to pull such impossible stunts off."

"But still! It's just so *cool*!" Morgan squeed, giggling. "We should keep watching!"
Robin chuckled, shaking his head. "Fine, Morgan, since you like it so much, we'll keep watching."
"Yay!"

To be continued…

A/N: Tune in next time for the other eight episodes of Volume 1!

I apologise for the late post, but I've been busy getting ready for college and, as you all should know, Fanfiction's been down repairing the error with the views and possible other problems, so I hope this makes up for it!

So, I hope you enjoyed that, leave your comments, reviews, suggestions, ideas, criticisms and thoughts, and I hope you have a GREAT day! Until next time!

Chapter 54: Lucina Reacts to RWBY Vol 1, Part 2!

Lucina Reacts to RWBY Volume 1, Part 2!

A/N: Welcome, one and all, to Lucina Reacts! Good god, the sheer amount of shenanigans I have for my college subjects. Well, I suppose that's par for the course. Literally. But yeah. Where was I? Ah, yes, the shenanigans involving RWBY. As I promised, the second half of volume 1. Also, please, please, *please* suggest fanfics for our adorable princess to react to, as I am also searching for good fics to react to and I would LOVE your suggestions. And please, even if they aren't Lucina/Robin fics- especially if they aren't, as I think it'd be interesting to have some variety in that department.

With that said, let's get on with this!

DISCLAIMER: Fire Emblem belongs to Intelligent Systems, otherwise Henry would've been able to summon Risen ingame. (He can in supports, I think.)

RWBY belongs to Rooster Teeth. Warning for spoilers.

All mentioned franchises and characters belong to their respective owners.

The Badge and the Burden

"If Weiss thinks being woken up by a whistle is terrible, I suppose I should introduce her to Sumia's morning habits." Robin commented drily.

Morgan raised an eyebrow, curious. "…..what do you mean by that?"

"Sumia enjoys being married to the man of her dreams a little….*too* much." The grandmaster muttered, shuddering. "It's a wonder they don't wake Lucia up. They certainly wake *me* up."

Lucina cringed, shaking her head. "I would rather not know about my mother's more intimate habits, thank you very much!"

"Trust me, when you and Father get married, you'll be copying her~" Morgan remarked, smirking.

The princess blushed profusely. "D-don't say such perverted things!", she cried, trying not to entertain the weird- certainly improper for a woman of her position- thoughts entering her mind at that moment.

Robin sighed, shaking his head exasperatedly. "Morgan, can you *not* embarrass your mother?"
"It's just so fun! The way she reacts is adorable!" The tactician responded cheerily.

The grandmaster just frowned at her, before looking back towards the screen. "….the way those bunk beds were…..'built' is not the word I would use….they'll collapse if someone so much as sits on them."
Morgan whistled appreciatively. "They look fun, though."

"You say that like it excuses the safety flaws inherent in their design. Aura or no, an entire bed- and person lying on said bed- falling on you is going to hurt."

Lucina, meanwhile, was still watching the screen, watching Ruby pass time during a lecture by doing random things. "Is there any particular reason why Ruby wouldn't be paying attention to the teacher? Isn't she there to learn?"
Morgan giggled. "You say that like you've never had the urge to goof off before. Of course she'll goof off- plus, Professor Port's story is boring, so there.."
"For once, I agree with Weiss here. She should show respect to the teacher." The princess stated calmly. "Not that I agree with much of everything else she has done thus far."
"Of course, she decides to challenge that…..Grimm that I have yet to meet, thankfully." Robin noted, plopping another piece of popcorn into his mouth. "And now that Weiss gets the chance to prove her superiority, let's see if she has the mettle for Hunting."

Morgan giggled. "Oooh. Tests. This should be fun."

The Badge and the Burden, Part 2

Robin sighed. "….Weiss, you are far, far too arrogant for your own good. To ignore your own leader's advice because you see her as childish…

For Naga's sake, you saw her fight the Nevermore with you, you already *know* she's competent."

Lucina just rubbed her temples, shaking her head. "For Ruby's sake, I hope Weiss matured by the time we met her. Such distrust in a team cannot be good…."
"Neeeeehhh. Something tells me this is going to come back to haunt them." Morgan mused. "Ruby thinking she's not worthy of being a leader, Weiss needing to buck down and learn that she isn't the best…."

"Hum. We never *did* meet Ozpin and they speak quite highly about him." The grandmaster mused. "Any of you see him?"
"Supposedly Father met him, but I wouldn't know." Lucina admitted, shrugging. "From what little we've seen of this Ozpin though, he seems quite….troubled."

"Considering this is the kind of world where grown men shoot at teenage girls as a matter of course, I can see why." Robin pointed out. "Although what that mysterious man in the strangely fitting bowler hat was planning two episodes ago might have something to do with that."

Jaunedice

Morgan frowned at the opening duel. "…..wow. They went out of their way to make Cardin look like an arrogant thug…."
"Hm. He doesn't seem familiar." Robin stated. "I'm guessing he's one of the students we didn't meet during the incident."
"No, I guess not." Lucina nodded in assent. "Although Jaune doesn't seem like he's troubled like that, so I suppose that got resolved sometime between then and when we met them….hopefully."

Morgan snorted at the scene of Velvet being bullied by Cardin. "….as tragic as that looks…..I really can't buy Velvet being bullied by him. Something about being crazy enough to go to *Tharja* of all people for help and carrying an axe bigger than most of us.

….is that bad?"
"This is why I think we met an alternate team RWBY." Lucina explained. "The differences are far too much- Velvet being pushed around, Weiss being far too arrogant….and Cinder attempting to kill them?"
"Plausible, given what we know about the Outrealms." Robin admitted, nodding. "It would certainly explain a few discrepancies.

Also, I can see this going wrong already, with Jaune rejecting help given to him…."

Jaunedice, Part 2

"…..and the Faunus are now reminiscent of the Taguel. Too uncomfortably close." Robin sighed, shaking his head. "Perhaps it is best Panne never finds out about this series."
"You guys actually saw Panne?" Morgan raised an eyebrow, interested. "We haven't seen her for ages."
"She decided to drop in and help us fight the Risen, it seems." Lucina explained to her daughter. "It was the weirdest thing, though- apparently she was trying to warn off Kellam from Cinder."
Morgan smirked. "Ohohoh, she was?"

'*So Panne's crushing on Kellam? Ohohohoh. The Cabal's gonna want to hear about this.*'

"….Morgan, whatever you're thinking, don't think it."
"What, dear mother?" The tactician looked innocently at her. "I would never think about something evil!"

Robin raised a finger to his lips, signalling them both to be quiet. "I'm trying to watch this-

…..that…..explains why Jaune's a bad fighter, that he faked his transcripts to get in, but…..that doesn't explain his clear strategic skill, assuming that's true even of the Jaune we met.

And again. Jaune, what in the name of Naga are you *doing*? Pyrrha's given you her help and you refuse it?"

Morgan sighed. "I swear, him and this Weiss are far too arrogant for their own go-and wonderful, now *Cardin* knows he's nothing but a fake. That's…..wonderful. Now he's blackmailing him.

Dammit, Mother, don't give me that look! We only blackmail people when it's *funny*, not when we're using it to be jerks!"

Forever Fall

"Gggh. This makes me cringe." Morgan complained. "Jaune, you're blind to Pyrrha's feelings *and* you rejected her help! Now look what's happened to you!"

"…..it should be weird to me that you put Pyrrha's feelings over Jaune getting bullied." Lucina remarked. "It isn't. I wonder why?"
"….that's just cold, Mother. Utterly *cold*."

"Rapier Wasps…..sap and-" Robin breathed in calmly. "…..Cardin, you are all sorts of foolish and childish. One, the plan will likely fail and backfire on you. Two, Jaune is likely too honourable to hurt her or allow her to come to harm.

…..and he passes the test, it seems….but now they're going after him."

Lucina frowned. "No good deed goes unpunished, it seems. Hopefully his atonement gets repaid. It's only fair, right?"
"Considering what we've seen about this world, I wouldn't count on it." Morgan reminded her. "This place is a little *too* crapsack."

"….crapsack?" Robin raised an eyebrow.

"Reflet taught me the word. It means….eerr….something like bad, or very…..dystopian?"

"…..not quite."

Forever Fall, Part 2

"…..well, whatever is to be said about him, one can't deny his ability to take hits." Robin admitted, watching Jaune be beaten to bits by the bully Cardin. "Also, that Ursa's rather….convenient….and, of course, he gets easily beaten by the bear."
Lucina merely nodded. "As expected, the bully cannot win when actually pressed into a fight. Wonderful. Well, at least Jaune can fight well enough."

Morgan cheered. "Woo! Yang gets angry and he might just be saved! Also, Jaune looks so badass, going up against that-"
"Morgan." Lucina calmly stated. The tactician frowned.

"Come on, can't a girl dream?!"

"…rather convenient, that Pyrrha's power happens to be magnetism….but I suppose it would explain a lot about her fighting prowess. And FINALLY, Jaune, you stand up to your opponents." The grandmaster cried, relieved. "Good Naga…..you stand up and then you accept the help.

Maybe you'll be worthy of the fake transcripts you used, one day."

"I'd assume so. It'd be pretty bad if he wasn't." Morgan stated, popping another piece of popcorn into her mouth.

The Stray

Morgan shook her head. "…..well….it seems Weiss wants to be the queen jerk of the jerks now. That whole thing with Ruby and now arguing with Blake over the White Fang?

They really did go out of their way to make her look unpleasant."

Lucina frowned. "Indeed so….although….knowing that they made her suffer like she did…."
"I suppose that would work to make her sympathetic, but her attitude is far too caustic." Robin reminded the other two. "Her attitude to Ruby wasn't the best, and Blake seems far too sympathetic to be hateable."
"Mmh. The writing here was pretty weak." The tactician stated. "I mean, the title of the episode CLEARLY refers to Blake, who totally isn't a catgirl hiding her cat ears under suspiciously cat ear-like ribbons and totally doesn't have cat eyes, and they threw Penny and this monkey-guy at us?

And of course, we're meant to be conflicted, but Weiss is a jerk and Blake's just….troubled. I think I'd agree with Blake here."

Robin shook his head. "Weiss has a point, though. The White Fang, they sound like terrorists, and Weiss' testimony makes it appear as if they made her childhood terrible as a result.

I can really see what they were trying to go for, but it's just too easy to sympathise with Blake."

"Come on!" Morgan yelled. "What is *with* people and alienating their team?! Jaune does it, then Weiss- seriously! Weiss, just go after Blake and apologise!"

"She's too proud." Lucina sighed. "That will be her downfall."
The grandmaster shook his head. "…..this team seems far too dysfunctional. One can only hope they can be more cohesive in future."

Black and White

"Ah. That….explains a lot. Blake seems too much of a good person to be a terrorist of her own volition…" Robin admitted. "To know that it turned into that behind her back….that must be horrific."

"Indeed so, although she should've trusted her team." Morgan countered. "Then again, with Miss Know-It-All here, I wouldn't trust my team either."

Lucina facepalmed, exasperated with Weiss' attitude. "….seriously. How can you still hate her so much? She's had your back multiple times in battle and yet you cast her out the moment you find out she was in an organisation that you hate?"
"Wait, wait, wait. So Blake knows they were turning into terrorists, but she can't believe the White Fang were behind the string of robberies everyone's going mad about?" Robin inquired, confused. "…..alright….I'll take that- I suppose it may be because she still feels loyalty to them, but it's still a little confusing."

Morgan whistled. "Points for being ballsy enough to fight bowler-hat man by yourself….but you're fighting against a group of armed men and a guy with a cane that shoots fireworks. Badass or not, you're insane.

And *the fights!* I love the fights in this! Good Naga, they're amazing- and the fact that he's holding up against two people is pretty awesome…."
"I find that quite improbable that Penny can simply take down two of those flying contraptions by herself." Robin remarked, frowning. "But….this world seems to have its inhabitants do seemingly impossible things, so I suppose I should expect that."

"…..well." Lucina sighed. "That was…..an interesting way to spend an afternoon…."

Robin exhaled, stretching his arms. "….I feel like something's about to-"

And in the distance, as if to answer him, a loud explosion sounded, followed by what sounded like Sully swearing loudly and Henry laughing maniacally.

The grandmaster grumbled, already knowing exactly how his afternoon would go.

"…..guess that answers *that* question, then."

END

A/N: Well, that was a thing. Next chapter, Lucina Reacts to Self-Inserts!

So, I hope you enjoyed that, leave your ideas, comments, criticisms, thoughts, reviews and suggestions, and I hope you have a GREAT day! Until next time!

Chapter 55: Lucina Reacts to Self-Inserts!

Lucina Reacts to Self-Inserts!

A/N: Welcome, one and all, to Lucina Reacts! Good Naga, college life is smacking me around left and right with homework, debates and such-and-such, so here's a chapter so I can get over that and not utterly lose it. I do apologise if this chapter's a little low-quality in comparison, though- I'm a little ill and out-of-it, and I'm currently doing this after having basically been in bed the whole day sniffling and coughing my innards out.

Anyway. Let's get on with the shenanigans!
DISCLAIMER: Fire Emblem belongs to Intelligent System, otherwise we would have summoning classes in more than one or two games. (Seriously, the idea of summoning other units to fight for you is a cool, if OP concept.)
All mentioned franchises and characters belong to their respective owners.

"People read this kind of thing?" Lucina inquired, looking disbelievingly at the monitor.

Reflet nodded. "They *write* that sort of thing. Reading it would imply people read stuff like it."

What was on the monitor in front of them was what most normal people would sum up as a farce of writing; the grammar was terrible, the plot lacking and the presentation almost abhorrent. The plot- or whatever there was that could be counted as plot- involved some sort of thinly-veiled character based on the author- to the extent the author and the character shared the same name- and consisted of him praising the coupling of himself and Lucina as lawful married man and wife.

"I was of the impression *someone* would take pity upon them and read those." The princess remarked. "…as it is, it reminds me of Mother's insane fantasies about the Radiant Hero and some person called Sothe or something…."
"Only if it's any *good*. There's a couple that are, but they're all pretty long, but well-written and well-worth your time." The grandmistress stated. "Trust me, sometime I've got to show you *Asleep* or *Daydreams and Nightmares* or something. Those are worth your time to read, unlike…about ninety percent of similar fics. Y'know, Sturgeon's Law and that.

I have a grudge against the writer of the first one, though. If you read it, you'll see why."

Lucina blinked. "I…..probably won't. I don't trust anything you say, if I'm honest."
"Lucina, dear, I work for the happiness of everyone else. I'm a little hurt you don't trust me." Reflet commented, pouting.
"Besides, you owe me for helping you and Robin 'fess up."
"You're just going to hold that over my head for the rest of my life, aren't you?"
"Don't beat yourself up about it. It could be worse." Reflet shrugged casually. "You could be Laurent and have your embarrassing love letters held up over your head for the rest of your life."

Lucina's eyes narrowed. "…you know, I somehow feel even *less* comforted by that than had you just kept quiet."

"I have that effect on people." Reflet remarked, smirking. "It's just my awesomeness, I guess.
"Or the fact that people around you have a tendency to end up half-naked and blackmailed."
"Nah, it's my awesomeness." The grandmistress responded, grinning.

Lucina groaned, before sighing. "Reflet, you know, you're wasted pranking people. You've shown us you're a lot more than that, so why do you spend your time pranking people instead of doing something like Robin?"
"I told you, it makes people laugh. I don't need another reason, girl. I mean, it worked for you, didn't it?" The grandmistress reminded her.

"No, but surely there's….*better* methods of making people laugh than that?"
"Those are not nearly as fun." Reflet explained, chuckling. "Besides, I'm here to make people laugh, not bore myself to death while I'm at it. Trust me, it's better off than making people happy and getting no reward for it at all. If you're going to do something for others, have fun doing it, no?"
"…..I simultaneously understand and refuse to believe that that's your reason for pranking people."
"Or maybe I'm just a troll and like screwing with people." Reflet admitted. "Who knows?"
Lucina sighed, exasperated with the effort of getting Reflet to explain her motivation.

"It seems I'll never know."

Suddenly, a loud, cracking noise rippled through the palace, shaking the walls slightly. Reflet and Lucina stood up with a start.

"Oh, who're we crossing over with now? Please tell me the portal's in Mitakihara, I need more ammunition for my Homura Beacon." Reflet remarked. "Although it would be horrible if we ended up in Spira this time…."

Lucina shook her head. "No, no, that was an earthquake. This…..this is different. It's more like one of your antics gone wrong."

"An antic gone wrong? I doubt it. Unless Henry got access to explosives or something." The grandmistress shook her head.

The sound was rather quickly followed by Sully cursing loudly.

"…..alright, I'll take it that it was an antic, but it wasn't me this time. I promise."

Lucina shook her head. "I'm not nearly insane enough to assume *all* the antics are your fault, thank Naga.

Let's go see what that was."
"Sounds like a plan."

Minutes later….

Lucina and Reflet finally arrived at the source of the noise; the palace courtyard.

Or, more specifically, the palace courtyard that was currently covered in a sopping mess of custard and piecrust, with a sopping Sully covered in custard and piecrust chasing someone around.

"GET BACK HERE, YOU DUMBASS! I'LL TEAR YOU A NEW ONE!" The cavalier roared angrily, swinging around a custard-covered hammer.

"Hey! Hey! Calm down!" The unknown figure called out desperately, ducking to avoid Sully's strikes.
"THEN STAY STILL AND DIE!"

Lucina ran over, taking care not to step in the areas where custard was all over the ground.

"Sully, what's going on?" The princess inquired. The cavalier turned to her, with a drop of sweet custard dripping from her hair and an intense glare in her eyes.

"What the hell do you think this looks like? Some idiot came in while I was training and covered the whole damn place in custard pie! Got me all sopping wet, too."
"Hm." Reflet muttered, placing a finger into the custard and putting it to her mouth. "Tasty."

"I don't think murdering him will solve you being covered in pastries."
"No, but it'll make me feel a *lot* better." Sully muttered, breathing heavily. "Hell with it, the custard's gotten in places it definitely *shouldn't* be."
"Just let me handle it." Lucina reassured her. The cavalier grumbled, before ceasing her attempt to chase the figure and turning towards the palace instead.

"Grr. Fine. I've got to get my damn clothing changed anyway." Sully muttered, before walking off.

"Lucina! Thank *god* you're here!" The figure responded, sighing in relief. Lucina ran towards them, grabbing them by the shoulder and turning them around roughly.

The figure appeared to be a male of average height, clothed in light dark robes with a shallow dark hood, with most of their face from the nose down covered by black cloth. Their skin was the most unusual thing, however; it was light blue, appearing in all other aspects to be exactly like normal skin.

Lucina immediately let go, shocked. "…..wait, wait, what….what are you?"
"Hehe." The figure sighed. "I get that a lot. I'm….well….."

"No way." Reflet stood up stock-straight, staring at the blue-skinned man. "…..that's not…"
"Huh?" Lucina looked to her. "You know him?"
"That's….that's O-Elf-sama! That's, like…that…..good Naga, that's…." The grandmistress appeared to be lost for words.

The princess blinked. "….O…Elf….sama?"

"I, uh, yeah, okay. Don't ask questions." The figure known as 'Elf-sama' responded nervously. "Can you, err, let me go? I

want to get out of here before Sully murders me- and I rather like not getting murdered."
Lucina shook her head. "Not until you explain why you're here."

"I….err….y'know, just wanted to pay you guys a visit! Y'know, see what this whole self-insert thing is all about?

I must say, most authors have the benefit of having their characters not trying to kill them."
Reflet began prostrating herself to the figure, bowing. "Hail O-Elf-sama, for his writing is majestic and his antics are amazing."
"…self-insert?" The princess muttered, putting together what she knew.

"Yes, yes, whatever, just *please* can I go before I get murdered?!" Elf looked very distressed.

"Yeah, no. I don't think so."

"EH?!"
The figure was suddenly placed in a bear-hug by Kellam, who towered over him as he did so.

Lucina jumped, having not seen him there. "When did *you* get here?"
"I've been here for five minutes trying to get Sully to stop trying to murder him. I think Robin'll want to have a look at this guy."
"Dammit…." The figure looked down, sighing. "Busted. I knew I should've written you less badass."

Robin's Office, minutes later….

Robin studied the mysterious figure, rubbing his chin pensively. The figure was tied to a chair, squirming and attempting to leave, staring fearfully at Miriel, who was currently sitting next to the grandmaster, looking at him with curiosity. The door to the outside was locked, in order to keep Reflet- who insisted on bowing to the visitor- out of the room.

"So, you're apparently a self-insert of….some person called ElfCollaborator, is that correct?" Robin repeated. Elf nodded.

"Yeah, yeah. I kinda wanted to, err, y'know, see what it was like doing this kinda thing. A lot of other authors seemed to like it.

Then again, most of them get the girls. I get Sully trying to behead me with a custard-encrusted hammer."

Lucina shook her head. "That would imply we're in some sort of fanfiction. But that's impossible!"
"Not impossible, no. I came up with the idea of writing you guys after realising nobody wrote anything like this before." Elf shook his head. "Although there was that one interesting fic that had Ike in it that might qualify."

Miriel nodded slowly. "…..that has very, very curious ramifications for the world as we know it.

This would prove the existence of a deity beyond even Naga, for one. One capable of shaping the world as we understand it."

"Oh, no, no, I didn't, err, do any shaping." Elf shook his head. "Nah, this is fanfiction. I just wrote the story. I didn't make you guys, err, so to speak."

"So there are entities out there higher in the hierarchy than you?" Miriel inquired, her eyes glimmering with curiosity. "This may be the most influential discovery in the field of Ylissean theology since the discovery of deific mortality.

To think that there is a whole hierarchy of deities-"
"Wait, that implies this person's telling the truth." Robin reminded her. "Do you still have that machine that detects lies-"
"I'm a *blue man who's called ElfCollaborator. How in the hell am I supposed to be a fake*?!" The blue man cried, struggling. "Don't stab me with those things!"
Miriel adjusted her glasses. "Indeed. We must confirm their claims.

Of course, if their claims are true, then vivisection may be required to identify their anatomy, as they appear to be just as mortal as Grima and Naga, if not even more so, judging from their fear of being terminated by Sully….."

"V….vivisection!?" Elf paled, staring at the sage.

"He has a point." Kellam, who had been silent up to that point in the conversation, shrugged. "I doubt there's any other person in the whole world with blue skin.

Although I wouldn't call him a god."
"Dammit, I wanna go home now! This is stupid!" Elf complained. "Most authors don't get vivisected by their own characters!"

Lucina shook her head. "I wouldn't believe it, but at this point, I'm willing to believe almost anything if it means it makes everything make sense."
"Yes, see? Lucina has it right!" The figure desperately answered. "See, just believe me! No need for cutting me open!"
"Your claim must be proven by the empirical method." Miriel responded coldly. "In the absence of other actions that would verify your status as an entity equivalent or higher in power than Naga, we have no other way to prove your identity.

"Dammit, what do you want me to do? I'm a little busy being tied up-"

As if on cue, Cynthia swung through the window, grabbing the chair Elf was tied to.

"O-Elf-sama, our lord and saviour, I've come to save you!" The pegasus rider declared proudly.

The look on Elf's face was one of sheer terror as he was whisked out of the window. Kellam attempted to grab at the chair to no avail- Cynthia had disappeared out of the window with the chair before the knight could reach for him.

Robin sighed, exasperated. "Kellam?"
"I'm on it." The knight stood up, unlocking the door.

Lucina groaned. "This is going to turn absolutely chaotic, isn't it."
"If the Justice Cabal are involved? We're going to need more aspirin."

Miriel frowned. "I have run out of the herbs necessary to create the confectioneries."
"…..that's just *wonderful.*" The grandmaster groaned, already anticipating the sheer headache that was about to come about.

Lucina held up her finger. "Wait, wait."
"Huh?" Robin looked over at her. "What is it?"
"If…..he wrote our world into existence…..doesn't it mean he *also* wrote in every single time we've been pranked and subject to antics?"

Justice Cabal Headquarters

"I have him!" Cynthia declared, placing the chair with Elf in front of the rest of the Cabal. "I found O-Elf-sama!"

Reflet clapped proudly, before clapping him on the shoulder. "And this, my friends, is the man who is responsible for all of our antics getting the way they are today!"

The Cabal stared at the supposed author of all that they did, blinking confusedly.

"…that's the person who's supposedly behind everything?" Severa inquired, before scoffing. "…..I expected better."
"Wait until Zelretch hears about this. We nabbed *O-Elf-sama himself*!" Todd declared proudly. "I mean, we owe a lot to this man!"
"If it wasn't for him, we'd be out of a job as pranksters!" Reflet explained.

Owain stood up, saluting him. "Then, our cause as noble heroes of justice fighting against the shadows of evil that would stop shipping from happening is owed to him!

Praise the Elf!"
"I just want to blow things up." Henry shrugged. "Oooh, if you're the author who writes everything, can you write me some blowy-up powers? I like blowing things up a lot. Please?"

"And suddenly I regret leaving the Reactsverse with no fourth wall." Elf muttered miserably. "Can I go now?"
"Are you kidding?" Reflet scoffed. "We need to throw you a feast! You made all our shipping possible!"
"And yet suddenly I regret doing that."

Cynthia raised her hand. "Ooh! Ooh! Can I get the food?"
The door to the headquarters was suddenly kicked open as Lucina appeared in the doorway, glaring intensely at Elf.

"Uh-oh."

"You. *YOU* made me suffer through the Cabal's antics!" The princess declared, glaring at him. "You subjected the sane world to antics!"
The blue-skinned figure swallowed nervously. "…it was…..funny?"
"So that's where that dumbass went!" Sully roared, strolling into the headquarters, a very large mace in hand. "YOU! You're gonna get yourself torn a new one for what you did!"
"I'm going to avenge every single time you made me suffer!" Lucina roared, running after the cavalier towards Elf.

Cynthia stood up in front of them. "No! He's ours now! You can't hurt him!"
"Protect Elf-sama!" Reflet cried. "Protect Elf-sama! Protect the Lord of Antics!"

"Screw it, I don't want to do this anymore! I'm outta here!" The figure cried, before a bright, blinding light filled the room, clouding the sight of everyone present-

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"People read this kind of thing?" Lucina inquired, looking disbelievingly at the monitor.

Reflet nodded. "They write that sort of thing. Reading it would imply people read stuff like it."

What was on the monitor in front of them was what most normal people would sum up as a farce of writing; the grammar was terrible, the plot lacking and the presentation almost abhorrent. The plot- or whatever there was that could be counted as plot- involved some sort of thinly-veiled character based on the author- to the extent the author and the character shared the same name- and consisted of him praising the coupling of himself and Lucina as lawful married man and wife.

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I have a grudge against the writer of the first one, though. If you read it, you'll see why."

Lucina blinked. "I…..probably won't. I don't trust anything you say, if I'm honest-

…..wait a second."
Reflet raised an eyebrow. "…..what is it, Lucina?"
"….have we done this before?" The princess inquired, confused.

"Not that I can remember." Reflet shrugged. "Although…..funnily enough, I think we may have. Maybe it's just one of those weird things O-Elf-sama wants to do with us again."
"Who?"
"Never mind. You don't need to know."

Both women looked up, as if expecting something to happen. Nothing did.

The pair resumed conversation, shrugging off the moment.

….

'…..*thank god, I managed to fix that.*

That could've gone horribly wrong.

Dammit. I just write the damn thing. I didn't think it would end up with bloody Lucina and Sully trying to kill me and me being turned into some sort of cult figure!

….welp. That settles it. I'm not touching that self-insert nonsense ever again. My characters are crazy.

Maybe I should've written a parody of that kinda stuff with some other poor schmuck in my place instead. Would've worked better. Less vivisection.

Meh.'

END

A/N: Remind me, never again shall I attempt to self-insert into Lucina Reacts.

Anyway, next time will be….a surprise! That's right! And no, I totally haven't not planned one for next time! That's preposterous!

So, I hope you enjoyed that, leave your ideas, comments, reviews, suggestions, thoughts and criticisms, and I hope you have a GREAT day! Until next time!

Chapter 56: Cordelia Reacts to Therapy, Part 1!

Cordelia Reacts to Therapy!

A/N: Welcome, one and all, to Lucina Reacts! I have some good news and some bad news. The good news, is that I've got a plan for how to proceed from what I've set up here, which is good for you guys. The bad news is that the two authors I'm waiting on for permission to do their fics….have not actually responded, which complicates things for us here. If and when we get their permission, the fics that we are attempting to acquire will be revealed, but for now, let's get on with the chapter!

DISCLAIMER: Fire Emblem belongs to Intelligent Systems, otherwise we would have the triangle attack in Awakening. (Even worse, because infinite reclassing = all the Pegasus Knights we want.)

All mentioned franchises and characters belong to their respective owners.

"You should always watch your left, Severa. You always leave an opening there."
"Yes, Mother."

"Your footwork is also slightly off. Don't shift so much to the right."

"Yes, Mother."
"Do you understand what I'm saying, Severa?"
"Yes, Mother."

"…will you pay Owain back for the money you borrowed off of him to buy clothes?"
"Yes, Mother-" Severa froze for a moment, realising what she had just said. The mercenary glared at Cordelia, irritated.

"That was hardly *fair*, Mother."
"I was testing you to see if you were listening." The falcon knight frowned, pursing her lips and propping her lance up next to her. The two women were training with lances in the palace's training yard, in line with Severa's desire to learn how to use a lance for some unfathomable- though likely related to the Justice Cabal-reason and the mercenary was, for lack of a better word, being difficult about it.

"You have to pay attention to what I'm telling you. Skill does not come naturally, you know." Cordelia reminded her.
"Ggh….I know, I know." Severa grumbled, conceding the point. "It's just….you've been using a lance for most of your life, and I barely know how to use the damn things."
"Don't give up." The falcon knight reassured her, smiling a little. "You'll get there eventually."
Severa rolled her eyes. "Oh, don't give me that talk, Mother. You sound like an i-idiot."
'…..if this is what Todd calls 'tsundere' behaviour, I find it confusing.' Cordelia noted, sighing at her daughter. *'And I do say, she certainly didn't get it from me. Unless I'm….like that. Am I? I'll have to ask Lon'qu and Robin about it. I don't know.'*

"Can we take a break from this? My side hurts from being smacked with lances all morning." Severa complained, groaning and rubbing her side. Cordelia nodded.

"Of course. Do you want to call it a day?"
"Are you doubting my ability to train, Mother? Are you daft?"

"No, but you're a crazy *tsundere*." Todd remarked, smirking as he leaned on the column, watching the mercenary.

"Q-quiet, you! I still don't know what that is!" The mercenary snapped. "I know it's some sort of insult, so quit it, you stupid idiot!"
"Todd! I….didn't expect you." Cordelia greeted the young tactician, although with her eyes on his hands, to ensure he wasn't holding something that might lead to an antic. "What do you need?"

Todd scoffed. "I know that look, Cordelia. Don't give me that, I'm not planning anything. Yet. Nah, I'm here because Robin decided to call me instead of his girlfriend, daughter or slave to get you."
"Slave?" Cordelia raised an eyebrow. Severa exhaled loudly and exasperatedly.

"Todd, the daft moron, seems to think Kellam's Robin's slave for some reason. Naga knows why."
Cordelia nodded at Todd. "Alright…..although what would Robin want with me this early? It's not even noontime yet."
"Beats me. I just did it so he'd get off my back and I could go screw around some more." Todd shrugged. "Although I see you've got your hands full with Miss Pigtails here."

"Shut it, idiot. Don't g-give me such s-stupid nicknames!"

The falcon knight placed her lance on the rack next to the wall, dusting herself off. "I'll see him right now. Severa, for Naga's sake, please ignore his teasing, he's doing it because he knows you'll react to it."
"I can't help that he's a moron and he should be quiet!" The mercenary protested indignantly. Todd smirked.

"I cannot tell a lie, she's got a point. You're fun to troll, Miss Pigtails~"
"Todd!"

Cordelia closed her eyes and sighed, before walking out of the room, heading to the stairs towards Robin's study.

When Cordelia arrived at Robin's office, nothing unusual really stuck out to her, except for its inhabitant. The state he was in took the falcon knight aback.

"Robin!"

The grandmaster looked tired, with bags underneath his eyes and a slight twitch in his right eyelid. A mug of tea was in his hand, shaking slightly, and a book was in his other hand, his eyes trailing across the text on the page. He looked up at the mention of his name.

"Cordelia." Robin started. "Hello. You, uh, want to take a seat?"
"Robin, you look exhausted. What's going on?" Cordelia inquired, concerned for her friend. Robin groaned.

"Thank Naga you aren't tasked with the job of monitoring the mental health of your best friends." The grandmaster commented, rubbing his eyes. "Seriously, you know what I have to do in a normal day? I have to watch the Justice Cabal, make sure our non-Cabal affiliated friends aren't doing anything stupid, and I have to help Chrom pass legislation that might change Ylisse forever. It's *insane*, even with Lucina, Kellam and everyone else helping out."
"So….are you going to ask me to assist you in whatever you're doing right now?" Cordelia inquired, curious.

"No, no…..you're going to be our mental health analyst." Robin started. "You're going to figure out what's wrong with everyone for me and fix it so I can for the love of Naga *have some rest and sleep*."
"What do you mean by that?"
"I mean, I want to know why Say'ri's obsessed with planting those blasted trees and hanging off Tiki's heels, and why Henry's obsessed with explosions! And if possible, I want you to talk some sense into the Cabal so they'll quit blowing things up!" The grandmaster cried desperately. "Last week alone, they depleted half the city's supply of custard to flood Sully's house with it! Do you know how long she was in my room cursing up a storm for?"

The falcon knight stared at him, her eyes wide with surprise. "Alright, alright, I see your point! But…..why me? I'm not the most qualified-"
"No, you're right, you aren't. Gregor is." Robin stated matter-of-factly, drawing a surprised stare from Cordelia. "He apparently has some sort of qualification Reflet called a *degree in psychoanalysis* or something that he picked up in the Outrealms. Naga knows what that is, but we tried to get him to work for us and he said that he'd rather work for free than try to make everyone here *sane*."
Cordelia blinked briefly. "That's…..unusual."
"And then we tried to get Libra to do it. Of course, he declined, because he had his hands full with the infirmary, raising funds for the orphanage and taking care of Tharja." The grandmaster sighed. "He's one of the few people I know is completely sane in this world, so that was somewhat of a setback…."
"Have you considered Miriel?" The falcon knight suggested innocently. Robin blanched in terror at the thought.

"Her? She'd likely try some sort of experimental contraption or something to fix this problem. No, you're the only person we trust with trying to fix this problem left. Kellam can't do it, I can't, Lucina would go crazy doing it, and almost nobody else wants the job."

"W-wait a second. So you think I can do a better job than you at talking to our friends about the fact that they're all lunatics?" Cordelia asked, confused. Robin nodded.

"You're our only hope. I need to sleep. I've been up since *midnight*. I think I even woke up Lucia by accident trying to do my work, and I'd rather not have to explain to Chrom why I'm overworked.

Please, Cordelia." Robin implored his friend desperately, a manic look in his tired eyes. "I *beg* you. At least *try* the job, *please*, for the sake of all things *sane and beautiful*."

The falcon knight sighed, shaking her head. Robin was a good friend, and he looked too desperate to turn down.

"…..fine, I guess I could….give it a go." Cordelia nodded slowly. Robin's eyes lit up and he reached over to hug her.

"Thank you thank you thank you!" The grandmaster uttered hastily, squeezing her tightly. "You've done me a great favour….."

He slumped across her shoulder, and the soft sound of snoring could be heard. The falcon knight exhaled, before placing him lightly on the desk, letting him sleep. He needed the rest.

"Well, hopefully Lucina might find him before someone else walks in." Cordelia reasoned, before thinking carefully about what she had just agreed to.

She had agreed to helping make the Shepherds sane- a gargantuan task, one which she wasn't sure she could achieve. The falcon knight was one of the most skilled women in all of Ylisse, with aptitude in fields as diverse as music and warfare, and yet she didn't think she was capable of the task.

Of course, this did not mean she would simply give in. No, she decided to give it a go. It couldn't harm her- even the worst antics of the Justice Cabal merely wounded one's pride, not one's body.

'*And besides,'* Cordelia rationalised to herself. *'He's only asking me to talk to good friends, not to, say, march into the hellish depths of some alien Outrealm.*

What's the worst that could happen?'

….

Somewhere else in the castle, Reflet looked up, facepalming.

"Oh no she didn't." The grandmaster remarked. "She just said the worst phrase in all the English language.

Poor, poor Cordy don't know what she's in for…."

The next day….

"This is to be my office?" Cordelia looked around the room she'd been assigned in the palace. Kellam nodded, his arms crossed and giving an approving nod.

"Took me all night to furnish the place." The knight noted, surveying the room. Cordelia frowned.

"You did this all night?"
"Had nothing better to do." Kellam admitted, shrugging. "Then again, Robin promised me double pay.

Speaking of pay, do you mind reminding him to pay me?"

"Sure, sure." Cordelia shrugged, smiling. "I'll be sure to put in a word for you. Nice job on the furnishing, I must admit."

The room was quite well-furnished, as Cordelia noted; the centrepiece of the room was a well-crafted Feroxi mahogany desk, with a tasteful engraving of a pair of boars fighting, representing the two Khans, placed in the centre of the desk facing the door. Behind the desk and in front of it were chairs made from the same wood, furnished with plush blue velvet cushions which were embroidered with the Ylissean royal emblem in gold thread. Topping it off was a metal bar on the desk, upon which was engraved 'Cordelia, Shepherd Mental Health Analyst'.

"How much did this all cost you?" The falcon knight inquired, frowning. Kellam chuckled, rubbing the back of his head.

"I….uh…..kinda actually made these all by myself." The knight admitted, laughing. Cordelia stared at him in disbelief.

"You're not serious."
"I did. I was pretty bored, so eh. Not a problem. And it came into use, didn't it? Anyway, so….um….they'll be coming in today. Your first patients, I mean."

Cordelia paused. "Wait, patients?"

Kellam looked up at the window. "Which reminds me, I have to go check up on Libra. He said he needed some stuff lifted in the infirmary, so I'll see you around. Good luck!"

'*You'll need it. Naga help you if you're the one who has to make everyone around here sane….'*

With that, the knight left the room, leaving Cordelia standing in the middle of the room, confused.

"…..huh." She shrugged, exhaling deeply and took her seat behind the desk. After a brief period of silence, the sound of shuffling feet could be heard outside, confirming Kellam's statement.

"…first person come in, I suppose?" The falcon knight called out. *'...and I have absolutely no idea of how to do this, so please give me someone relatively sane.'*

…

Sully was the first one to walk into her office that day, an angry expression on the red-headed cavalier's face and a clenched fist at her side. Cordelia clasped her hands together, frowning.

"Sully, you look….angry." The falcon knight noted, faltering at the sheer hatred radiating off of Sully. "What's….wrong…."

"You ever felt like you needed to break something or somebody?" The cavalier inquired slowly, in a low voice, as if she was struggling to hold her temper. "Like, you really needed to punch a dent into something?"

"….no-"
"Well, *I* do." Sully muttered, pulling out something from her pocket with her free hand and showing it to Cordelia. "Take a look at this."

The falcon knight examined it closely- it was a very, very well-drawn illustration of a very…*vivid* scene of Sully and Virion kissing underneath a tree. She blinked briefly, trying to figure out what exactly was going on here.

"…alright. What's wrong with that?"
"What's wrong? For Naga's sake, I don't even *like* Ruffles! The hell are these dumbasses getting that idea?" Sully snapped angrily. "I mean, seriously! It's not like I notice when that idiot tries for the umpteenth damn time to flirt with me, or buy me dinner, and I don't really care when he goes around telling people about how I'm somehow the prettiest girl he's ever met!

Just where the hell are these damn morons getting these ideas?!"
'…I'm sure you don't. Good Naga, I hope Severa didn't learn her behaviour from her…' Cordelia thought to herself. She sighed deeply.

"Sully, just try to calm down." She reassured her. "It's probably just a joke and not meant to slander you. I'm sure you're not actually….interested in Virion-"
"Good! Because I'm not! He's frail! And weak! Damn idiotic longhaired sissy with his stupid heroic tendencies!" The cavalier stood up, turning to walk out the door.

"Tch. Damn idiots. I never said he looked nice….and there's no way I blushed when that dumbass bought me flowers when I was training. Stupid, stupid idiots….."

She walked out, leaving Cordelia entirely confused.

"…..well." The falcon knight cleared her throat after a couple of moments. "…..that was….um, something.

Alright. Next!"

….

"SCRAAAAW!"

Cordelia flinched at the noise of Edgar as Henry took his seat in front of her, smiling brightly as always. The Risen crow surveyed her with glowing red eyes, snapping up a worm in its beak, as the dark mage petted it with his finger.

"Heheheheh…..he likes you." Henry mused. "He thinks you're pretty."
Cordelia swallowed, staring briefly at the crow before looking to Henry. "Um…ahh…alright, thanks, I suppose.

So, why are you here today?"
"Oh, I dunno." Henry shrugged nonchalantly. "Robin made me talk to you. He thinks there's something wrong with me."

'*Oh, Naga above, I don't have the heart to say it….'*

"I mean, come on! What's so wrong about liking to blow stuff up?" The dark mage complained. "I just like explosions! And blood! Blood's so red and shiny!"

"…have you considered that not everyone might share that interest in blood and explosions?" Cordelia suggested, speaking slowly to get her point across. Henry scoffed.

"People are boring then! Explosions are fun! They make big boom booms!" The dark mage proclaimed, before standing up. "Well, it really was fun talking to you-"
"Wait! I haven't-"
"So, I'm just going to go now! Edgar's getting hungry anyway." Henry grinned at the falcon knight. "Bye!

"SCRAW SCRAAAAW!" Edgar cawed loudly, nuzzling into the dark mage's neck, before he walked out of the room. Cordelia looked down, sighing for the umpteenth time that day.

"…well, that made me feel useless."

…..

The next occupant of the chairs in front of her surprised her; rather than someone like Morgan, pressed into attending her session by Robin, or someone like Sully, who was pressed into attending to rant about their various grievances with the Cabal, it was the normally composed and calm Laurent.

The young mage had his hat in his lap, dusting it off and looking uncharacteristically discomposed as he calmly adjusted his glasses, looking up at Cordelia.

"I am told you…..are experienced in matters of the heart." The mage started. The falcon knight raised an eyebrow.

"…..that may or may not be true. Why?"
"I….am aware of the issues of a comrade of mine." Laurent started, adjusting his collar, though it was perfectly straight. "They have….an issue that needs urgent solving."
"Oh?" Cordelia perked up. This looked like a potential thing she might need to react to- a first for that day, after the rather disastrous and short conversations she'd just had. "What?"
"Well….my comrade, you see….wishes to convey certain…..feelings to another comrade of theirs." The mage started, his voice slightly shaky. "These feelings are of a….romantic nature…..and this comrade is not sure whether or not hi- their comrade returns such feelings.

They have attempted to communicate their feelings before, but….they were accosted suddenly by….let us call them a group of bandits, and they found a token that they wished to present to their comrade in order to convey these feelings, so he-*they* were unable to make clear what they felt for them.

I wish for your counsel here. How else might this comrade communicate their feelings?"

"…..alright." The falcon knight clasped her hands together, a pensive look on her face. "You're going to have to answer a few questions. I would like you to be honest, as this might help me solve your problems.

Firstly, is this comrade you and this other comrade Nah, and secondly, is this story about you trying to confess your feelings to her?"

Ever since that day, Cordelia swore she had never seen anyone turn redder than Laurent had right in front of her that very moment.

"I…..I..I….I…." The mage stuttered, trying to come up with words to respond to the comment with. "I…I r-refuse to comment on the veracity of that statement o-or on my relationship w-with her.

S-speaking of which, there is a…..I must….I must prevent Mother from baking a dog. I must leave immediately, if you excuse me."

Before she could stop him, Laurent had sprinted out of the room, his cheeks red with embarrassment. Cordelia frowned, watching his cloak stream out behind him.

"…..it was an honest question…."

The falcon knight's spirits sank. She'd had three people talk to her thus far in the space of twenty minutes and all of them had basically come in, spoken for a few moments and walked out without her being able to solve much of anything. She'd then had more of the Shepherds come in; Vaike had completely forgotten why he was there and stumbled out to go ask Miriel, Maribelle had been ordered to go on Libra's orders and had snappily rebuked her before walking out and insisting that she had no strange issue with Lissa or something of the sort, and Tiki had fallen asleep for most of their

conversation, before waking up and assuming it was the day before.

She was starting to think her new job was a little less useful than Robin had made it out to be, and starting to see why Robin was so sleepless, working at a job so futile.

"…..perhaps I was overeager in doing him a favour…." Cordelia remarked, rubbing her temples and looking down at the table. Her head was pounding, and she really needed something to calm the nerves; perhaps a nice cup of tea, or one of those aspirin confectioneries Robin so loved to take to deal with his line of work.

"Tea actually does sound good." The falcon knight declared, standing up. "I might just make myself some-"
As she stood up, however, the strangest sight greeted her. Panne, of all people, was staring at her intently, sitting in the chair in front of her- having entered while she had a lapse in attention. The falcon knight almost jumped when she saw the taguel looking at her.

"Cordelia." Panne uttered calmly and tersely.

"Hello, Panne." The falcon knight responded, looking at her a little confusedly. "…..to what do I owe this pleasure?"
"Let us not spend too much time on pleasantries." The taguel responded brusquely. "You are who Robin has assigned to assist our group with problems, yes?"
"Yes-"

Panne looked down, a slightly guilty look on her face.
"Then I implore you to assist me with mine."

To be continued….

A/N: I just wanted to do a chapter on the characters we hardly show in the Reactsverse. I mean, obviously we see a lot of Lucina, Robin, Reflet, Todd and Morgan, but we never see, say, Cordelia or Panne or Henry nowadays, except as part of an ensemble. So I decided to give these guys a day in the limelight, as it were. Let's see how that goes, eh?

So, I hope you enjoyed that, leave your ideas, comments, suggestions, criticisms, reviews and thoughts, and I hope you have a GREAT day! Until next time!

Chapter 57: Cordelia Reacts to Therapy, Part 2!

Cordelia Reacts to Therapy, Part 2!

A/N: Welcome, one and all, to Lucina Reacts! Man, that last chapter was…..actually nothing special. That's more Weiss Reacts, really. However, giving the spotlight to other characters is pretty special. Must be my general mood. Oh, wait, I've got a response to make.

Guest who informed me about Project X Zone; I actually knew this about a week beforehand, and I must say that for…..many, many reasons, I refuse to react to this knowledge. Primarily because I neither own Project X Zone nor approve of them being in it. Anyone who wishes to ask why may PM me at the risk of a very fannish rant.

However, enough pointless ranting, let's get on with the chapter!

DISCLAIMER: Fire Emblem belongs to Intelligent Systems, otherwise we'd have Summon staves in Awakening. (Not sure about Fates yet, but eh.)

All mentioned franchises and characters belong to their respective owners.

"Assist you with….yours?" Cordelia blinked, somewhat shocked. She had to admit, she hadn't imagined Panne, of all people, would have a problem she would need to talk to people about- and if she had a problem, she wasn't the type to talk about it.

Regardless, the taguel was in front of her, and she was nodding. "Yes. I would like you to assist me with a problem of mine."
"…you're….*not* with the Justice Cabal, right?" The falcon knight inquired, confused. "They didn't put you up to this, right?"

Panne glared at her. "Did I *stutter*?"

"Alright." Cordelia sighed in relief. Panne was too proud of herself to lie, that much she knew about the mysterious woman.

But what sort of problem would bring her to come to Cordelia?

"So," the red-haired woman began. "Start at the beginning. What, exactly, is your issue?"
"I did not come here to talk." Panne replied brusquely. "I came here to acquire your assistance."
"Panne, I don't actually *help* people directly, I just talk them through their-"
"Will you help me or not? I do not have time for idle conversation." The taguel declared, staring at Cordelia intently. The falcon knight shuddered at the intensity, looking down and weighing her options.

'*She…..really wants help with whatever she came here for.'* She realised. She couldn't leave her hanging, after all, it wouldn't be fair to her. She had no other choice except to help Panne.

"…..alright….I suppose I can…..assist you." Cordelia offered, frowning. "I still don't understand why you would come to someone whose stated job is talking to you instead of actively helping, but-"
"We don't have much time." Panne stood up suddenly, turning to face the door. "Come with me. I cannot explain without showing you."
"Wait, wait, what are you-" Cordelia started, but the taguel had already begun walking away from her. The falcon knight sighed, shaking her head.

"I hope it isn't something really serious….." She remarked. "Having said that, I don't really want to be told a zombie crow finds me attractive, either…..

….I can see why Robin's so stressed out."

With no other choice, Cordelia walked out to follow Panne, who was briskly walking towards the inner part of the palace, towards the training areas. She didn't turn to look at her as she walked.

"What's in the training area that has to do with your issue?" Cordelia inquired, but Panne simply continued walking forward without turning to face the falcon knight.

"You will see soon enough." The taguel remarked enigmatically, with a hint of embarrassment in her voice. "Then you will understand what I mean and why I wanted you to assist me with it, Cordelia."

Minutes later…..

Cordelia finally caught up to where Panne was headed; one of the training rooms of the palace. She peered inside, to see the taguel crouched behind one of the barriers separating the room and the actual training area. The falcon knight approached her, confused.

"Panne! What are you-"
"Get down!" Panne harshly whispered, pulling her down. Cordelia yelped in surprise as she was yanked down, brushing off her arm.

"Panne! What is the matter with you? What are you doing-"
"Be quiet and look." The taguel ordered harshly, pointing over the barrier. The falcon knight peered over, looking to see what was bothering her so.

Kellam was in the training area, frowning as he calmly whittled away with a whetstone at a spear in his hand.

"It still doesn't look right…." The knight muttered. "Not at all…."
Cordelia raised an eyebrow. "I don't get it. He's simply sharpening a spearhead. Panne, what are you getting at?"
"Not the spearhead, woman, *him*."
"Him? What's wrong with him?"
"I cannot seem to ignore him, of late, as I do the rest of you." The taguel muttered harshly. "I notice his presence more than I should, and to someone as unremarkable as he claims to be, that should be impossible.

Also, of late, he…has loomed on my thoughts far more than…..I deem healthy." Panne muttered, for the first time looking bashful, blushing slightly.

Cordelia's eyes widened, then narrowed, and widened again. It had just hit her precisely *what* kind of problem Panne was having.

"…you. You, of all people…..have a *crush* on Kellam." The falcon knight uttered, trying to process what she had just heard, a small smile forming on her face as she went over the thought in her head.

Panne, the super serious taguel woman, aloof and distrustful of others, had somehow, through the graces of Naga or otherwise, ended up having a schoolgirl crush on Kellam.

The taguel glared at her indignantly, her cheeks reddening further, partially from embarrassment, partially from anger.

"A crush? D-do you take me for one of your human children, Cordelia?! I do not have a *crush*. No, I simply…..cannot remove him from my thoughts!"
The falcon knight sighed. "Fine then, is it because you find him romantically interesting? Sorry if I sound a little clinical, but that's the best way I can describe it without calling it a crush."

"….p-possibly." Panne's harsh exterior faltered, and she looked away, grumbling. "….as I'm aware, you…..are the most experienced with love here. A-as such, I….assumed your advice on such matters would be sound and worth listening to.

How can I resolve it?"

"Resolve what?"
Both women's eyes immediately widened in surprise as Kellam loomed over both of them, looking down at them. He frowned, tilting his head.

"I must confess, I've never heard of any sort of resolving of problems that involved crouching behind walls." The knight mused. "Anything I can help you two with?"

Panne glared at Cordelia. The message was clear; do not say a word about what she had just revealed. The falcon knight looked up, nodding.

"Just, erm, helping Panne up. She tripped."

"Oh? Do I need to grab a vulnerary?" Kellam offered. Cordelia shook her head hastily.

"N-no need. I can treat the injury. See? She can stand up just fine." The falcon knight pulled Panne up, who, indeed, could stand perfectly well.

Kellam frowned. "Are you sure you don't want Lissa or Libra to have a look at that?"

"I am fine." Panne intoned harshly. "Cordelia and I will take our leave now. Is that not correct?"

The falcon knight nodded hurriedly. "Of course! We'll leave now! See you around!"
"Wait, I-" Before Kellam could finish the sentence, however, Cordelia and Panne were long gone, having escaped down the corridor.

The knight scratched his head. "…..what's up with those two?"

Cordelia's Office

Panne and Cordelia re-entered the latter's office, breathing heavily, having escaped the knight. The taguel looked irritated.

"How did we not notice him sneak up on us? How did *you* not notice him?"

Cordelia frowned. "Didn't you say yourself he was unremarkable?"
"Tch. You have a point." Panne grumbled. "...so, what do you suggest doing?"

"Can't you just, you know, *go up to him and tell him you like him*?" The falcon knight suggested. Panne scoffed. "And what, have the Justice Cabal prank me for it?"
"I'm pretty sure they'll stop pranking you if they know you've admitted it to him." Cordelia pointed out. "I mean, isn't that part of their agenda, to get people to stop being so cowardly about love?"
"That's easy for you to say." Panne retorted. "It didn't take you that long to admit you loved Lon'qu to his face. In front of the rest of the Shepherds, to boot."
"…..you realise he's afraid of women and it took him two weeks to actually respond, during which he didn't talk to me at all, right?"

"Still! Can't you just admit it? It's not like anything's stopping you." Cordelia pointed out. "It's better for your health. Mental health, anyway."

The taguel turned away, blushing slightly. "It….it wouldn't feel right."

'*What about it doesn't feel right? She's fought alongside him for two years!'* The falcon knight thought, frustration building inside her. '*Good Naga, I can really see why the Justice Cabal likes pranking these people; they're taking it into their own hands to stop them being so bashful.'*

"What about it isn't right? You and him were practically inseparable during the war!" Cordelia reminded her.

Panne shook her head again. "It doesn't feel right. My kind has courtship rituals, and…..I cannot simply skip these."
"Now you're just delaying things!" Cordelia pointed out, her voice beginning to sound more and more irritated. This was starting to remind her of what she had done with Robin and Lucina not a month ago. "Panne, seriously, you are being absolutely *absurd*. You've faced being hunted by the worst of humankind, *two* tyrannical conquerors and a god who threatened to end all of existence with about the same amount of fear as you'd have taking a bath.

For the love of Naga, why can't you say you love a man you've known for six years? Can't any of you do that?!"

"…..ggh." The taguel growled, attempting- and failing- to come up with an argument to counter the falcon knight. She sighed.

"…you drive a hard bargain. Far be it from me to ignore your expertise in matters of the heart."
Cordelia exhaled deeply. At least Panne was willing to listen to reason, and much faster than she'd made Robin listen, too.

"Alright. Well. You just want him to know, right? Or do you want to get to know him better over, say, some dinner, right?"

"…I suppose…..as a prelude to an actual relationship…a meal might help." The taguel conceded, nodding slowly.
"…..how do I go about…..offering it to him?"
Cordelia smiled. This was something she, from experience involving many failed attempts at asking others- apart from Chrom, to whom she'd never even worked up the courage to speak to- could work with.

After all, not *all* of her expertise had come from that vaunted book for the romantically inexperienced, *Make Him Fall For You In A Fortnight*. Even she had made use of it quite often.

"Very well. Are you prepared to listen?" The falcon knight questioned. Panne nodded eagerly.

"I did come to you for assistance, did I not?"
She clapped her hands together. "Excellent. We will start with my first pointer…."

Hours later….

Panne brushed a stray lock of hair from her eyes, clearing her throat. Kellam was sitting in front of her, working on the payment statement for everyone in the palace's employ- Anna was off sick and forced to go to bed for fear that she might attempt some sort of harebrained scheme to gain money off her illness- and she had gone over this scenario multiple times with Cordelia.

'*Tch. I have to remember what she said…...'* The taguel recalled, calling to mind Cordelia's pointers.

….

"*Firstly, if they're doing something, try to comment on it." Cordelia stated calmly. "You know him wel enough so it isn't strange. It also makes you look friendlier.*

And if you look friendlier, he'll be more likely to accept any offer for dinner."

….

"…..Friendliness helps, right. I must keep that in mind." Panne nodded. "Right."

She approached the knight, looking down at his work. Breathing in deeply, she began to speak.

"So. Kellam. What is….that….. you're working on?"

Kellam looked up, tilting his head. "Oh, I'm just….erm, working on the payment slips for everyone who works here. Anna couldn't do it, so, uh, I thought I might try my hand at it."

"…interesting." The taguel noted, nodding. "…is that….exciting?"
"…..I wouldn't call it that, I suppose." The knight responded, chuckling casually.

Panne blinked. "….alright. Well. Um…."

….

"*Secondly, confidence begets confidence. If you look confident , you'll feel confident." The falcon knight explained. "It helps, of course."*

….

'*Confidence begets confidence. Right.'* The taguel noted, looking back at Kellam again.

"…..so." Panne placed her hands on her hips in an effort to make herself look as strong as possible. "Is that all you have to say?"
"…..huh?" Kellam looked confusedly at her. "What're you saying?"
Panne faltered slightly. "…what I mean to say is weren't you going to say something else?"

"…..not at all. Is something the matter, Panne?" The knight inquired, concerned. "You're acting weird today."

"I'm here to ask you something, actually."

Kellam scratched his head. "…..alright…..I don't know what what you've been doing for the last minute or so has to do with asking me something, but go ahead."

…..

"*And lastly, just be casual about how you ask him out. Don't be too fierce, don't be too shy. Just be yourself."*

….

Panne swallowed. In all her life, truly, there had been no greater challenge than attempting to say the words she wanted

to say right that moment.

"I…wish to…." The taguel started, struggling with her words suddenly.

'*What am I doing? I'm trembling like some sort of swooning fool!'* She cursed herself mentally. Kellam tilted his head. "Panne, you're starting to sweat a little. What's wrong? What are you trying to say?"

"What I mean to say is…..I….wish to…." She looked around desperately, trying to muster the courage…..and failing.

'*T-this is far too immature for me. I can figure out my own way to….resolve this issue.'*

"…I will ask you some other time. E-excuse me." Panne took her leave and ran off, leaving the knight confused.

"…..what was that about?" Kellam wondered, scratching his head before shrugging. "Probably some weird taguel thing."

….

Cordelia sighed, shaking her head. She had been surveying the situation from the other side of the room, and it pained her to see Panne retreat like she did.

"Darn it all." The falcon knight muttered. "So much for my advice. Panne, you were so close…."

She stood up, brushing off her sleeve. It seemed she'd probably have to talk some sense into her taguel friend, and certainly figure out just why she'd ran off at the last minute.

"…this is certainly out of character for her. Seriously, what is it about confessing to people that makes people so…..scared?" Cordelia muttered irritably as she strolled out and left the room.

She, however, found herself blocked by someone else, who was staring at them intently also; Miriel, the resident scientist and mage.

"…..I hear you are providing solutions to problems." The sage said, adjusting her glasses slightly. "May I…ask for your advice on matters that…..well….concern the heart, in a matter of speaking?"

Cordelia groaned.

'*Here we go again.'*

END

A/N: Well. That was…..a thing.

I waited all chapter to reveal this…..but here we go. I'd like to announce that we have acquired lambentLodestar's Daydreams and Nightmares and TheWerdna's Love Across Time and A Future Disowned for Lucina Reacts! Yes, your applause may be showered upon me now, I know you all love me, yes.

Indeed, Love Across Time is actually our next chapter's subject! A big thanks to TheWerdna, who actually allowed me to use their other fic without asking, and if you're reading this, you're awesome!

So, I hope you enjoyed that, leave your ideas, thoughts, reviews, thoughts, criticisms and suggestions, and I hope you have a GREAT day! Until next time!

Chapter 58: Special Chapter: Love Across Time, Pt 1!

Lucina Reacts to Love Across Time, Part 1!

A/N: Welcome, one and all, to Lucina Reacts! Naga, has it been such a long time since we've last featured a fanfic, and of course, to start featuring stuff again, it's fitting that we're featuring, of course, Robin and Lucina fic, which apparently contributes to ninety percent of any fic worth reading for *Awakening*! Yes, it's weird. Perhaps I should write fics that aren't Corrin/Azura for *Fates* to change that up.

Eh. We'll cross that bridge when we get there. Anyway, let's get this chapter out of the way! A huge thanks to TheWerdna for letting us feature this fic!

DISCLAIMER: Fire Emblem belongs to Intelligent Systems, otherwise we would have ballistae in Awakening.

All mentioned franchises and characters belong to their respective owners.

Love Across Time belongs to TheWerdna.

"No, Morgan."
"But whyyyy?!"
"No."

"Whyyyy?!"
"No!"

"Whyyyyyyyyyy?!" The tactician whined, kneeling next to Lucina's chair, pouting. "Pleaaaaase? I won't bother you again! I promise!"

The princess sighed. "Your father has to find a replacement for Cordelia ever since she quit as the Shepherd's therapist, and I have to help sieve through a group of ever-shrinking candidates.

And I swear, whoever put down Reflet as a candidate….if I find them, I swear…."

"Somebody put down Sumia as a candidate." Morgan helpfully pointed out. Lucina blanched.

"Mother? Oh *Naga*. Not that she hasn't given me good advice but…..I don't think she's qualified to be trying to figure out why most of our colleagues are completely insane."

"She'd totally be a good therapist!" Morgan offered. "Come on! I mean, surely if she can give you good advice, she can do stuff apart from ship people, right?"

Meanwhile….

"BUT TRUE LOVE!" Sumia whined, staring at Chrom plaintively. "Pleaaaaase?"
"Dear, I love you more than anything else in the world, and you know that." The man exclaimed, before closing his eyes and shaking his head. "But I am not allowing you use of the royal treasury to attempt to organise a date for Laurent and Nah, no matter *how* in love they seem to be."
"But truuuue looooooveeeee!" The pegasus knight complained. "Come ooooon!"
"I swear, Sumia, Reflet's a bad influence on you." Chrom remarked, shaking his head at her.

Back with Lucina and Morgan….

Lucina gave her a strange look. "….good joke."

"It wasn't a joke." Morgan replied, frowning.
"Well…..it seems my current list of candidates has been exhausted." The princess declared, sighing. "…..I suppose it wouldn't do any harm to read fanfic with you."
The tactician pumped her fist. "Yes!"
"But we are *not* reading the i-indecent ones!" Lucina cried, blushing. "N-no!"

"Awwww…." Morgan pouted disappointedly. "Those ones are the best ones."
'…I hope she didn't inherit her personality from Robin, because I know she didn't get it from me.' The princess mused, shaking her head at herself and chuckling. "Fine. Let's go get your father, then."
"Yay! Fanfic reading time!" The tactician cheered as Lucina got up, putting aside her list for now.

…

"…..are you sure it's just a fanfic?" Robin asked Lucina cautiously, frowning as Morgan led them to the library. "And not say, a trap?"
"You guys are already together. We don't need to make you guys get together again." Morgan pointed out, shrugging. "It's just a fanfic. Not even a lemon!"
Lucina nodded. "I went over there and checked the whole library. Not a trap or spying curse in sight."

Morgan frowned. "Oh come on, I'm *way* more trustworthy than that!"

Robin and Lucina both gave her weird looks. The tactician looked back at them, indignant.

"What?! I *am*!"

"….right." Robin nodded, shrugging. "Well, since you really want to read fanfics…..I suppose I'll read some with you. You're sure it's not indecent, right?"

"Don't worry, Father," Morgan remarked, winking. "It's nothing bad. I promise."
Lucina shuddered. "Why do I never like it when she winks?"
"I think she gets it from Sumia." The grandmaster muttered. "And it skips a generation."

The tactician giggled to herself as she led her parents to the library, knowing exactly what she wanted to read now.

'*Ohohohohohohohohohohohoho….I'm going to love this. It'll be hilarious~'*

Later, in the library….

Morgan revealed the fic for the day. "So? What do you guys think?"

Robin and Lucina sat, staring at the screen of the laptop, blushing profusely.

"I….I…." The grandmaster struggled to choke out words, blinking. Lucina simply looked away, unable to form a coherent response to what they had been faced with.

It was a fic titled *'Love Across Time'*, supposedly focusing on the relationship between Robin and Lucina. Morgan was apparently a character in it. It also appeared to be somewhat well-known, with seventy-two reviews.

The tactician grinned at her parents.

"Well? Well?" Morgan tilted her head, trying to suppress a giggle at just how adorable her parents were being.
"Weeeeell?"

"I….um…..err….." Robin adjusted his collar, sweating slightly. "…..that…."
"Oh come on. It's just about you and your girlfriend doing lovey-dovey stuff!" Morgan shrugged. "No big deal."

Lucina glared at her. "W-we're not used to that yet!"

"You *would* be if you hadn't spent four years avoiding the question and leaving sexual tension everywhere you went!"

"…w-well…..we did say we would read fanfic with Morgan…." Robin pointed out, defeated by his own honor. "…..W-we should honor that promise…."
"T-this is embarrassing….." The princess responded.

'*Even when they've **kissed** and everyone **knows** they're together, they still act like a bunch of blushy fools around each other. I feel Cordelia's pain.'* Morgan sighed, shaking her head.

Lucina, meanwhile, had different thoughts. *'I can't believe so many people want to **read** about me and Robin….t-together…w-why do so many people want me to be with Robin? Are the people w-who played our game so obsessed with us?!'*

The tactician clapped. "Well, if you excuse me, we're going to start reading the fic now~"
Robin suddenly regretted trusting Morgan and leaving his work for a few minutes. True, she hadn't an antic in sight, and not a single love potion or nudifying machine stolen from the black abyss of Miriel's basement was in sight.

This was arguably far more embarrassing.

….

I'm Here Now

"…y'know, I can really imagine you guys having done this- you know, sleeping adorably together….and the other way, too. Oh, and Father being all melodramatic about his time in the void….." Morgan pointed out. "I mean, what you actually did, Mother, was really *way* more embarrassing than this…."
"What *did* you do the night I came back?" Robin inquired, now curious. His daughter was about to speak before Lucina cupped her hand over her mouth.

"H-he doesn't need to know! It was four years ago!"

"Lucina, please, I want an explanation-"
"He's right!" The tactician announced, breaking free of her mother's grip. "He deserves an explanation.

She alternated all night between wanting to jump your bones and hiding in her room and trying to resist the urge to jump your bones."
"MORGAN!" The princess cried, blushing. "D-don't be so indecent! I-I didn't want to do something like that! I swear!"

Robin nodded hurriedly. "Y-your mother's nothing like that!"

Morgan gave them both an incredulous look. "Oh, I don't know. Mind explaining me, then?"
"T-that's not for a long time!" Lucina retorted. "A-and I was hardly trying to 'jump his bones'. I s-simply wanted to confess to him!"

"Dammit, Mother!" Morgan whined. "Why didn't you?! We could've avoided this whole mess!"
"I wasn't ready yet!"

'*Wasn't ready my backside. You scared the living daylights out of* ***Walhart*** *for trying to take Robin away from you.'* The tactician reflected, rolling her eyes, but continuing to read the fic.

Lovebirds

"…..well done, Father, you got yourself stuck up in a tree." Morgan sighed. "That's *Vaike* level clumsy."

Robin scoffed. "Hardly. The man manages to lose his own axe while *it's chained to his wrist.*"

Lucina stared at him, confused. "How *did* that happen, anyway?"
"Beats me! We found it stuck in Virion's window. Not his bedroom here, his home in Roseanne- the country that just so happens to be *an entire ocean away.*"

"And you too, mother? You *also* got trapped in the tree?!" The tactician facepalmed. "…..come on, Mother. Really?"
The princess frowned. "…..a better idea would probably have been to get Mother or Cordelia to take him out of the tree, in my opinion. I personally do not think I'd risk Robin like I did there."

"Lovebirds in a-" Morgan winced, realising the expression. "…..oh Naga, that is a *terrible* pun.

Nightmares

Robin shuddered at the thought of having two children like Morgan. "…..oh *Naga.*"
"Marc? Isn't that, like, an alternate name for Morgan in the game?" Morgan mused, nodding. "That's cool! That means Todd's my brother in this timeline!"

"Oh *Naga*." Lucina joined her lover in shuddering. "That's just…..horrifying…."
"One of you's hard enough, Morgan. *Two* of you…."

"Oh, that's just mean." The tactician retorted, pouting. "Besides, it doesn't look like you're that bad at handling it. You're comforting Marc pretty well, after all.

…..although….I wonder what Todd would say if he saw this portrayal of himself?"
"I shudder to think what Reflet would think if she saw her son crying like that." The grandmaster remarked. Lucina nodded.

"Seconded."

Birthdays and Anniversaries

"…Father failing to cook, me waking you up with antics, embarrassing stories- sounds like a good birthday!" Morgan cheered, conspicuously ignoring the part about her and Inigo being engaged.

Robin frowned. "I'm not *that* bad a cook, you know. I can cook well enough."
"…..that birthday, sad as it is, is much better than what actually happened on my birthday….." Lucina muttered, remembering the terror that was her high on cocoa fumes.

Morgan snickered. "That was Todd's idea. And really, it would've gone better if Father got stoned too- that way, you'd both *have* to confess!"
"…that sounds borderline illegal." The grandmaster pointed out. "I think it should be illegal."
"And to this day, we still don't know who this 'Haberkorn' Todd was speaking of. I think he might be one of his Antic Order colleagues." Lucina offered, shaking her head. "…..hey, wait. You and Inigo are engaged in this fic. Why didn't you mention that?"
"I-I didn't?" Morgan blinked, staring at her mother weirdly. "O-oh. I must've missed that. Yes, um, yeah. Nothing special, that! Hahaha."

"…..I don't know, you and Inigo…..that doesn't bode well…." Robin mused, causing his daughter to glare at him.

"W-what would you know about relationships?!" She responded indignantly.

It was now Lucina's turn to stare at her daughter. "What's gotten into you?"

'*No, nope, definitely not telling them!'* The tactician decided.

"Hahahaha…..nothing, nothing, yeah, nothing!" She declared, shaking her head and laughing nervously. "Let's just keep reading!"

"But-" The grandmaster raised his finger, and Morgan quickly changed the page.

"Keep reading!"

A Time Traveller's Birthday

"Ah, now it's *my* birthday." Morgan smirked. "I remember how we celebrated that *last* year."

Robin sighed, exasperated. "Yes, as do I. You….somehow managed to deplete the *entire* city's supply of custard sauce and flour, used it to baste half of the palace in pies, and somehow managed to let the entirety of Lon'qu's admirers' group into the palace and pin him down before Cordelia rescued him.

…..and that was the morning."
The tactician grinned. "Compared to me, this Morgan's an amateur. Pfft. Cakes, gifts and terrible outfits. Really?

I could throw a better birthday than that."
Lucina shook her head. "I don't think Ylisstol wants you to hold a better birthday than that, not after last time."
"They're boring then!" The tactician retorted. "Also, Naga, please, tell me I didn't inherit your sense of fashion. I love you as much as Virion flirts with women, but…fluorescent yellow and pink polka dots?"

The princess crossed her arms, frowning and looking away. "I-I was told that was the height of fashion…."
"H-hey, her dresses aren't that bad!" Robin cried, going over to comfort his lover. "They look nice on her!"
Morgan looked at him incredulously. "…..do you seriously believe that, Father? You're the one who said that, y'know."

Lucina glared at her boyfriend. "What?"

Robin stood back, shaking his head. "H-hey! Um….I….err…..your hair looks pretty-"
"Robin."

"…..s-sorry….." The grandmaster looked down, ashamed for himself, as the princess gazed at him irritably.

"You could've told me you didn't like my sense of fashion."
"I thought it would hurt your feelings!"
"My feelings *are* hurt!"
"I-I'm really sorry!"

"Like an old married couple~" The tactician whistled. At that, both princess and grandmaster turned to their daughter.

"Stay out of it!"

To be continued….

A/N: Well then.

Next time, the other chapters of Love Across Time! Again, a huge shout-out to TheWerdna for letting us write about his fic!

So, I hope you enjoyed that, leave your ideas, criticisms, reviews, thoughts, comments and suggestions, and I hope you have a GREAT day! Until next time!

Chapter 59: Special Chapter: Love Across Time, Pt 2!

Lucina Reacts to Love Across Time, Part 2!

A/N: Welcome, one and all, to Lucina Reacts! Now, for the second half of Love Across Time, which is now longer than the last time I featured it. Also, sorry for the late update, but college tends to do horrible, nasty things to your free time. Anyway, let's get on with this chapter before my free time gets robbed again, no? I also want to do stuff after this chapter, so we might as well get this thing out of the way so we can get on with the fun stuff I want to do!

Stuff doesn't sound like a word anymore. Also, we will *not* feature chapters 18 and 19 of this story, as they rely on knowledge of another of the author's stories, which we will be featuring at a later date.

DISCLAIMER: Fire Emblem belongs to Intelligent Systems, otherwise Sumia would be the main character. (All hail based Sumia)

Love Across Time belongs to TheWerdna.

All mentioned franchises and characters belong to their respective owners.

Monster

Lucina and Robin were both silent at the chapter, the events of which reminded them, very closely, of the moment when Robin was revealed to possess the blood of Grima.

Morgan was silent too, for all of two minutes. Then, she sighed, staring at her father.

"Dad, you're such a moron." The tactician remarked. "Did you *seriously* believe Lucina, of all people, would want you dead because you screwed up her future in some other timeline?

You know, the woman who always shouts 'I challenge my fate' and that kind of thing while she hacks apart zombies and-slash-or attempts to avoid the Justice Cabal's antics and fails?"

"I don't *always* shout I challenge my fate!" Lucina retorted indignantly. "Just sometimes! I get caught up in the moment!"

"It was a genuine concern…." Robin admitted, rubbing the back of his head slowly. "…..but, I suppose I should have had more faith in her, yes.

I know that feeling all too well…."
The tactician shook her head, still not believing her father. "Seriously, though, did you *honestly* expect the woman whose every living breath is dedicated to screwing destiny to decide that because you were the bad guy of her timeline, she couldn't screw destiny?"

"She certainly screwed destiny, if you know what I mean~" Reflet remarked, her head in the door. The princess and the grandmaster blushed profusely and turned to her, glaring.

"GO AWAY!" They yelled in reason, as the grandmistress chuckled.
"It's not like you two aren't going to-" Reflet then pulled her head out of the door to avoid the cushions being hurled at her face. She poked her head in one last time to stick her tongue out at the pair, before leaving completely.

Morgan rolled her eyes. "…you two really have to get over your complex-"
"WE AREN'T INDECENT PERVERTS" Lucina protested. "WE WOULD NEVER DO THAT"
"S-she's right!" Robin agreed hurriedly. "N-no!"

Morgan slapped her forehead with her palm again, exasperated with her parents for the umpteenth time.

'*Wonderful. Just wonderful. At this rate, I'm going to be an old woman before those two get around to making me. And then how am I supposed to spoil my adorable baby self?!*'

Overworked

"I don't overwork myself that hard, do I?" Robin inquired, earning the incredulous looks of Morgan and Lucina. "…do I?"
"You realise you had to hire Cordelia to do your job, right?" Morgan pointed out. "Y'know, the whole 'trying to figure out what's wrong with the Shepherds' thing? And she ended up quitting after Miriel showed her the matchmaking computer thing she was working on?"

"And I did see you fall asleep at the dinner table, muttering something about laws." The princess pointed out. "Cordelia and Libra had to carry you to your room and I had to undress you."
Morgan raised an eyebrow at that. Lucina's cheeks rouged as she glared at her daughter.

"I mean i-in an innocent way! D-don't get any ideas!"

"I totally believe you, mother. Totally~"

Robin cleared his throat. "*Morgan*."
"What? It's true!"

The grandmaster sighed, turning to Lucina. "Anyway, thank you. I know I'm a couple of months late-"
"N-no problem. It's…..what anyone would've done." The princess remarked, before holding a finger to her lip. "…..is that how you use that phrase? I've never used it before. I've always heard Mother say it, but…."
Robin chuckled. "Yes, Lucina, that is how you use it."

Touch of Another's Hand

"How appropriate, the badass warrior princess completely losing it at touching her crush's hand, and the badass tactician going all mushy-mushy." Morgan smirked. "And it works, considering even when she's *with* him, she can't do it, and neither can he."

"I-I'm getting around to it!" Lucina cried defensively.

"You've known him for *six years*, Mother, and you still can't hold his hand!"

"I've only been his girlfriend for *one month*!"

"You're standing in front of your daughter! By him!"
"N-not yet!"

"So you *admit* you want to tap that!"

The princess froze, before looking away, embarrassed.

Robin blinked. "W-what? H-how did the discussion turn from holding hands to this?!"

"Good Naga, you two are hopeless. Hopeless, I say!" Morgan remarked. "You call yourselves lovers and you get all embarrassed when you try to do vaguely romantic things….."

"I-It's hard to get used to, alright?!" Robin snapped. "You try getting used to the fact that the woman of your dreams loves you back!"
"Maybe if I get a girlfriend I will! And I'll do it faster than you and Lucina did, too!"

'*I don't want that I don't want that I don't want that*' Lucina's mind repeated. *'N-not yet anyway…..'*

Warmth

"Do I even have to say it?" Morgan remarked. "You two are adorable idiots and you should probably quit trying to act so shy."

Lucina and Robin didn't respond, merely trying to put the memory of the conversation over the last oneshot behind them, looking awkwardly away from each other.

The tactician sighed, shaking her head. "…..Naga as my witness, you two are the *worst* couple in the history of couples. Hell, Emmeryn and Gangrel show more affection for each other than you do-"
Robin glared at her. "S-shush up about that! Chrom might hear!"
"…dammit, you're right." The tactician nodded. "He can't know, right?"
Lucina nodded in confirmation. "He can't. Not yet, anyway…."

Morgan sighed. "The day someone figures out how to make that ship work is the day we as the Justice Cabal have succeeded."

Frozen Ambush

Morgan scoffed. "An ambush from the snow and some magic? Psshaw…..amateur. And she calls herself a master

tactician."

"Compared to some of your plans, I think I'd rather have her prank me than you." Robin remarked drily. The tactician pouted.

"I beg your pardon?!" She cried. "You'd rather have some…..some *amateur* prank you than your own flesh and blood?!

H-how could you, Father?! I'll have you know that my plans are far better! Living snowmen! Nets! Shipping! Pies! You'd rather get dogpiled than that?!"
"Yes." The grandmaster responded as bluntly as possible. "I would."

Morgan harrumphed, crossing her arms and turning away. "Humph. You're a mean father."

Robin was about to retort, before he heard something coming from Lucina.

"…..are you *giggling*?!"
"W-what?!" The princess cried. "N-no! Of course not!

It's a *little* funny, though…."
"Lucina, t-this isn't funny!"
"See? Mother agrees it's funny!" Morgan cried.

"D-don't change the subject!"

What All Men Fear

"This would make so much sense…." Morgan chuckled. "If it wasn't for the fact that Chrom was the one who planned the whole thing in our world."
Robin nodded slowly. "I still can't believe *Chrom* would willingly work with *Reflet*. Hell, I still can't believe *Cordelia* did."
"She got fed up with you two being adorkable idiots and being all blushy without kissing and getting a room already." The tactician answered, shrugging. "We all did. In fact, I think we were going to get Sully to try to beat you into a pulp so Lucina would have to admit she loved you or something."

"How would *that* work?!" Lucina inquired, shocked.

"I dunno, you'd try to defend him from Sully and go "nobody can replace you in my heart" or something? Todd said that that might be how it worked." Morgan replied. "…..say, what would Chrom think of you two…..being a little more affectionate than expected?"
Meanwhile….

"No." Chrom scoffed. "There is absolutely no way Robin and Lucina are doing such indecent things."
Sumia blinked. "But they're *in love*! You know full well about that, we've been at it a lot~"
"T-that's different!" The monarch replied, blushing slightly. "A-and anyway, Robin wouldn't dare.

If he *did,* of course, I would have to do…..something."
"Ohohohohohohoho." Sumia chuckled. "You would, would you?"
"I-I'm not about to let him do something like that with my daughter in *my* palace!" Chrom replied. "She's still our daughter, Sumia!"
"They're in love though!"
"Loose morals will not be permitted!"
"Judging from the Justice Cabal, you're not doing a great job of stopping loose morals, dear~"

Back with Lucina, Morgan and Robin….

"…..and I have the strangest feeling he wouldn't like it." Morgan blinked. "Huh. I wonder why?"

The Real Me

"Oh, yay! More melodramatic dad angsting about his being Scaly McKillEverything and comforting mom!" Morgan cheered. "If only my *real* parents were actually like that instead of being idiots!"
"You're not going to let that go until we start kissing in public, are you?" Robin inquired, sighing.

Morgan grinned.

"Until you two start making out and sucking face, nope."

Lucina cringed. "Sucking face doesn't sound nearly as romantic as what it describes…."
"Reflet uses those words." The tactician remarked, shrugging.

"That woman's a bad influence on you."
"Yeah, and you two with your six years of refusing to admit you love each other are so much better."

"Let it *go*, Morgan." Robin warned her, only inducing a smirk from his daughter.

A Mother's Love

This time, it was Lucina's turn to remark on her daughter's behaviour.

"…you know, I'm not surprised you'd try to catch Yarne because his screams are cute." The princess commented, only for Morgan to frown at her.

"No way."
"Huh?" Lucina blinked, confused. "You wouldn't?"
"Nah. We don't even know where Yarne's at." The tactician shrugged. "He's probably off trying to learn how to hide better or something.

Plus, that's kinda bullying. I'm a shipper, not a bully."

"…I don't know whether to be shocked or happy that my daughter would rather prank people into admitting their love for others than bully them." Robin darkly remarked.

"Hey!" The tactician cried. "Meanie!"

First Aid

Lucina frowned. "…..Robin, this is most unlike you. You wouldn't jeopardize the mission by risking your life so badly."
"It was literally just a flesh wound….." Robin reminded her, shrugging.

"And 'tis but a scratch!" Morgan remarked drily in response. "Also, bad mom. Bad. No staring at Father's muscles."
"I-I'd never be so unprofessional…." The princess uttered, looking slightly ashamed at herself for actually having pictured it.

"Yeah. Father has no muscles anyway."
"HEY!" Robin glared at her. "What do you mean by no muscles?!"

Child Of Time, Parts 1 and 2

"…..oh, I remember this." Robin snapped his fingers. "This must be set around the time we found you in the ruins."

Morgan nodded. "You have no idea how much I wanted to tell Chrom about you and Lucina. I mean, I forgot it when I time travelled, but then I kinda remembered when I saw her being awkward around you. For the umpteenth time.

And it's kinda cute how you guys get all happy because I'm proof of your love. If only that's how things happened with us."

"….of course we couldn't have fought the Risen with you." Robin pointed out. "When we found you, you were *literally* sitting on a pile of fading Risen corpses with a Thoron tome."
"They weren't good company!" Morgan retorted. "Besides, they got all bite-y and stuff. Like actual zombies. Only less scary. And more stabby."

"…and Sumia was a nightmare when we found you…..she almost exploded when she realised she had a granddaughter..." Robin muttered irritably.

Beach

"Ah, yes, the beach." Morgan remarked, chuckling. "Yes. Of course, Mother's ashamed of having a chest like an ironing board-"
"IT IS ADEQUATE!" Lucina cried indignantly. "INDIGNANT! IT DOESN'T NEED TO BE RIDICULOUSLY BIG!"
Robin, for his part, turned away, his nose bleeding slightly at the image of Lucina in a very form-fitting swimsuit, the water sliding off her toned thighs, crawling over him to plant kisses on his bare-

'*No, no, no, no, no, no, no!'* The tactician shook his head hurriedly. *'D-dammit! I'm not going to do that with her! T-that's…..no! Not yet anyway!'*

Morgan chuckled. "Oh, Mother. You sound exactly like Cordelia. And Father, a handkerchief for your nose?"
"Thanks…." The grandmaster accepted the given handkerchief, only for Lucina to glare at him.

"*Robin*!"
"What?!"

"D-did you imagine that?!"

"N-No! W-why would you say that?!"

"Y-your nose is bleeding! Reflet says that's always a sign of people being perverts!"

The tactician giggled. "Oh, good Naga, these two…..and while they're squabbling, I guess I'll leave a review. Seems only fair, right?"

From: **The Bestest Tactician Ever**

Great job. You managed to make mother and father squabble twice. I love you~

-Morgan

PS: Make more ones that look perverted, Mother needs more

"MORGAN!" Lucina bellowed, watching what her daughter was typing. The tactician slowly turned to her, laughing nervously.

"Eheheh…."
"Morgan…" Robin slowly joined his lover as they glared down upon her.

"Ehehehehehe….." The tactician laughed nervously. "Eheheh….uh oh."

Needless to say, she was put on stable dung duty for a week with Cordelia supervising for the umpteenth time that month.

END

A/N: A HUGE shout out to TheWerdna for being a lad and allowing us to do his story!

Next time, Anna Reacts to Newspapers!

So, I hope you enjoyed that, leave your ideas, comments, reviews, thoughts, criticisms and suggestions, and I hope you have a GREAT day! Until next time!